



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

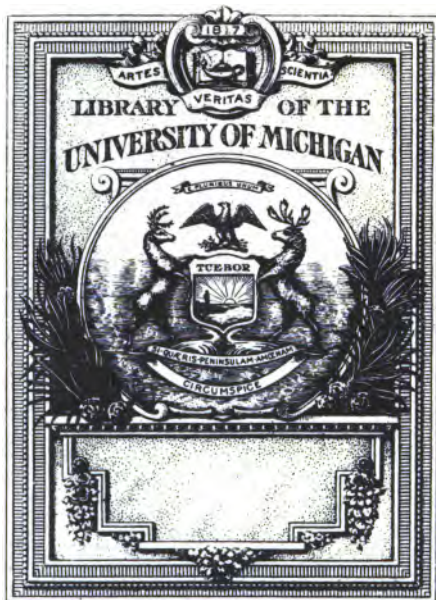
We also ask that you:

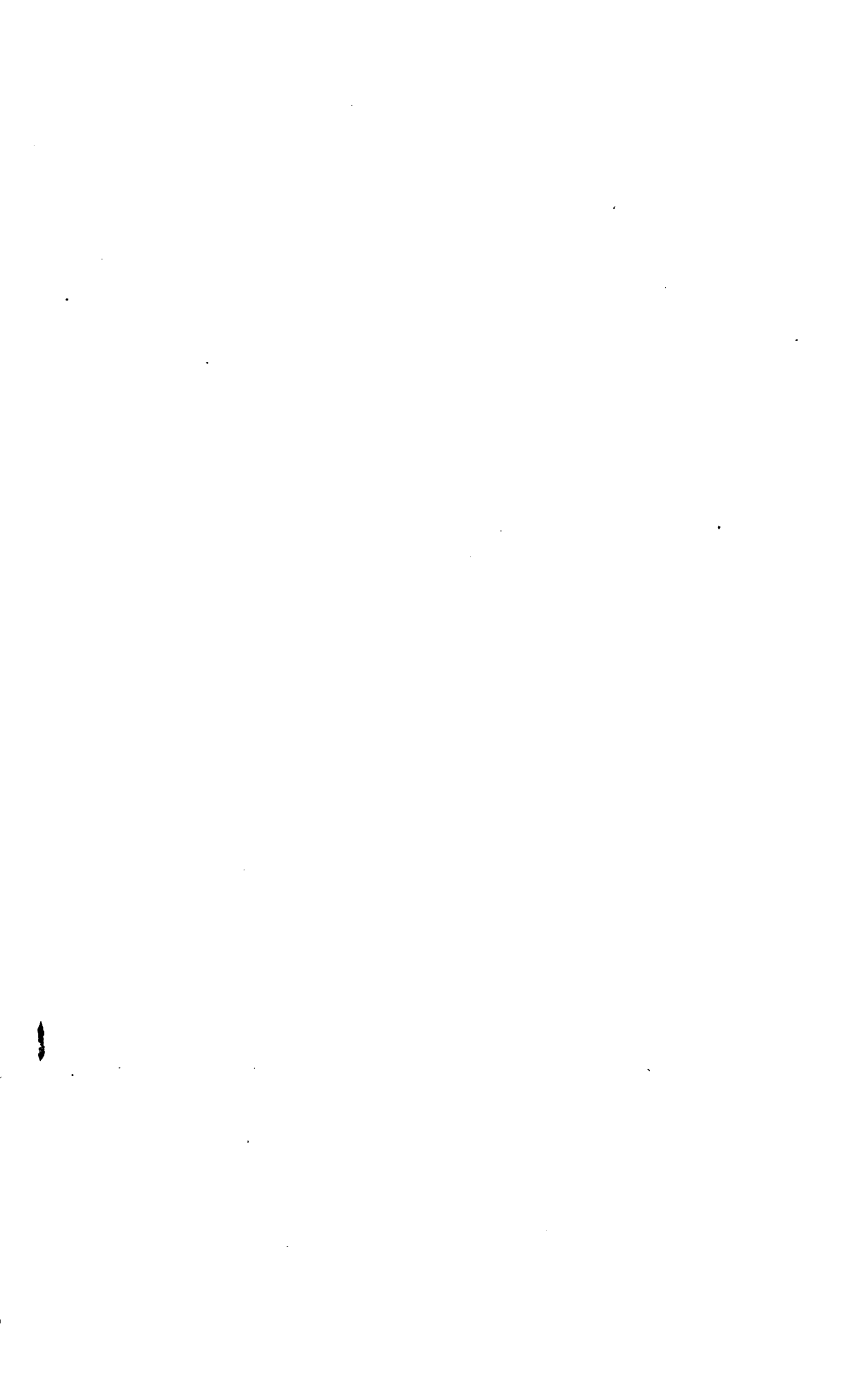
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A 682180







MEMOIR AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN.

VOLUME III.

MEMOIR AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN,

AUTHOR OF
"LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS," "MEMOIRS OF
AN AMERICAN LADY," ETC.

EDITED BY HER SON,
J. P. GRANT, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. III.
THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1845.

CT
828
G76
A35
1845
V.3

EDINBURGH :

Printed by **THOMAS ALLAN & CO.,**
265 High Street.

CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

LETTERS.

LETTER	1823.	PAGE
1. To MRS. WILLS, May 15.	Condolence on recent affliction. Scott's Lives of the British Novelists. Justice done by him to Johnson	1
2. To MRS. SMITH, May 16.	Visit from an intelligent Traveller. Political state of France. "Miss M. Jones." Account of a singular present received from her	3
3. To MRS. HOOK, July 16.	Death of Mrs. Grant's daughter, Isabella	7
4. To MRS. SMITH, July 21.	The same subject	9
5. To MRS. DESK FORD ROBERTSON, July 25.	Mrs. John Smith (formerly Miss Charlotte Grant). Account of her only Son	11
6. To MRS. WILLS, Sept. 2.	On the death of friends. Divine inflictions to be received as mercies. Cowper the Poet. Mrs. Unwin's attention to him. Lady Hesketh. Miss Fanshawe. Hayley's Memoirs of his own Life	13
7. To MRS. SMITH, Dec. 23.	Has commenced a Memoir of her own Life. Bishop Heber: his Life of Jeremy Taylor	17

LETTER	1824.	PAGE
8. To MRS. SMITH, Feb. 6.	Her present inmates. Duncan's Travels in America. Life of John Home, by Henry Mackenzie. Memoirs of Lady Grizel Baillie. Remarks on "St. Ronan's Well" . . .	18
9. To MRS. HOOK, Feb. 20.	Has had another fall. Disapproves of widows marrying. New Novels—"Pen Owen" and "Percy Mallory" . . .	21
10. To PRINCIPAL BAIRD, Feb. 25.	Sends him, at his request, a contribution to a new version of the Scottish Psalmody . . .	25
11. To MRS. SMITH, April 7.	Cowper's "Private Correspondence." Pleased to see Cowper in <i>deshabille</i> . The Islay Campbells . . .	27
12. To MRS. GORMAN, April 15.	Condolence on the death of Mr. Gorman. Retrospect of her own feelings when similarly bereaved . . .	29
13. To GEORGE THOMSON, Esq., June 3.	Sends a Jacobite Song for his Musical Collection. Death of Lord Byron . . .	32
14. To MRS. HOOK, June 23.	New Novels—"Marriage," "The Inheritance," and "Redgauntlet." Captain Hall's Travels in America. Death of Lord Byron. Theodore Hook . . .	34
15. To MRS. SMITH, Aug. 8.	Journey from Greenock to the Fairlie in Ayrshire . . .	37
16. To DR. FRANCIS BOOTT, Aug. 19.	Description of the Fairlie. Hardyknute's Castle. Directions for seeing Highland scenery . . .	39
17. To MRS. SMITH, Sept. 7.	Miss Bannerman. Dr. and Mrs. Boott's tour in the Highlands . . .	42
18. To MRS. HOOK, Nov. 22.	The late fire in the Old Town of Edinburgh . . .	44
19. To MRS. BROWN, Dec. 17.	Retrospect of a tour to Caithness. Its peculiar scenery . . .	47
20. To THE REV. DR. HOOK, Dec. 23.	Congratulation on Mrs. Hook's restoration to health. Hardyknute. Laments the ruined grandeur of the Old Town of Edinburgh . . .	50
21. To MRS. SMITH, Dec. 26.	La Fayette and the Ameri-	

CONTENTS.

vii

LETTER	1824.	PAGE
	cans. Anecdote of Bishop Leighton. Mrs. S——;	
	recent change in her religious sentiments	52

1825.

22. To	MRS. HOOK, Feb. 23. Dangerous illness of Mrs. Grant's daughter, Mary	55
23. To	MRS. GORMAN, March 23. The same subject. Sits for her portrait to Bewick. Maturin, the Poet, and Lady Morgan. Their characteristic portraits. Sir James and Lady Mackintosh	57
24. To	MRS. HOOK, May 7. Has taken her daughter to the country. Description of Auchendinny and its scenery	59
25. To	MRS. SMITH, Aug. 23. Tour to the Highlands. The Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly. Admirable character of the latter	61
26. To	MISS ANNE DUNBAR, Oct. 2. Tour to the Highlands, continued. Laggan. Visit to Kinrara. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford. The Lady Montagus	63
27. To	MRS. SMITH, Dec. 16. Henry Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling. He reads an Essay on Dreams at the Royal Society	66

1826.

28. To	MRS. HOOK, Feb. 13. Indisposed since her return to Edinburgh. Remarks on "Tremaine," Richardson's "Clarissa." Her respect for Johnson and Burke. Has got a legacy	68
29. To	MRS. WILLS, Feb. 23. Pecuniary misfortunes of Sir Walter Scott. His magnanimity under them	72
30. To	MISS MERCER, June 22. Has removed to Brae House. Description of her new residence: its garden, birds, and flowers	75
31. To	MRS. FREDERICK GRANT, July 8. Accepts an invitation to Mount Cyrus. Reflections on the death of an infant child	77

LETTER	1826.	PAGE
32. To MRS. A. CLARKE, Sept. 26. Glad to renew their correspondence. Hon. Mrs. Stuart. Miss Matilda Feilding		79
33. To MRS. FLETCHER, Dec. 14. Visit to Miss Trotter at Blackford House. Agreeable society there. Advantages of female celibacy. Disapproves of male celibacy		82

1827.

34. To A FRIEND IN AMERICA, Jan. 16. Pleased with her new residence. Lord and Lady Byron. Modern English nobility. Sir Walter Scott: his conduct in adversity		84
35. To MRS. HOOK, May 26. Introduces Miss Douglas, an American friend. Her garden and flowers. Mrs. Hemans. Miss Landon. "Rome in the Nineteenth Century." Miss Waldie		87
36. To MISS HARRIET DOUGLAS, July 18. Description of her visit to Edinburgh fifty years ago. Mrs. Thomas Scott. Needlework commended. Mrs. A. Clarke		90
37. To THE SAME, Aug. 15. Death of Mr. Canning. Overexcitement. Mr. Southey. Miss Elizabeth Smith		96
38. To MRS. HOOK, Sept. 12. Meeting with Dr. Chalmers. Visit to Mrs. Smith		99
39. To MISS H. DOUGLAS, Sept. 20. Southey. Wordsworth. Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. Her fine apostrophé to Wisdom		103
40. To MRS. FLETCHER, Oct. 27. Has returned from a pleasant visit to the west of Scotland. Her Son's tour in Ireland		105

1828.

41. To MRS. SMITH, Jan. 1. After the death of Mrs. Grant's daughter, Mary		106
42. To the REV. DR. DEWAR, Jan. 22. Thanks for a volume of Sermons. Her late daughter		107

CONTENTS.

ix

LETTER	1828.	PAGE
43. To MRS. HOOK, Feb. 16.	Condolence on the death of Dr. Hook	109
44. To MRS. WILLS, March 12.	Her late daughter, Mary. Death of Lady John Campbell and of Mrs. Frederick Grant	112
45. To MISS GRANT of Kincorth, March 13.	Condolence on the death of Mrs. Frederick Grant	115
46. To MRS. SMITH, April 22.	Recent deaths. Meets Mrs. Henry Erskine. The Miss Stevens. Miss Fulford	117
47. To THE SAME, June 4.	The Rev. Edward Irving. Hears him preach in Edinburgh. Various presents lately sent to her. Mrs. Huntington's Memoirs	119
48. To THE SAME, July 18.	Miss Douglas of New York. Visit to Sir Robert Liston and Mr. Henry Mackenzie	122
49. To MRS. HOOK, Aug. 1.	Pleased with Mrs. Huntington's Memoirs	124
50. To MISS H. JACKSON, Sept. 12.	Visits to friends near Edinburgh. Her late daughter, Mary	127
51. To MISS MERCER, Sept. 24.	Visits to friends near Edinburgh. Mr. J. S. More. Miss Trotter of Mortonhall	128

1829.

52. To MRS. HOOK, Feb. 2.	Attachment of her former pupils. Their kind attentions. Memoirs of Lord Collingwood and Sir Thomas Munro. Professor and Mrs. Norton of America. Their visit to Edinburgh	131
53. To MISS H. JACKSON, July 16.	Travellers in America, and their writings	134
54. To MRS. HOOK, Aug. 26.	Lady Charlotte Bury and Miss Blanche Bury. Receives a visit from Mrs. Hemans. Visit to Mrs. Smith	136
55. To MRS. FRANCIS BOOTT, Oct. 28.	Mrs. Smith of Jordanhill. Her character	138
56. To MRS. HOOK, Dec. 5.	Indolence of old age. The exercise of the kindly affections prolongs life. Memoir of Dr. Hook. The late Bishop of Winchester	140

LETTER	1830.	PAGE
57. To MRS. SMITH, Feb. 17.	Death of Miss Bannerman. "Natural History of Enthusiasm." Death of General Stewart of Garth	143
58. To MRS. HOOK, March 1.	Mr. Forster's work on Mahometanism. Heber's Travels in India. Mathison's Travels in South America	145
59. To MISS MERCER, March 17.	Recent deaths among friends. Marriage of Miss Fletcher. Introduces Miss Douglas of New York	148
60. To MRS. HOOK, March 29.	Condolence on the death of Sir Robert Farquhar	149
61. To MRS. SMITH, May 22.	Degeneracy of the French in politeness. The General Assembly and the Row Heresy. Parting with an old friend	151
62. To MRS. HOOK, June 14.	Sketch of a day at Brae House. Life of Sir Thomas Munro. His manly simplicity and interesting account of India	153
63. To MRS. SMITH, Aug. 19.	Makes a ludicrous mistake at a flower-show	157
64. To MISS DOUGLAS, Sept. 1, 1831.	Death of Mr. M. F. Religious advice	159
65. To MRS. SMITH, Nov. 13.	Has received an anonymous letter. The Bourbon family at Holyrood. Mrs. Carter's Letters. Remarks on her character	162
66. To MRS. HOOK, Nov. 27.	Reflections on old age. The Bourbon family at Holyrood. Sends a present of game to the Duchess of Angoulême	166
67. To THE SAME, Dec. 17.	The Duke of Wellington and the Reform Bill. Life of Bishop Sandford	170

1831.

68. To MRS. SMITH, Jan. 1.	Reflections on the New Year	173
69. To DR. FRANCIS BOOTT, Feb. 21.	The Rev. James Gray. His success in India	174
70. To MRS. BROWN, April 12.	Invitation to visit her in Edinburgh	177
71. To MRS. HOOK, May 5.	The late dissolution of Parlia-	

CONTENTS.

xi

LETTER	1831.	PAGE
	ment. Sir Charles Forbes. Description of Brae House. Moore's Life of Byron . . .	178
72. To	MISS MERCER, Oct. 31. Visit to Blawlowan. The Row Heresy . . .	180
73. To	MRS. BROWN, Dec. 18. Letter addressed to a dying old friend . . .	183
	1832.	
74. To	MRS. HOOK, Jan. 26. Mr. Jeffrey. His former and present politics. His amiable character in private life. The Bishop of Limerick and Mr. Forster . . .	185
75. To	MRS. SMITH, Feb. 23. Miss Gibson. Reflections on the cholera morbus . . .	187
76. To	MISS DOUGLAS, Feb. 26. The Duchess of Angoulême. Advice as to Parisian society. Madame de Sevigné. Madame de Genlis . . .	189
77. To	MRS. SMITH, March 12. Mr. John Maccall. His declining health. The "Natural History of Enthusiasm." Life of Bishop Heber . . .	194
78. To	MRS. HOOK, April 16. Death of Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Hemans. Her Sacred Poetry . . .	197
79. To	MRS. FRANCIS BOOTT, April 25. Regret on leaving Brae House . . .	198
80. To	MISS H. JACKSON, April 26. Sir Robert Liston. Tomb in memory of Lady Liston. The Row Heresy. The Reform Bill . . .	200
81. To	MRS. IZETT, May 1. Mrs. Carter's "Letters to Miss Talbot" . . .	203
82. To	MRS. HOOK, May 23. Does not feel at home in her new house . . .	203
	Lines addressed to the DUC DE BORDEAUX . . .	205
83. To	MRS. IZETT, June 26. Death of Sir William Grant . . .	206
84. To	HER SON, July 24. Advice during indisposition . . .	208
85. To	THE SAME, July 29. Death of Mr. Maconochie. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Gray of America . . .	209
86. To	MRS. SMITH, Sept. 19. Visit to Innerleithen. Its situation and scenery. Paley's "Natural Theology" . . .	211

LETTER	1832.	PAGE
87. To MRS. HOOK, Nov. 28. Innerleithen continued. Death of Sir Walter Scott, and reflections on his character		214

1833.

88. To MRS. HOOK, Jan. 17. Sir Charles Forbes. His kindness in franking her letters. Mr. Thomas Hamilton, author of "Cyril Thornton." Sir William Hamilton. Scott and Byron	216
89. To MISS DOUGLAS, Jan. 26. Early playmates in America. The three Miss Schuylers. Mr. Lovett's Sermons	219
90. To MISS H. JACKSON, April 10. Not indulgent to widows marrying. Marriage of her Son. Emigration of the better classes to America. Mrs. Trollope's American Travels	222
91. To MRS. SMITH, Aug. 27. Second visit to Innerleithen. Excursion to St. Mary's Loch. Calls on the Ettrick Shepherd	225
92. To MRS. IZETT, Aug. 29. Innerleithen continued. Excursion to Melrose and Abbotsford. Picture of Miss Anne Scott	228
93. To MRS. DOUGLAS CRUGER, Oct. 9. Congratulation on her marriage	231

1834.

94. To MRS. HOOK, Jan. 29. Mr. Henry Thornton and his family. Sir R. H. Inglis. Dr. Chalmers. His late fine speech	234
95. To THE SAME, April 17. Pleased with Mr. Walter Hook's sermon. The English Church. Life of Crabbe. Burke, Scott, and Byron. Has entered on her eightieth year	236
96. To MRS. SMITH, April 22. Dislikes all assumption of superior piety	238
97. To MISS H. JACKSON, June 22. Description of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. P. Grant	241
98. To MRS. HOOK, Aug. 14. Visit to Bellahouston. "Life	

CONTENTS.

xiii

LETTER	1834.	PAGE
	of the late Bishop of Limerick." Mrs. Henry Erskine	243
99. To	MRS. SMITH, Aug. 15. Is reading the Life and Letters of Hannah More	245
100. To	THE SAME, Aug. 28. The same subject	247
101. To	MISS H. JACKSON, Oct. 20. Bellahouston. Pleasant intercourse with Mrs. Smith	248
	1835.	
102. To	MISS H. JACKSON, March 18. The Reform Bill. Coleridge. His lately published "Remains"	250
103. To	MRS. HOOK, April 13. Death of Mrs. Henry Mackenzie and Miss Mackenzie. Delicate health of her daughter-in-law	253
104. To	THE SAME, May 27. Mr. Thomas Hamilton and Lady Townshend Farquhar visit Edinburgh. Mr. Grant of Glenmorrison, a candidate for Inverness-shire. Lord Glenelg. Introduces Mr. Henry Stuart	254
105. To	MRS. DOUGLAS CRUGER, June 13. Thanks for a present of yellow birds. Mrs. Brewen. A "Winter in the West"	257
106. To	THE SAME, June 24. Miss Kemble's Journal. Death of Mrs. Hemans	262
107. To	MRS. IZETT, Aug. 14. Aberdour and Elie. Spends part of the summer there	264
108. To	MISS H. JACKSON, Sept. 10. The Quarterly Review. Miss Kemble's American Journal. Washington Irving's "Visit to Abbotsford." Sir John M'Neill. Mr. Preston	266
109. To	MRS. DOUGLAS CRUGER, Dec. 6. Remarks on American equality. Approves of Mr. Cruger's plans and sentiments. Willis's "Pencillings by the Way." Miss Sedgewick's writings. President Jackson	269
110. To	MRS. HOOK, Dec. 13. Illness of her daughter-in-law. Death of Mrs. Hemans. Her poetry and character. Duchess of Angoulême	276

LETTER	1836.	PAGE
111. To MRS. SMITH, Jan. 1.	Reflections on the New Year. Sir Robert Liston	279
112. To MRS. HOOK, March 1.	Present state of the Church. Southey's Life of Cowper. Her own privations and advantages	281
113. To THE SAME, May 3.	Lamartine's Travels in Palestine. The Irish clergy	284
114. To MISS ANNE DUNBAR, July 10.	Life of Hannah More. Mrs. Smith of Jordanhill. Their long mutual friendship	286
115. To MRS. IZETT, Sept. 28.	Thanks for a present of fruit. Life of Hannah More	288
116. To MRS. SMITH, Nov. 7.	Has removed to Manor Place. The late Duke of Gordon. Mr. Thomas Campbell calls on her	291
117. To MRS. HOOK, Dec. 10.	Her late severe illness. Captain Hall's Travels in Styria	293

1837.

118. To MRS. SMITH, Jan. 1.	Reflections on the New Year	295
119. To MRS. DOUGLAS CRUGER, Feb. 9.	Miss Abercromby of Birkenbog. Aunt Schuyler. Lady Juliana Fer- mor. Her marriage to Mr. Penn	297
120. To THE SAME, April 8.	The Lake Poets. Sends a mes- sage to President Jackson	300
121. To THE SAME, May 15.	Death of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. P. Grant	303
122. To MRS. IZETT, June 30.	Queen Victoria. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott	304
123. To MRS. SMITH, July 12.	Their mutual and long friend- ship. Peculiarities of their respective situations in life	306
124. To MRS. HOOK, Dec. 8.	Lockhart's Life of Scott. Mr. William Cumming. The Rev. Dr. Mackay of Dunoon	309

CONTENTS.

XV

LETTER	1838.	PAGE
125. To MRS. GRANT of Kincorth, Jan. 28. Condolence on the death of her granddaughter		312
126. To MRS. HOOK, Feb. 1. Life of Sir Walter Scott		313
127. To MRS. DOUGLAS CRUGER, April 9. Mr. Watson Gordon paints her portrait. American Indians. Mrs. Jameson ; her beautiful strictures on Shakspeare's female characters. Lady Erskine. Mr. Stephen's Travels		315



LETTERS.

LETTER 1.

TO MRS. WILLS, BAGOT STREET, DUBLIN.

Edinburgh, 15th May, 1823.

My dear Catherine,

By a letter from Mrs. West, I find that heavy clouds have intervened to darken your morning of wedded felicity. How much have the best, the happiest, and even the most prosperous, to endure through life from those accidents from which neither worth, wealth, nor wisdom afford a defence. There is a certain quantity of bitter poured into every cup, even the most overflowing. None but mere sensualists escape the common lot : their hearts are invulnerable to the tender sympathies that are the source of so much pain and pleasure. As long as health serves them, the inferior part of their nature is gratified, and in that gratification the spirit is absorbed : but their day comes too ; bile and indigestion call for the physician or the pistol,—and there is an end to one world and a beginning to another. I would say that, as this portion of wholesome, and, no doubt, necessary bitter is ever mixed in the cup of life, it is better we should

meet with some of it early : it is like the seasoning fever of the tropical climates. We know experimentally that endurance is one of our first duties, and learn the best possible lesson,—that to suffer patiently, to submit meekly, and to enjoy thankfully the bright gleams permitted to us, is what makes life what it was meant to be, a successful struggle with evils of short duration, cheered by many mingled blessings here, and more blessed still in the endless perspective opened to us by Him who was exalted through sufferings, of the bitterness of which we can form no conception.

Isabella got much better after the severity of winter was over ; and when I had got her up stairs to a larger and more airy apartment, I was as glad and as thankful as if I had never seen sorrow. But after going on very well for sometime, an influenza, which was raging through the town like a pestilence, seized on her weak frame, and, shaking it nearly to dissolution, renewed all our fears. Now, thank God, she is better, and in a fair way to do well.

We have lately been reading *Sketches of the Lives of the British Novelists*, by the indefatigable and incomparable Walter Scott, and have been particularly pleased with those of Sterne, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Mackenzie, which I would recommend for your perusal. The justice he does to the majestic Moralist delights me. Perhaps you do not know of my profound veneration for this surly sage ; but I am such an admirer of his peculiar style of excellence, that I can easily endure defects that bring him within my reach, and save me the effort of standing on tiptoe to contemplate his gigantic mind.

Offer my kind regards to Mr. Wills and your mother; and believe me, dear Mrs. Wills, yours, most affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER II.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 16th May, 1823.

My dear Friend,

Can you guess why I have taken large paper? It is, first, because I mean to write to *you*, and next, because I am unfitted, by a tedious vigil last night, for doing anything else. I can, in consequence, neither read nor work; and bad weather keeps me from the gardens in front, my usual resource when I labour under this kind of disability. Then I write to some of the friends,—alas, now few indeed,—to whom I can scatter my ink and thoughts without constraint. Thus talking silently without effort or answer, I go on, and, by degrees, recover the tone of my mind, and the capacity of reading, working or conversing. So, at your expense, I proceed.

First of all, you wish to know how your god-daughter, Isabella, goes on?—Very well, indeed, for which I can never be thankful enough. But though her recovery, in its process, equals our most sanguine hopes, we shall treat and consider her as an invalid for a long time to come. The fact is, that, from her incessant and incredible exertions about the time of my accident and dearest Moore's concluding illness,

her strength and spirits were so exhausted, that the wonder was, how she survived. She fatigued herself to a pernicious degree, last autumn, at the time of the King's visit, and after that, in making pilgrimages to the sick and the sorrowful in bad weather. But we shall take care to prevent any of this costly philanthropy for the future.

We were surprised last Friday by a visit from H. L., as we were sitting down to tea. Accustomed as I was to his pre-eminent ugliness, I started when he came in. But under this exterior, to which a very good manner and address soon reconciles one, I really have not for a long while seen manners at once so modest, manly, and easy, or heard conversation so intelligent, and in such good taste. He spent a little time at Paris on his way here; and we formed a more distinct idea of what is going on in France and Spain, from his moderate, dispassionate statement, than from all we see or hear otherwise. He says, there is a certain lady of the royal family, whose influence, though not prominent, or indeed scarcely visible, is unbounded. This is the Duchess of Berri, mother to the heir-apparent. The catastrophe which made her a widow has so impressed her imagination, that she thinks no measures too strong to prevent the recurrence of such scenes. With all the appearance of the most feminine softness and timidity, she is clever and bold-spirited, and seems to have thrown a spell over the old King and all his family. H. L. says, if there should be a revolution, it will be in favour of the Duke of Orleans, and not of the young Napoleon.

But why should I speak of kings and princesses, when I have a subject so much better in the good and admirable "M. Jones?" Who is M. Jones, you ask? Indeed I do not know; but what entitles her to your attention, you shall hear presently. My son met with one of Constable's partners three weeks ago, who told him, that if he would call at their shop, he would show him a curious letter about his (my son's) mother. He was shown a letter, such as a plain shop-keeping person might be supposed to write, the purport of which was to inquire if Mrs. Anne Grant of Laggan was alive, and where she lived, for the writer wished to send her a box containing a present. They answered the letter, of course; and conjecture was not a little puzzled to guess whether the present would really come, and what it would be. Last week the box arrived, which contained,—first, black silk (very good) for a dress to Mrs. G.; three shawls, one a very handsome large silk one, and two very comely ones of a new kind of nondescripts, all calculated for a widow's garb; item, a pair of excellent black silk stockings; item, six beautiful French cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, all marked with my cypher impressed on symbolical figures,—an urn on one, a garland on another, and all the rest differing from each other, but all fanciful, and what we considered appropriate; likewise, two pairs of gloves; and finally, neatly wrapped up in paper, a gold sovereign to pay the carriage, and a very neat and business-like invoice of the whole.

But then the letter along with them, in native beauty, simplicity, and originality, was worth the

whole. You would be shocked were I, my very self, to tell you how long my Letters (the printed ones) had been the delight and consolation of this excellent person—for excellent she must be, supposing me to be very different from what she thought me. The ardent love of merit, should it be merely imaginary and delusive, exists only in those fine minds which are accustomed to delight in contemplating goodness in its original source. She says, towards the end of her letter, "I am not a person of birth or fortune, but a lowly thistle on the plain, sheltering some more delicate plants under my rugged stem. May I hope you will let me know something of your health and spirits, and of the welfare of your family. Let me know if your correspondents continue faithful to you in this world, or if they wait your arrival in the plains of light," &c.

Is not all this something very much out of the common way; and is not this kindness from a plain person, such as I suppose Miss M. Jones of Coalbrookdale to be, more gratifying than if a very fine or high-bred person had sent me a far more valuable or showy present? These are the cordials which the mercy that has been mingled with many bitter sufferings has afforded to cheer my path. Adieu, dear friend: I am much the better for scrawling when I really could not do anything else. I am, as ever, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER III.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 16th July, 1823.

My dear Friend,

I hope you will accept my writing to you at present as an instance of more than common affection. I know you feel as much for me as one must that loves me, and knew the worth, the incomparable worth of what I have lost*—of that guardian angel who was spared to us so long, that she might, with the truest judgment, the tenderest affection, and the most unwearied patience, support, assist, and comfort the sufferers in her family; while her delicate frame and sensitive mind seemed to mark her out as the person who of all others most needed support. But, in all the severe exigencies we were called to encounter, she seemed inspired with a power of exertion and endurance almost miraculous.

I will not tell you of our grief. How needless that! For me, I have a mind subdued by many sorrows, and am too near the end of my journey to repine because Isabella was spared the anguish of surviving me, and all that a worn-out frame and over-wrought mind has to encounter in life's decline. He, who in mercy to us bestowed this precious gift to be a blessing while she remained, has, in mercy to herself, brought her to peace and felicity, ere the evil days

* Mrs. Grant's daughter, Isabella, died at Edinburgh on 16th June, 1823.

came, in which she should say she had no pleasure in them. Think not of me, but give all your pity to Mary; the love between them was such that it appeared as if one could not survive the other; the whole stock of affection divided among the lamented ones now mingled with the dust, seemed all centred in each other. Mary, however, makes wonderful efforts to struggle with calamity.

My Isabella had been confined mostly to bed all last winter, yet with little suffering, no apprehension, and more steady cheerfulness than ever I saw her enjoy since the death of our dear, lovely Charlotte. We were half deceived, though she grew evidently weaker. Death came at last in so gentle a form that it was more like a translation. Far from feeling its approaches, she said some encouraging words to me scarcely two minutes before she expired. All gentle and modest as she was, every one who knew her intimately, looked on her with chastened reverence, produced by the sanctity of her manners and the purity of her mind. Yet no one said less of the subject nearest her heart than she: her very piety was like herself—modest and retiring.—“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

Let me hear from you soon: the more I lose of what is dear and valuable, the closer I cling to friends such as you,—“peculiar people, death has made them dear.” Remember me kindly to the Archdeacon, his son, and his daughter; and know me, ever most affectionately and unalterably, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER IV.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 21st July, 1823.

You may well be afraid, my dear friend, to hear from me, who have always some fresh tale of sorrow to communicate, not only sad in itself, but calling up all those images of sadness that are too habitual to your own mind.

If this stroke breaks the ligature that still has held me to a deceitful world, I shall hereafter think of it with more serenity than I can do at present. She is graciously released from what was from the first a frail and feverish being; and certainly, in the course of her life, her labours of love, her exertions for those who were unspeakably dear to her, and her deep anguish when deprived of them, might long since have exhausted a less tender mind and less sensitive frame: but she was supported, by strength not her own, to be a guardian angel to her distressed family. Though not called to the duties of the conjugal state, such were her trials and such her conduct under them, that it might be truly said of her, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Were our grief proportioned to the value of what we have lost, it would be sinful in its excess: but I trust we have profited more by many afflictions than to repine at her felicity.

I have long endeavoured, even while my heart-

strings were wrung at such partings, to think of every alleviation, and say to myself all that piety, friendship, or compassion might suggest to those that mourned for me, and tried to comfort me. I hope the topics proposed in your letter have not been unavailing. The time is short, and she could scarce have borne my loss as I am enabled to bear hers; few indeed were capable of such pure unmingled attachment: affection in her was like a hallowed flame, fed by all the powers of her mind, and all the feelings of her heart. Passion, vanity, interest, selfishness in all its nameless forms, had no place there; all, all was love,—efficient love. It was the element in which she existed, and still brightened to the last moment. Easily she threw off the thin-worn robe of mortality, through which the radiant spirit shone clearer when about to quit its covering. My own, my beloved and most endearing Isabella, so long the support and guardian of us all, was not to be surprised by death, for which her whole life was a humble and earnest preparation: she might most truly be said to work out her salvation with fear and trembling. Never surely did death assume a milder form than when he approached her unseen and undreaded. As I said on another occasion of this beautiful spirit,—though the violet is withered, its odour remains. Of Mary I can only say that she bears as a Christian ought the loss of a treasure for which nothing in this world can compensate. I can only add, that, even under this affliction, I feel your sympathy, and value your friendship, and am, most affectionately yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER V.

TO MRS. DESKFORD ROBERTSON, BANFF.

Edinburgh, July 25, 1823.

Dear Madam,

I received your kind and sympathizing letter lately, and would have answered it sooner, but as yet I feel a great reluctance to write, perhaps the more that I have so many testimonies of the kindness of my friends to acknowledge, that I am at a loss where to begin. I have, however, begun with you, lest you should attribute my silence to illness, or to a deficiency in gratitude for your attention. Certainly you did owe me a debt of sympathy, for it is not easy to say how deeply I felt for your accumulated sorrows, when so many of your fair plants, at the very time when they showed themselves worthy of all your tenderness, were so suddenly called away. I know better than many others could, the nature and extent of your sufferings. These are not to be imagined; they must be felt to be understood.

Were our grief on this occasion in proportion to the value of what we have lost, it would have no bounds; but the hallowed example of the blessed creature, who was like our guardian angel while here, and is now enjoying the rich reward of all her labours of love, and the certainty that she has escaped so much of what we must endure through the remainder of our pilgrimage, must awe us into submission. But I cannot speak of my Isabella, except to those who

knew her, lest I be supposed, though unconsciously, to be swayed by a parent's fondness, in over-calculating the treasure I possessed.

I congratulate you on the arrival of your brother and Mrs. Wilson from India, which I heard of yesterday from Lady Liston, who calls on me now and then, and was, as you know, the intimate of our mutual friends at Dunchattan.

Charlotte's son* is engaged in the same pursuits with his father. He spends a day with us now and then, when he comes to Edinburgh;—he is a gentle, good-tempered youth, well bred and pleasing in his manners, with an innocent, and, in some degree, elegant mind. He has a great taste for drawing, in which he excels, is quite gentlemanlike, with a very good figure, and a countenance almost handsome, and very prepossessing. His stepmother is one of the most amiable creatures I have known, and is all to him that a mother could be. I was at one time in the habit of seeing Mrs. Wilson's children, but since they removed to a distance, and since family distress has borne so heavy on me, I have omitted many such duties. I am, dear madam, with esteem, yours truly,

ANNE GRANT.

* Alluding to the only son of Mrs. Smith (formerly Miss Charlotte Grant), a young connexion of Mrs. Grant, who resided for some years in her family at Laggan, and is frequently referred to in the "Letters from the Mountains."

LETTER VI.

TO MRS WILLS.

Edinburgh, 2d September, 1823.

My dear Catherine,

It is not long since your affectionate letter and most acceptable present reached me. Forgive me for not sooner acknowledging both : your experience in that dark school in which I have been so long an unprofitable scholar will already, novice as you are, teach you how unwillingly one takes the pen when there is only a choice of two evils,—when you must either, by pouring out all the bitterness of your own feelings, wound those of another from a selfish desire for sympathy, or put on to a dear friend that air of light indifference, under which one takes shelter to shun the repulsive cant of formal condolence from minds incapable of looking into “the bottom of your grief.” In the present instance there is no occasion for shunning either. I need not describe to you what, under your own recent deprivation of your dear sister, you feel far too sensibly yourself ; as little need I shun such condolence as you are capable of administering.

Writing to you, and knowing you as I do, it is unnecessary to urge upon you those topics with which hard necessity has made me long familiar—of resignation to the Divine will, of the actual certainty that those who have walked humbly upon earth, trusting to their Saviour’s merits for salvation, will be supported through the dark valley of death by the same mercy that guided their steps in comparative innocence in

the days of their probation,—and that the separation in any case cannot be long,—in some very short. All this we say, and at intervals think ; but we see it in dim and distant perspective, veiled occasionally with mists and shadows. Futurity is brought nearer and nearer to our view by every repeated stroke ; and without this merciful disposition of things we could never support a succession of those strokes which are so terrible to the unpractised in adversity. But every tie that is broken loosens the mind more and more from this world ; the very agony of reiterated suffering forces us to take shelter in the contemplations suited to our state, instead of dwelling, as the feebleness and selfishness of our nature would incline us to do, on the dark and silent grave to which the beloved objects are consigned,—on the cold and painful vacancy left in our own hearts, and on all the love and all the worth that endeared them to us. And in order to check, as far as possible, this current of thought, and to habituate ourselves to muse on what they have escaped by having the journey of life so soon concluded, and being saved from the bitterness of surviving dear friends, and the many other evils that await the decline of life, we should accustom ourselves to think much, and even to speak much, of all that we loved and admired in the departed. This at first is painful ; but a familiar theme becomes less and less so. There is so much of suffering to be met with in the most prosperous life, that the preparation of the mind for enduring even those privations, which we cannot think of in prospect without shuddering, is perhaps the best lesson we can learn.

I am tedious without being, perhaps, after all, intelligible; but an example may make me so. Mrs. Unwin, the friend of Cowper, felt that the Divine inflictions were mercies, and to be received as such, as sensibly as we feel that the shower, which wets our garment, refreshes the dried-up soil. What we regard, in a speculative way, as a thing we ought to believe, was, with her, like the evidence of the senses, and enabled her to bear the severest evils with unshaken and even cheerful patience. In vain would those, who cherish and brood over sorrow, excuse themselves, by depreciating as a kind of apathy the lively faith which supported this Christian heroine, even under the death of her most excellent and only son. What but sensibility of the purest, highest kind led her to do and suffer, in the cause of friendship, more than ever the courage of man or the love of woman achieved? Dying for one's friend was nothing to this. Estranged from all social enjoyments, and having one's sole attention tied down, day after day, and year after year, to the most painful object that heart can conceive—the ghastly form and suspended faculties of a dear friend! What a being must Cowper have been, that could excite such a pure and fervent attachment; and how much beyond the conception of ordinary minds was the tenderness, the constancy, the fortitude, and, above all, the faith of this blessed woman! Lady Hesketh, the good, the generous, and the amiable, tried to fill her place, but sank under it. Miss Fanshawe, who was with Lady H. in the last months of her life, told me that she never recovered the miserable winter she spent with her beloved cousin.

All these things have come the more vividly to my mind in consequence of a present sent me lately by a lady whom I never saw, but who has shown kindly feelings towards me in more than one instance ; this is a life of Hayley, with that of his son, both written by himself. This is a sort of literary gossip that enchains your attention even when it does not meet your approbation. The vain and silly egotism, and the tiresome load of epithets which clogs his style with sickly affectation, revolt me so much, that I have barely candour enough left to give Hayley credit for kindness of heart, and steadiness of attachment. I began the life of his son, prepared to regard it with distaste, and to suppose that he had a son in his own likeness ; but really the son has so much more sense than his father, so much genius, modesty, and manliness, and, best of all, so much quiet, unpretending piety, that I was forced to do him justice. He was an admirable creature ; and how he could escape infection in that school of affectation and sickly sensibility, is astonishing. I should have loved that boy for what he had, and admired him for what he had not : no pretension, no strings of epithets, no attempt at what the redoubted Andrew Fairservice calls *nipperty-tipperty* poetry, to which class much of Hayley's belongs. With Flaxman I am charmed : his is genuine manly feeling, expressed with firmness and freedom, sound judgment, correct opinions, and steady principle.

My friends are all in the country, but, bad as the season was, there were never so many strangers from all quarters in town ; they all bring letters to different

people, but I am the only person to be found at home, and, were it not for good Miss Mercer, should have been at home by myself, for sometime past. Mary was nearly sinking under the severest loss a human creature could sustain (for never was affection more fervent, than that which united her to the angelic creature who lived but to love and serve us all), when an old and dear friend, from America, induced her, with much difficulty, to accompany her family on an excursion to the West Highlands, which has done her much good. I must now conclude, and feel much the better for writing, reluctant as I was to begin. With best regards to Mr. Wills, I am, very much yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER VII.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 23d December, 1823.

My dear Friend,

I am lifting the veil from many incidents of my own eventful life, to show what can be endured, and how it should be. This, as far as it regards myself, is a sad awakening of the cruel pains of memory.*

* * * * *

Speaking of books, we have been all much engaged with Jeremy Taylor of late. There is a new edition,

* Probably alluding to a detailed Memoir of her own life, begun at the request of a friend, but in which she made little progress beyond the years of infancy.

preceded by an admirable life, by that most admirable person, Reginald Heber. Read it by all means ; such sound opinions, most happily yet simply expressed, so much learning without pedantry, and research without tediousness, so much piety without dogmatism or bigotry, are rarely met with. He—this eminent divine—goes to Calcutta in the very spirit of martyrdom ; he carries all those fine and consecrated talents, all that wealth of knowledge, and that power of genius, to a region where they will be comparatively little understood or appreciated. You know, perhaps, that he goes out as Bishop. Mr. Canning, who greatly loves and admires him, urges him to stay for the first vacant English bishoprick. His brother, who has a large estate, and has no heirs, is equally averse to his going ; but the highest and purest motives urge him to spend and be spent in the service of his Master. Adieu, dear, very dear friend, in haste,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER VIII.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 6th February, 1824.

My dear Friend,

Since I wrote last, I have been in a state of entire seclusion, keeping a very strict Lent, reading and writing alike forbidden, and the excitement of seeing company considered worst of all ; so I am comparatively thin, and very thankful for being so, and more

particularly for my great escape from my late alarming fall.*

It is not often that so many are to be found in one place possessed of such amiable qualities and pleasing manners as the present inmates of my family ; and it is not easy to say how much of family comfort depends upon such. I never talked of the faults or defects of those who dwelt under my roof : I think that exposing the foibles of young people under one's protection is neither the part of a gentlewoman or a Christian ; but those at present under my care are all that I could wish, and they treat me with filial reverence. I speak of this with deep-felt gratitude to the Giver of all good ; for, though I had not great faults to contend with on any occasion, I have had anxieties that, in my present state of mind and nerves, would be a great deal too much for me. Those petty miseries that spring out of the earth have not the consolations attending them that we ask and receive when the blow comes direct from above. I do not express this well, but you understand me.

Now, as to books : I am very glad that my whispered approbation of his *American Travels* reached the ears of Mr. Duncan, since it gave him pleasure. He has filled up a hiatus ; for a truth-telling book on that subject was much wanted, and his has the stamp and impress of candour and good feeling. How unlike the caricature satires of others, and the no less caricature eulogium of that Miss Wright,—

* See the following Letter, p. 21.

"Whose praise defiles as if a fool should mean,
By spitting in your face, to wash it clean."

Every encomium in favour of America, she follows up with abuse of her native country,—the glorious citadel of refuge for all that is admirable in laws, institutions, freedom and pure faith.

Have you seen Henry Mackenzie's *Life of John Home*? It is a perfect picture, happily drawn and softly coloured, of what Edinburgh and the lights of human kind that adorned it, were fifty years since. Lady Grizel Baillie's *Memoirs* you must have read and liked: I feel more interested by her unadorned prose than by Miss Baillie's metrical sketch from it.

I have dipped in the new "*Well*,"* which was fit and proper for me to do, as all the family were plashing in it; and it is one of my duties to influence their judgments, as well as to lead their taste, if taste can be led. I differ from you and many others about this *Well*, and still hold to my old maxim, that "king's caff is better than ither folk's corn." We are, in the first place, startled at seeing an old friend with a new face: we have been accustomed to meet him in the familiar walks of natural feeling and character, or in the loftier scenes of courtly splendour, chivalrous manners, and romantic sentiments. The fashionables of the day, exaggerated as they are, among the idle and worthless in those haunts of idleness and dissipation called watering-places, is quite a new field, in which there is not so much for the heart as in the former, nor so much to elevate and fill the imagination as in

* "*St. Ronan's Well*," then newly published.

the latter. This work is, in short, what none of the rest were, an obvious intentional satire; and we do not so readily follow him in this new and thorny walk. The story, I grant, hangs very ill together, and so do Shakspeare's; but there is character, sense, and truth, and the moral is good. In short, though the caff may abound, it is still *king's* caff.

I was tempted to this long trespass on you by a visit from Mrs. Wilson, which I took very kindly, to ask my commands for the West, and here they are, from yours, most cordially,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER IX.

TO MRS. HOOK, WHIPPINGHAM RECTORY, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Edinburgh, 20th February, 1824.

My dear Friend,

You may believe it was not without a cause that your last interesting letter has been so long unanswered. I, too, have been unwell; but as my disorders were partly owing to accident, and not in the least productive of danger, I shall detail them as concisely as possible. On New-Year's-day, coming down stairs, with one hand on the railing and my faithful crutch in the other, I leant too hard on the first, and lost my balance. By a momentary impulse I threw myself back with such force that I received a severe wound on the back of my head, yet was not in the least alarmed or disconcerted,—thankful, on the contrary, that this providential impulse had prevented my falling

forward and so incurring greater danger. My doctor thought the case serious, and, not satisfied with starving and secluding me, he forbade pens and books, dreading lest the wound should bring on erysipelas; and so it did for all his precaution; but, as the eruption was merely confined to my face, it was not dangerous. Now, thank God, all this is over, and I am so well that I could, and would, if possible, spare a little health to you who need it so much more.

It has been wisely ordered, that I who have so many heartaches, never know what it is to have a headache, unless when I bring it on myself by exertion too long continued: but I feel not the less for yours, assailing you as they do under the pressure of so many imperative duties. Need I tell you that I was grieved and alarmed by your account of the illness of the Archdeacon whom I love not merely for his resembling in his best qualities one that I loved dearly, of whom, as well as of him, it might be said, "that he was made of the firm truth of honour:" I love him not the worse for resembling him in his defects. But why do I say this to such an idolater as you, who would think it sacrilege to impute defect to your abstract of perfection. Pray, however,—when you have the happiness of seeing him fairly set in motion,—implore him in my name to be more active and less contemplative. As for you, whom I consider as the greatest sufferer of the two, your kingdom is not of this world; nor indeed is that of any one whose heart is warmly affectionate, and whose mind is highly sensitive: these are plants belonging to a different climate, liable to be crushed and blasted in this stormy

region, but fated to spread and flourish fair in the perpetual sunshine of a blessed immortality. This is the highest view of the matter : take a lower, yet very just one :—

“The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Has far less joy than virtue's very tears.”

The day is fast approaching when the sorrows we approve shall be more dear to recollection than what most call pleasures.

I am glad you found Mr. C. so agreeable : I have heard him very differently represented. Ingenious talents and agreeable manners he must needs have : one never can suppose Mrs. C., all charming as she is, giving her all for nothing. Yet, though the object of her choice should possess a thousand virtues and ten thousand accomplishments, I can never believe that her second marriage has made her happier. Less respectable it has certainly made her, on account of various disparities, that of age particularly. The pains she takes to proclaim her felicity, produces the exact contrary effect. *You* never told me that you were happily married : that species of happiness, when it exists, is self-evident. Do not suppose me such a prude as to object to second marriages, as such : even in this country, where they occur much seldomer than with you, many excellent women have made a second marriage, and found it a happy one. But certainly the mother of a large family is not entitled to consult her own fancy at the expense of the feelings and, as it often happens, the fortunes of her children.

You will begin to think that I am nothing if not critical, and ask what is become of the candour and

indulgence on which I was wont to be complimented. Why, really, if one has been candid for more than threescore years, it is pretty well. You do not know what rue or euphrasy may have purged my visual nerve in later years; or, perhaps, as the mere organs of sight decay, the mental vision becomes more distinct. I am sorry for it, and would not wish the soft bright haze removed that heightens beauty and diminishes deformity.

Now for the neutral ground, namely, books, which is the more amusing for being also the debatable ground, and, what brings the analogy still closer, claimed alike by Scotch and English. We have what may be called a literary luxury in this house, for my son, now that he is fairly established, has the privilege of the Signet Library, which is well stocked and well chosen, and of the College Library, which is still more so; and half a dozen young advocates offer me the choice from theirs; and I get many presents of books, both from their authors and from my friends. Amidst this affluence of entertainment, and the claims of society, I have not much leisure for new books; yet I have read "Pen Owen," which was sent me by Mr. Henry Mackenzie, who liked it much. I thought there was much of exceeding good wit and sound argument in it. I have only got the first volume of the last novel, "Percy Mallory." It is written with considerable power, and the Grandisonian scenes are extremely amusing; but the dialogue, though clever and witty, has too much of the "snip-snap short and interruption smart" of the old comedy: you cannot fancy people playing thus at an intellectual shuttle-

cock. The author evidently trusts too much to his own powers; he is so pleased with the sparkles he continually strikes out, that he neglects probability and the conduct of the story, as also repose, forgetting that, in a picture, shade is necessary as well as light: to sum up all, he writes in too great a hurry. So does the Great Well-known; and his stories, also, often hang very loosely together: but then he stands, and will stand, alone; within that circle (of haste and carelessness) none dare walk but he.

Sitting up last night and rising early this morning, I have made out this meritorious though miscellaneous letter. I hope Georgiana is perfectly re-established, that her hair grows, and her strength with it, like Sampson's. I send love to divide among your children, the larger portion for the reverend Walter. Dr. Hook and Eliza hold together a pre-eminent place in the regard of your truly affectionate,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER X.*

TO THE VERY REV. PRINCIPAL BAIRD.

Edinburgh, 25th February, 1824.

Reverend dear Sir,

I have every possible wish to comply with any re-

* This Letter was written in answer to one from Principal Baird of Edinburgh, in which he stated that the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland were desirous to procure an addition of Paraphrases and Translations for the Psalmody of the Church of Scotland; and after adding that Sir Walter Scott, Miss Joanna Baillie, Mr. Montgomery, and others, had promised contributions, he requested that Mrs. Grant would also give her aid to the proposed Collection.

quest of yours, and not the less so as, in this instance, your wish would lead me to indulge an early propensity, which, though checked by many cares and many sorrows, may still, in some degree, exist.

I am the more willing to make the effort you desire, as I find you honour with your approbation an attempt of the same nature, which I had utterly forgotten till your mention of it recalled it to my recollection.* I am perfectly aware that in this department my whole strength lies in an easy command of poetical language, a thing entirely distinct from genius, to which I honestly confess myself to have no claim. This humble talent I would willingly consecrate to the sacred purpose you speak of, and be satisfied with laying a turtle-dove upon the altar, if I could not afford a lamb.

But the objection that I have always felt to have a conscientious weight when I have been solicited to write on religious subjects, I find to be nearly insuperable. It is not modesty with regard to the powers given me, but a consciousness that, partly from situation, and, no doubt, partly from inclination not duly resisted, I have been led to lead a life, however decorous, too worldly to be consistent with pointing out a stricter path to others than that in which I have walked myself. Falling thus far short of my standard of duty, I can but touch the harp of Zion with a trembling hand, however desirous I may be to ransom some minutes, in this manner, from the stream of

* Hymn for the Sons of the Clergy, published with Mrs. Grant's Poems, in 1803.

time, that is so fast escaping, and cannot run much longer with me.

I enclose a feeble attempt to embody thoughts and feelings which have been for sometime familiar to me. If you approve of this, you shall hear again in the same way from, reverend dear sir, your faithful humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XI.

TO MRS. SMITH OF JORDANHILL, GLASGOW.

Edinburgh, 7th April, 1824.

My dear Friend,

I am going to write a short civil letter, which, short as it is, will answer two good purposes; it will acknowledge the kindness of your last, and it will serve as a bulletin of that return of health, for which I cannot be sufficiently thankful.

* * * * *

You like to hear of books; we have been engaged in some very interesting ones. Mary received a present lately of two volumes of Cowper's last published letters,* in which the secrets of his prison-house are fully unfolded. They are chiefly addressed to Mr. Newton. I should like them better than Hayley's collection, if that were possible; you see Cowper oftener in his night-gown and slippers,—see Mrs. Unwin darning his stockings,—get an occasional peep into

* "Private Correspondence of Cowper," 2 vols.

the economy of his kitchen, and have the pleasure of rejoicing over certain barrels of oysters which he receives from his friends. Being neither a blockhead nor conceited, you will take due interest in all that pertains to this saintly sufferer; yet there are blockheads, namely, conceited ones, that will say, "What do the public care for his stockings, or for his oysters, or for the cake that came in its native pan, or the heartless hens who refused to lay eggs to make another cake?" I would have such persons to know that a Cowper, moving in the light of his mental beauty and modest sanctity, irradiates every object that is in contact with him; it is *their* oysters and cakes that are insignificant, because they are so themselves. I wish I knew what kind of garters he wore; how proud and happy I should have been to knit a pair for him: I should have hung up the wires, as Cervantes did his pen, considering them hallowed ever afterwards.

People say that these letters should not have been published, because his mental malady, which was the weakness of his faith, appears here without disguise. This morbid humility was tinged with his constitutional gloom; but can any one doubt that He who guided him with his counsel while here, did not thereafter receive him into glory? and shall those trembling spirits, with whom perfect love has not cast out fear, derive no consolation from knowing that the sensible perception of the Divine power was withheld from one to whom so many beatitudes apply, such as, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;"—"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be com-

forted." Does *he* not see God ; and is he not comforted ? Can anything be imagined more rapturous than the bright morning of salvation rising on his long dark night ? " Great is the mystery of godliness ; " but to him it is no longer a mystery, as far as relates to his own case. Amiable in his infirmities, delightful in his playfulness, respectable in his abilities, blending the finished gentleman, the heartfelt poet, and the humble saint in the happiest union—we are here drawn into a closer intimacy with that matchless and spotless mind, that has so long commanded our smiles and tears, while we know not whether most to admire or pity him.

I would, if I could, say much of the pleasant state of my present family ; but I must reserve that and various other things for a long letter to Mrs. Brown. Do you ask me what I think of the Islay Campbells ? I had a mere glimpse of them ; and then my attention was so fixed on an ethereal-looking creature called Emma, that I retain no trace of the other two. Adieu, in haste, my very dear old friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XII.

TO MRS. GORMAN, BAGOT STREET, DUBLIN.

My dear Mrs. Gorman, Edinburgh, 15th April, 1824.
I am so distressed by the intelligence* conveyed to

* The death of the Rev. Mr. Gorman.

us in the last Irish newspaper (of which, alas, I cannot for a moment doubt), that I think the event must have been dreadfully sudden, or I should have heard of it otherwise.

What, my dear bereaved friend, shall I say to you? How shall I give you the benefit of my experience? With me the blow was very sudden, yet ought not to have been unexpected, as a gradual decay of Mr. Grant's health and spirits were the too visible prelude to it. I cannot tell you anything on the subject of resignation to the will of the Almighty, or of his love being made manifest in the chastisements which he inflicts on his children, that you do not know already; I can only tell you how my unextinguishable sorrow was soothed while the infliction lasted. I took my son, or, I should rather say, he was given to me by the kind faithful people about me, into my bosom, he being then but eighteen months old. In bed, but sleepless, the first night, a young person read aloud to me the Psalms, relieved by another, the whole night. I can scarcely say that I was impressed with the substance of what I heard, but I caught a sentence now and then; and the very monotonous sound lulled me at last to brief and startling slumber.

I tell you this, because I have nothing else to tell you but what the sympathy of numerous friends, the good sense and piety of your own mind, and, above all, the consolations contained in the Word of Life, will suggest to you. I cannot say to a bleeding heart, "Bleed no longer," any more than I could say to an inundation, "Retire within your banks." To such as you and myself, one great consolation is, that the

scene around us is soon about to vanish from before us; the doors of immortality will soon open, and disclose objects that are in mercy and in wisdom now concealed from us. We have been long invited to knock, and it shall be opened,—long assured, that if we seek we shall find; and, surely, never is the mind so prepared to knock for admittance as when the objects we most delighted in are hid from our eyes,—never so ready to seek after the things that belong to our peace as when the dearest ties that held us to this world are suddenly broken. When pierced by the sharpest sorrows, we ought to think most deeply of Him who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, upon whom our burden was laid, and who is able and willing to bear it.

Your strokes follow heavy and fast, and yet, compared with me, you are but a novice in affliction.—Every new calamity, however, where it does not harden the mind, humbles it, and makes it more patient to endure: as long as we think that earth has new delights, we cling to it, and regard every privation as if something that was actually our own had been taken from us. We are like unfeeling and ungrateful debtors, who are full of discontent and resentment when the best of our benefactors reclaims his own, after long indulgence: but we learn in the school of affliction how to bow our necks to the yoke, and yield up with humility what we have only in trust till demanded by the owner.

Pray let some one write a few lines to let me know how your health holds out, and some circumstances of the painful past. We are all well. With love to dear

Catherine, I am, with the truest sympathy, dear Mrs. Gorman, yours affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XIII.

TO GEORGE THOMSON, ESQ., EDINBURGH.

Princes Street, 3d June, 1824.

My dear Sir,

Nothing could so effectually console me for the loss of my poetical talent as the discovery that you had found it. In that case, I should consider it as not lost, but *gone behind*; that is, transferred to a younger person than myself, who will, it is to be hoped, survive me. Whether your censure of my verses be just or not, I cannot say, as I have no distinct recollection of any of them; only, after finishing them, it occurred to me that I had mentioned the dead Whigs in the manner in which the dead Jacobites never failed to do, at which the living Whigs might, perhaps, take umbrage. Far from resenting your disapprobation of my possibly worthless lines, I would, for that very reason, be proud of showing my candour and magnanimity by approving yours, if I could possibly do so with a safe conscience. They do not want merit as verses, but they have not the slightest affinity with those to which they are appended. The style of that song, and all the party songs of that period, had a mixture of light-hearted generosity, passing by sudden transitions to the pathetic or sublime; a familiar ease, and a homeliness that, to fastidious taste, might seem

vulgar; such as are sometimes the transitions of Dr. Chalmers, who goes from the very eminence of the sublime to the borders of vulgarity. But one must be old, Highland, and something of a Jacobite or Tory, at least, to enter into the full spirit of these lays poured suddenly from the heart.

"Though others may abhor him" is the best emendation I can think of. I give two other verses merely to show my goodwill: they will light a taper at worst. You must observe that the songs made, as this was, among the clans, are full of Gaelic idioms. Thus, every little frith is called the sea in the old language. The Ferry, most probably, was that of Ballachelish, the song being composed very near it:

My loyal heart is light and free,
I feel it beating rarely;
I'll haste away o'er land and sea,
To welcome home my Charlie,
Over the water, and over the sea, &c.

The soldier lads, with black cockades,
No more shall lord it o'er us;
The snow-white rose, the dread of foes,
Shall make them fly before us.
Over the water, and over the sea, &c.

The two stanzas, if accepted, should precede the others. The last of the original ones makes an excellent climax.

It is not a new cause of sorrow to me, the extinction of that wonderful genius now mingled with the ordinary children of mortality.* I admired his dawning before it was the fashion to esteem him pre-eminent. I did homage to his meridian glories, and felt his

* Alluding to the late death of Lord Byron.

powers as much as any of his worshippers. And when those much-admired and much-abused talents seemed diminished by their misapplication, and when the decaying flame afforded only that lurid light which rendered darkness more visible, I deeply lamented his degradation. When, like "the tawny lion, pawing to get free," he endeavoured, by the exertion of courage and generosity, to resume the place so justly forfeited in the esteem of his fellow-creatures, I hoped the course in which he was engaged might hallow his exertions. "A greater power than we can countermand" has not permitted this consummation, and an awful lesson of humility remains to human nature, to teach frail mortals how little avail those talents that are not consecrated to the service of virtue. I am, dear sir, yours with sincere regard,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XIV.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 23d June, 1824.

My dear Friend,

The long-cherished hope of seeing you here, in person, I have been forced to resign; many obstacles have occurred, and some that I now think unconquerable. I grieve to hear that the Archdeacon recovers so slowly: the month you passed at Winchester must have gone by heavily. I am happy to find, however, that your brother, Sir Robert, and his lady, have made you so much at home, and that you have both benefited

there. Nothing does so much good to the lingering convalescent as the cordial of kindness from those they love, and society without bustle or exertion. I trust the worst is over with you both.

Now to speak of books. There is a lady here whom I think you must know,—Miss Ferrier; her father is a very old man, and she, who is not very young, and has indifferent health, secludes herself almost entirely with him. The fruits of this seclusion appeared three or four years since in the form of a novel called *Marriage*: it was evidently the production of a clever, caustic mind, with much good painting of character in it, that could not be produced without talent and considerable knowledge of men and books. I have just finished a hasty perusal of a new work by the same author, called *The Inheritance*, and join the general voice in pronouncing it clever, though there is, perhaps, too much of caricature throughout. Pray read it; there is strong sense in it, and it keeps attention awake even when it does not entirely please. There are some here who praise this book beyond measure, and even hold it up as excelling the invisible charmer. This leads me to *Redgauntlet*, where Walter is himself again. Who says that his *forte* is low characters? I do not meet in books, and very rarely in life, such gentlemen as his, with sentiments so just, so manly, and so happily expressed. Witness the feeling without weakness or painted sentimentality, the dignity without strut or false elevation, the graceful ease and unbending spirit displayed in the painful interview betwixt the infatuated Chevalier and his adherents.

Basil Hall's Letters on South America I have read

with pleasure, and hope, nay believe, the information they contain is genuine; yet he sometimes reminds me of the Clown's address to Malvolio, when he supposes him possessed:—"Out upon thee, foul fiend; speakest thou of nought but ladies?" I have met with Basil Hall, and was never more surprised; I looked for a bold weather-beaten tar, but I found a gentleman, with a soft voice and soft manners, pouring out small-talk in half whispers to ladies; I believe, however, he is very estimable. Two volumes of Ariosto Rose's *Recollections of Italy* have lately amused me much. He is acute, elegant, and refined to fastidiousness; but some allowance must be made for a young man nursed in purple and fine linen, and fed with Greek and Roman classics; and born to smart and agonize at every pore, from being the hapless owner of a sickly and sensitive frame.

Are there any more new books to talk of, or can we close this talk of literature without remembering one who has pleased us more than we ought to be pleased, and shocked us less than we ought to have been shocked? It is with this feeling that I thought of Byron, when the fashionable world were full of admiration of his gloomy heroes with one virtue and a thousand crimes. I think I felt his powers as deeply as those who talked loudest in their praise; but then my conscience never slept; indeed, my moral taste would have revolted at the guilty gloom that hung over his heroes, though I had no higher principle to direct me. Of Byron's death I like neither to speak nor hear. What a fall was his before the scene closed! At the time that I speak thus, I am, in a great mea-

sure, a stranger to the works that disgraced his last years. I have said more to you than I intended of one whom I seldom mention to others, yet often have I lamented over this "fallen cherub."

I am glad Theodore Hook finds literature so profitable. His songs (for I will think them his) in "John Bull" used to divert me not a little. Perhaps it is too high a compliment, but when I hear of his being in confinement, I think of Prince Henry saying of Sir Walter Raleigh, that none but his father would keep such a bird in a cage. Remember me with warm regard to the Archdeacon, and believe me, with the truest affection and sympathy, yours ever,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XV.

TO MRS. SMITH.

The Fairlie, 8th August, 1824.

My dear Friend,

I write to say that nothing could be more prosperous than our journey, or more pleasant than the conclusion of it. I am so glad that I came here, and so sorry that I have so short a time to contemplate so much beauty, both in the everlasting hills, which change not, and the ever-moving waters, grand and beautiful in their variety.

But why should I speak of what you know so well, when I have so much to tell that you do not know? But I should tell you first what a privilege I think it, even for a short space, to breathe this atmosphere of

sanctity and peace. Well, I shall leave your son to tell of our outseting. When we looked for nothing but continued rain, at Greenock the sun began to look out upon us, which was very civil in him, considering how frugal he is of his beams in that moist region; from thence to Inverkip it was all nature, freshness, and simplicity. There we stopped at your brother Andrew's door, where a whole group of old friends came out, and treated us with cordial smiles of welcome, and a large basket of gooseberries,—very acceptable fellow-travellers; but they all vanished before we reached the end of our journey.

At Largs, the kindness with which we were received by your sister was really affecting: we arrived in the very crisis of a splendid marine sunset. Next day I rose by mistake a little after five, yet did not return to bed, but communed with my old inconstant friend the sea, and the Rev. Mr. Whitfield, till breakfast, making up, in the meantime, a great intimacy with the happy-looking, well-managed children. After breakfast came an invitation for Rosa Ilderton, to join a party to some place in Bute: they set out, accompanied by an indispensable provision-basket, and did not return till late, tired, yet full of the adventures of the day. I should have mentioned, that Lady Isabella Boyle called to see me, and kindly invited me to dine, on Tuesday, at Kelburn. I have also received a letter from Lady John Campbell,* about my coming to visit her at Ardincaple: but she little knows the difficulty I have in moving, or the necessity which

* Formerly Miss Glassell of Long Niddry, frequently mentioned in these Letters.

others find of submitting to the tyranny of circumstances over which she has hitherto held despotic sway. I am enjoying, here, the place, the people, and the tranquillity very much; it is, indeed, like the primitive Eden, as Milton tells us,—

. "able to chase
All sadness but despair."

And my sadness is not despair; it does not die, but it often sleeps. I am ever, dear friend, yours beyond all profession,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XVI.

TO DR. FRANCIS BOOTT,* FORT-AUGUSTUS, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

Edinburgh, 19th August, 1824.

My dear Sir,

Last night I returned here, and found every one very well. I was provoked at the cross purposes that kept us from meeting when your party were at Glasgow. We might have contrived to see you had you

* Dr. Francis Boott, of Boston, America, now of Gower Street, London, the friend to whom this letter is addressed, was then engaged in a tour through the Highlands, accompanied by Mrs. Boott, and some relatives from America. This gentleman has given the world an interesting proof of his admiration of genius. In Mr. Southey's *Life of Henry Kirke White*, he says, "A tablet to Henry's memory, with a medallion by Chantrey, has been placed in All Saints' Church, Cambridge, at the expense of a young American gentleman, Mr. Francis Boott, of Boston. During his travels in this country, he visited the grave of one whom he had learned to love and regret in America, and finding no other memorial of him than the initials of his name upon the plain stone which covers his perishable remains, ordered this monument to be erected." It bears a suitable inscription from the pen of Professor Smyth, of Cambridge.

but sent to Meadow-side instead of Jordanhill ; or had you come to the Fairlie, that most delectable of retirements, where I could have shown you so much beauty, scenic, moral, and intellectual, in my own little sphere of friendship ; and then, Lord Glasgow's unequalled Kelburn, with all its sylvan charms and baronial dignity, and the mild virtues of its kind inhabitants. And you should have seen the remains (not small remains either) of the Castle, where halls of hospitality were open in the days of Hardyknute ; where—

“Stately stept he east the wa’,
And stately stept he west;
Full seventy years he now had seen,
Wi’ scarce seven years of rest.”

But unless you had some previous acquaintance with my favourite hero, with all his valour, courtesy, and generosity, you would look with little interest on the abode of his “peerless dame,” and his “Fairlie fair,” from whom not only the Castle, but all that part of the Ayrshire coast, takes its name. And you should have seen the dear old friends with whom I passed that winged week, that I shall always think of as too short. What added to its interest, though it broke in upon its tranquillity, was, that a whole cluster of the companions of my early youth were at Largs, and came daily to see me, full of fresh remembrances, as if we had parted last year. How far these pleasures were mingled with pain I will not say ; but that they were the wholesomer for that mixture, there is no room to doubt.

Will you think me a little foolish, when I express a wish that, if you have a good day to explore the

walks round my long-loved Fort-Augustus, you would go up to the house of Culachy, at the foot of Corry-arick, and call to give my regards to a poor afflicted widow, Mrs. Oliver, a kinswoman of mine, who lives there. Tell her I asked her to direct you to a little fall of water, about half a mile above the house, which dashes down the face of a rock into a little round basin,—so dear to many of my tenderest recollections, that I shall like you the better for having washed your hands in it; and if you should walk a little farther up that glen, depend on it my spirit will walk with you, and you will perhaps meet my wraith. A wraith, you must know, is the shadowy likeness of an absent living person: now I think I am as likely to be one, and you as likely to see one, as can be imagined of any visionaries, neither very young nor in love.

Will you think me encroaching, if I also request that you would walk to the back of the rocks at the other side of Loch Ness, towards Inchnacardoch. Three sister burns descend there from the hills to the north, and in the middle one there is such a grotto! But you could never find it by this vague description. What an old fool, to be talking of a grotto when she should be thinking of a grave! This would be the remark of nine in ten: but *you* will say, how merciful that a pilgrim, travelling through such a rugged path, should for a moment forget her bleeding feet while recalling the pleasing though innocent past, or exploring, with tremulous hope, the invisible future. This you will say, and your Mary will say amen.

There is no coming at once down to dull earth and the ignorant present after all this; but it assorts well

enough with an aerial flight, to come down from one's balloon, and thank those that were anxious and kind in their inquiries after one's excursion. Such were your friends; and therefore to your respected mother, to my old acquaintance, Mr. Brooks, and my new acquaintance, his interesting and, I should suppose, amiable wife, commend me most kindly; and doubt not that I am, with much esteem and warm regard, dear sir, yours truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XVII.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 7th September, 1824.

My dear Friend,

All hurried as you were, I think your last letter truly meritorious, and your unceasing attention to me more so. In regard to diminishing the weight of care, I have greatly the advantage of you, for I have Mary, who is everything to me. That is well; for I find that, without such a prop, I should soon grow useless. Of this I had a proof the very last week: Miss Lyman, an American lady who resides with me, had the strongest desire to see Loch Katrine and the Trosachs, and so had a good old friend of ours, Mrs. Millar. But this party could not hold without Mary, who was extremely unwilling to leave me. However, there was a person, of whom you have possibly heard, by the name of Miss Bannerman,* who lives now a

* Author of a volume of Poems, published in Edinburgh in 1800.

feeble invalid at Portobello ; but with all this external decay, her shattered frame is illuminated by a mind bright with genius, and rich in stores of intelligence. This most companionable shadow was left with me till the tourists should return ; and while she did stay she was invaluable. Her style of conversation is so pure, her train of thinking so elevated, her piety so scriptural, so supporting : you see her setting in mild brightness, the too fervid energy of her mind now softened down by the sober certainty-of her distinct, yet humble views of the futurity which seems glowing before her. But Miss Bannerman, to do her justice, with all her lights and shades (increasing lights and diminishing shades), would require a letter for the sole purpose of giving you some idea of what she is. I shall, therefore, only tell you that her intercourse with me proved by no means a *tête-à-tête*, for we had many visitors, all, or for the most part, tourists ; and your coffee stood me in good stead, and so did sundry boxes of game that followed each other in quick succession.

I was a good deal worn out with all this, and by the excitement attending the final departure from Edinburgh of our friends, Dr. and Mrs. Boott, certainly the most agreeable set of people to be met with in this age of fac-similes. Never were such enthusiasts : what others feign they truly feel.* They went some weeks ago on a tour to the Highlands, including the parish of Laggan. Improvement, busy everywhere, has been particularly so there ;—

“ And still the fresh spring finds
New groves to thicken, and new plants to green.”

* See Note subjoined to Letter of 19th August, 1824.

You would not know it, if you saw it now, with all its sylvan decorations. Mrs. Boott has made very pretty, and, what is better, very accurate drawings of our church, our family tomb, and its surrounding trees, and of Fort-Augustus, ever dear to memory. It is delightful to meet people not worldly wise or prematurely old; yet the simplicity of their habits, their total indifference about emulating the wealth and finery of others, stands in the place of anxious care and foresight, and prevents their overstepping the limits assigned to them.

I hope Mrs. Maccall's summer campaign is over; I am sure she must have been worn out with her Gallicized visitors. When I hear of people going abroad to reside, it sounds to me like going into purgatory: to those who prefer a Parisian residence, I think it is fool's paradise at best. Adieu, dear friend: the current of thought has been turned another way, and I wonder at my own barbarity; so do you, I suppose. No more at present from

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XVIII.

TO MRS. HOOK, THE CLOSE, WINCHESTER.

Edinburgh, 22d November, 1824.

My dear Friend,

Believe that I am not only highly pleased with your useful and elegant present, but not a little proud of it; and if I have been faulty in delaying to express my gratitude, it was because I have ever since been groan-

ing under a load of unanswered letters, and latterly under a cold caught when our venerable old town was burning.

Now, whether shall I speak of books or of fire—both at present fertile subjects? I think I shall despatch the fire first. Lord Byron will not be *deader* than he is, and his historians will not be more treacherous and scandalous a month hence; Theodore Hook's "Sayings and Doings" will not be less clever, or less abrupt; Miss Ferrier will not be less observing or sagacious; nor will the matchless Scott's worst be less superior to the best of other writing creatures. But as for the voracious fire,—it still lives in its ashes, still smokes in spite of two days' constant rain, and still haunts my imagination; and still a voice of woe seems to proclaim that the glory of old Edinburgh is departed. I should but encroach on the newspapers by telling you, in detail, the story of this calamity, and shall therefore speak only of my own feelings. Spending an evening last week at a friend's house, I heard that there was a fire in the Old Town; but fires in Edinburgh are usually soon extinguished, and I had no idea of its extent. My friends lived far to the west, so that we heard little there of what was going on. Every creature ran to the scene of action, so that, when I returned at ten to my house opposite to the Castle, the street was quite empty; every one that could walk went to the Old Town, and none returned. The fire had proceeded along the south side of the High Street, driven eastward by a tempest from the west, till at length the steeple of the Tron Church had fallen in. The large bell was melted with excessive

heat ; and the volumes of smoke and glowing skies wore all the appearance of a volcano discharging its contents. But this was only a prelude to more extended horrors. At the very time that this was going on, a house in the Parliament Square took fire in the garret, that is to say, the eighth storey, and was not overcome until a great part of the square was reduced to ashes.

I hardly think there was any one that lamented more than myself the destruction of the venerable buildings of the Old Town. It was not the old wine, old rum, and old papers in the various public offices that I lamented ; it was the grand lofty towers of building, that bore witness to the spirit and exertion of our poor country, at a period when great part of London was built of wood. I assure you I exulted not a little in its sombre dignity ; and its destruction was no small wound to my national vanity. You know too little of the topography of our stately old city, to comprehend what we have lost, that can never be restored. Must I confess that my mind was so full of this dreary chasm, opening in the locality hallowed by so many lofty associations, that my heart did not, for the time, respond to the voice of wretchedness arising from the homeless poor ? But they are children of a day, whose losses are reparable : this is not the case with those dwellings built for ages, that can never be restored. The poor, of whom a great number inhabited the high storeys and cellars of the great piles of building, that have sunk in the common ruin, lose little by all this ; they have all been lodged in Queensberry House, near Holyrood ; quantities of clothes and

food have been poured in from all quarters, and nearly five thousand pounds have already been subscribed for their benefit. In short, all that class will probably be better off than they were before this calamity. I beg you will give our united love to dear Eliza ; and believe me, ever your affectionately attached,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XIX.

TO MRS. BROWN.

Edinburgh, 17th December, 1824.

My dear Mrs. Brown,

Thank you for your kind concern about my indispensable butter ; but this year you will escape not only the trouble of purchasing it, but all further solicitude about its merits, as I have got a supply of this commodity myself from the most unlikely place possible. I used to be so eloquent in the description of Caithness, which left an impression on my fancy from being unlike every other place, that I think I must have described it to you. In case I may not have done so, you are to know, that that country (a pretty wide one) is, with a few exceptions, as flat as your floor, with an iron-bound coast, rocky and precipitous beyond imagination, on which the German Ocean, in all its fury, has beat, I suppose, since the deluge. We hear in poetry of waves in vain assailing rocks that repel their useless rage : not so the sea-beat rocks of Caithness. The tempests of other times have there left strange vestiges of their turbulence ; by turns, fantastic and

sublime, they bear the forms of ruined castles, lofty towers, &c. ; and in some places one sees a rude circular aperture, through which the sea has rushed in like a cataract. This terrific barrier served to repel the Danish invaders ; and wherever the descent of even a large stream found its way to the sea, a real castle was built to defend the opening ; so that there could not be a greater contrast than the flat, unvaried tameness of the interior, where neither tree nor bush was seen, and the bold magnificence of the shore. There was also a great want of verdure : where this flat plain, which after all is a fertile one, was not covered with oats or barley, its produce was only the shortest, dryest heather possible. When travelling in that country, a few years ago, I began, despairing of shade, to long for verdure, and to wonder where the cows fed ; for my farming propensities stick to me still. About the thriving and populous town of Wick my eyes were refreshed by green fields, for the first time ; and I think it was further on, or when proceeding from John O'Groat's House to Thurso, that I saw betwixt me and the sea, something like a glen, running among low hills, where a few stunted trees were trying to grow. I was told by a native, with some exultation, that Sheriff Traill lived there, who was a great improver, had planted trees, *and had a dairy*. Now, that I should, this year, get my butter from the only dairy in Caithness, from the earthly paradise of Sheriff Traill, seems wonderful ; but so it is. You are not, however, to suppose the inhabitants of this bleak domain deficient in *amor patriæ*, far otherwise :—

“What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitants contend is right.”

Now I think we are both tired, and may revert to something more interesting, after having established my character as an intelligent traveller, and relieved you for one year of the trouble of procuring butter for me.

I sincerely congratulate you on your son William's recovery: you have indeed, on this and all other occasions, been mercifully dealt with, and, what is still better, have, I am sure, a deep and grateful sense of those mercies. I often think of you and the peaceful pious habits of your family, and consider you all as the happiest people I know. I shall long cherish the memory of the days I spent with you last summer in Ayrshire, as one of the very few periods of my life that I can look back on without a shade of regret.

Our friend, Mrs. Rucker, the generous, the pious, and the truly amiable, has had her troubles,—those shadows in a life of bright prosperity that abate its dangerous effulgence. Very lately she has lost a niece, whom she adopted and considered as a daughter, and on whose mind she had taken great pains. The latter showed a most desirable frame of mind, and the faith and hope that disarm death of its terrors.

You cannot think how we have been shocked and distressed by the death of Mrs. Wilson: * she was in mind, in person, and in action, the youngest person of her age I ever saw. What a loud call is this to me: she was so much younger, so truly and extensively useful.

* Mother of Professor Wilson of Edinburgh.

I inclose a letter from a lady to a very poor woman ; pray *send* it to the address : a penny is something to her. Now, with most affectionate regards to you all, including little Annie, if she has left off crying at her porridge, I am, very truly, my dear old friend, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XX.

TO THE REV. DR. HOOK, THE CLOSE, WINCHESTER.

Edinburgh, 23d December, 1824.

My dear Sir,

I lose no time in expressing my gratitude for your kindness in giving me the intelligence of dear Mrs. Hook, contained in your very kind letter. I should indeed have been greatly shocked and afflicted had I heard an uncertain rumour about this alarming illness, which would have left me to dread the worst result. But, from your account of it, I conclude that the disorder, though sudden and violent, has, with God's blessing, yielded to the remedies prescribed, leaving only a degree of weakness remaining, which, I trust, good advice and the united cares of yourself and Georgiana will soon remove. Alas ! I can but ill afford to lose any of my few remaining comforts ; and though your dear friend and mine were in Greece, or any more distant land, where I might not have even a hope of ever seeing her again, I should feel a blank in the evening of my existence if I could not think of her, as I always do, as an unworldly being, loving, sweetening, and brightening life, to all that hold her

by the heart-strings. You and she would have more than your reasonable share of the chequered felicity which this state of being affords, if you were not made thus to tremble for each other, in order to strengthen, if that were possible, your affection, and to enhance and exalt your gratitude to the fountain of every pure and hallowed blessing.

I hope this will find you all in Winchester with Lady Charlotte; her friend and mine will recover the sooner for being absent for a time from the petty cares of home. She will be as well attended as that mirror of chivalrous courtesy, Hardyknute, intended that his wounded knight should be:—

“ Sir Knight, gin ye were in my bower,
To lean on silken seat,
My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
Wha ne'er kent deadly hate:
Hersell wad watch ye a' the day,
Her maids at dead of night,
And Fairlie fair your heart wad cheer,
As she stands in your sight.”

Now, I think all this is most likely to happen to your beloved, with a small alteration:—

“ And *Charlotte* fair her heart will cheer,
As she stands in her sight.”

Have the goodness to recall me to that fair lady's memory, and tell her I have, for sometime past, seen many branches of her family.

I should say, in excuse for my excursion about Hardyknute, that he and his whole history, so dear to my young imagination, were called up from the long slumber of forty years, by lately seeing in Ayrshire the remains of his castle,—no longer with “halls and towers a' hicht,” but still a respectable ruin.

When you come, as I hope you will sometime or other, to Edinburgh, you can hardly be surprised by the New Town, as our nationality is always giving glowing descriptions; but I imagine you to be so far infected with Scotch nationality, that you will join me in mourning over the ruined grandeur of the Old Town, whose lofty antiquity you must remember. The late fire has destroyed some of its noblest features. I shall now conclude by telling you that the small remains of my family are well; and begging that you or Georgiana will write a few lines to say how my dear friend's recovery proceeds, with my affectionate love to her, I am, dear sir, with much esteem, yours, very truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXI.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 26th December, 1824.

My dear Friend,

When I have nothing of particular interest to communicate I cannot help thinking my letters must be like dry leaves from a withering tree. Were this decaying plant refreshed, like some others, by dews from above, it might be otherwise. But, alas!—yet such is people's taste for anything that grows scarce, that I have at this moment a load of unanswered letters beside me, earnestly demanding answers, which, when received, will merely show the poverty of the intellectual exchequer. I have one from your friend,

Miss R., who, to recur to the image of withered leaves, seems to be tossed about very like one. She is now near London, on a visit to Mrs. Barbauld, the only one of that Unitarian sanhedrim for whom I have much respect or esteem.

My ideas have been so completely ignited by the recent calamity, that, like Malvolio's fiend, who talked of nought but ladies, I should talk of nought but fire, if I once touched on that terrific subject. I shall at present rather speak of our American friend, Mrs. Hall. Far from entering into her enthusiasm in regard to La Fayette, I am provoked beyond measure at seeing all this idolatry bestowed on the old coxcomb, when the same people showed more than heartless indifference to the catastrophe of his master, to whom they owed the aid of which La Fayette was merely the minister,—aid so fatal to that just and merciful Prince, whose blood the regicides so deeply avenged upon each other. I never did admire the American Gallomania, which, I think, setting moral considerations aside, is the parent of the bad taste that appears in many of their writings.

I have possibly made some mistakes in speaking of the justly-revered Bishop Leighton, very many years having passed since I read Burnet's account of him. You are not to suppose that the admiration of posterity alone was attracted by his merits. When he was one day lost in meditation in his own sequestered walk at Dunblane, a widow, younger and fairer than you or I, came up to him and told him that it was ordered that he should marry her, for that she had dreamed three times that she was married to him.

The Bishop answered, Very well, whenever he should dream thrice that he was married to her, he should let her know, and then the union would take place. I do not know if this is told in his Memoirs; but it would be a pity to let this solitary specimen of grave pleasantry sleep in oblivion.

There was a lady with us, last night, who spent sometime with Mrs. R. in England, last spring. You are no stranger to Mrs. R. having taken a very pious turn some years since. She is a pure-minded and warm-hearted creature; but not having much early cultivation of mind, and a temper somewhat rash and enthusiastic, she plunged with a kind of blind zeal into the depths of polemical divinity, was quite shocked at every one who was not equally zealous, and showed an undue anxiety to know about the time and manner of every one's conversion, &c.; in short, she did not altogether seem to worship in the beauty of holiness. She had never known what it was to be restricted in anything; and piety, with her, took rather the form of a passion agitating and engrossing the mind, than of a sentiment warming and purifying the heart. Mark, however, the real fruits of piety, when this rash ebullition subsided. My friend says it was perfectly delightful to see the deportment of the family, the last time she visited Mrs. R.; there was such a sweet serenity among them, like those possessed of that peace which passeth understanding. Their pious exercises are as frequent as ever, and the spirit of devotion seems to prevail as much in all they say and do; they have renounced gay amusements themselves, but no longer rail at those who share them, nor speak

harshly of those who differ in points of doctrine ; and altogether there is a more truly Christian spirit prevailing among them. You cannot think what pleasure all this gave me ; for I love Mrs. R. much, and think that her mind is now better regulated, and that she has tasted the fruits of righteousness, which are peace.

I am very much concerned to hear of poor Mary Scott's sufferings ; and yet how short and inconsiderable will all this misery be to a happy spirit escaped from the prison of mortality ! What a blessing has that sainted creature, Jenny Scott, been, not merely to her relatives, but to all her suffering friends. I always looked up to her with the utmost veneration. Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Brown ; and believe me, my dear friend, yours always,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXII.

TO MRS. HOOK, WHIPPINGHAM RECTORY, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Edinburgh,
23d February, 1825.

My dear, very dear Friend,

The alarm communicated by Dr. Hook's letter waked so many fears for the present and recollections of the past, that I felt as if I had never before known how dear you were to me. Heavy, heavy, have been my losses, both in my own family, and of valuable friends ; and I naturally clasp closer to my heart those that remain. None but real friends have sympathy to give that is worth accepting ; and to those, instead

of complaining, I would rather administer comfort, by telling them how I have been supported with unbroken health, and, what is still better, unbroken hope, through this last severe trial and threatened calamity. You might well wonder not to hear from me all this time, and that I had seemed to neglect your request about the poems. Know then, that my precious, my only daughter, my invaluable Mary, has been now above seven weeks confined with a severe fever, which, for ten days, was most alarming; and I think I was then the only one about her that hoped against hope. For a fortnight past she has taken nourishment in small quantities, and now sits up an hour or more in the day; in short, I have much cause to thank God that she is out of danger, and is, I trust, in the fair way towards recovery.

Now that my alarm has subsided, I shall have more tranquillity, and shall have my little book filled, and, I think, sent off to you, next week, by a gentleman who proposes to visit you at your home, or wherever you happen to be when he arrives. Who should this be but my own son, who is going on some business to London, and will deliver the packet into your own hand. I shall write to you by him again. Mean-time believe me, most truly and most affectionately, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXIII.

TO MRS. GORMAN, DUBLIN.

Edinburgh, 23d March, 1825.

My dear Mrs. Gorman,

The last winter was to me such a chaos of disastrous recollections, that I cannot positively affirm what I have done or neglected; but there is a strong impression on my mind that I wrote to you soon after hearing of the addition to your happiness in the marriage of your son. But you must make allowance for a state of mind occasioned by my daughter's illness, that, far from admitting of my answering many kind letters from distant friends too long neglected, put it out of my power, from utter inability, to answer even a note of inquiry. I am thankful to say that a degree of feebleness is all that now remains of her complaint, and that is daily wearing away.

My son, whom you so kindly inquire after, is at present in London, whither he went last week, on business not exactly his own. He has written two very interesting letters to me from Lindisfarn, otherwise the Holy Isle, where the vessel, in which he was a passenger, was obliged by stress of weather to remain for two days, the first of which he spent in viewing its sacred edifices, with which he seemed much interested, and the next was detained by the continued tempest.

Unhappy Maturin,—what a life was his! Of his death I fear to ask. What makes me more particu-

larly think of him just now is a drawing in chalk that I saw of him immediately before Mary's illness. A young man of the name of Bewick, who is, I think, from Ireland, came to town, wishing to take portraits of people here who were known to the public. The great Well-known, the Arch-Critic, and many others sat to him ; and when all more worthy subjects were exhausted, he wrote to ask permission to take a likeness of me, and brought all the portraits he had to show me. Those of Maturin and Lady Morgan astonished me,—they were so very like the pictures that existed in my imagination of those worthies. The earnest melancholy look of Maturin, while strongly marked by genius, is like that of one who had not only supped full of horrors, but dined and breakfasted on them : I never saw character more strongly portrayed in a countenance. Lady Morgan, with her wreath of flowers and her self-satisfied smartness, is just the person I had figured to myself. Though by no means approving of some of the opinions in her later publications, yet I admired the ability shown in O'Donnel, the only work of hers that I have ever read through. I am not proud of going about in company with her ; and yet the portrait which Bewick drew is by far the best likeness of me existing.

I was gratified by seeing Sir James Macintosh's elegant tribute, in Parliament, to your brother's various merits. I know Sir James, whose first wife was as extraordinary a person as himself,—perhaps more so. She seemed to know by intuition all that others are taught with care and expense : she understood and drew out his powers, and was distinguished by her

clear and sound judgment, "that science fairly worth the seven," for the want of which all the rest cannot compensate.

How proud I am of having written so long a letter ! I have been so stupid that I wonder to see myself restored to activity. Adieu, my dear Mrs Gorman. Write soon to your affectionate

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXIV.

TO MRS. HOOK, WHIPPINGHAM, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Auchendinny, near Edinburgh,
7th May, 1825.

My dear Friend,

I congratulate you with the most cordial feeling of satisfaction, on the promotion of the new Dean of Worcester,*—though well aware that there are no roses without thorns. Leaving the Isle of Wight, and a partial separation from your much beloved and most deserving Walter, are the drawbacks on this otherwise desirable appointment; for we take it for granted that you will leave Walter in his father's place. But we are all selfish enough to contemplate, with some degree of pleasure, your drawing nearer the bleak North, which you may find, after all, more bracing than your own luxuriant island.

I have now to claim your congratulations on the nearly perfect recovery of Mary. Her physicians

* Dr. Hook was promoted to be Dean of Worcester in 1825.

strongly advised the country, and assured me that exercise in the open air and agreeable society would do more for her than medical skill. Thank God, their prediction has been amply and early verified. Mrs. Fletcher, my admirable friend, lives now in the country entirely : her daughter, Margaret, who is Mary's intimate friend, inherits all the worth, and more than the talents of the family. Mrs. Fletcher never rested till she discovered a suitable, and indeed most comfortable lodging, within a quarter of a mile of her house ; and here we are, and have been nearly a month, receiving from that family kindness unbounded and unwearied, such as language cannot do justice to. Miss Fletcher and Mary are much together, driving through the green recesses of the Pentland Hills, or the more beautiful vicinity of Roslin, which is two miles below us. Nothing, indeed, can exceed our own abode on the banks of that same enchanting Esk. Ask Walter Scott, who, in the ballad called the Gray Brother, marks out

“ Auchendinny's hazel glade,
And haunted Woodhouselee.”

This makes but a small part of the classical associations that belong to us, and add interest to the wild sylvan beauty of our unembellished scenery. I wish with all my heart that your Walter saw this place ; I am certain it would delight him. We actually have, on each side of the little eminence on which we dwell, glens where “ the burnie steals under the lang yellow broom.” This last genuine and distinctive feature of true Scottish scenery is abundant here, and now glows around us in full resplendence. This is chiefly a

grazing country ; and there are so many high broken braes, the steep boundaries of the Esk, that are, and must ever be, unviolated by the plough, and untortured by the clumsy hands of improvement, that woods, waters, and broomy braes whisper, wave, and bloom in native beauty. But you have much to hear of peopled hamlets, worthy of the scenery that surrounds them, where moral beauty speaks still more eloquently to the heart, than warbling woods and falling waters do to the senses. I shall keep my old castles and apparitions for my next, for you must share not only all that pleases, but all that freezes me here. Accept of love from Mary, and give mine to our ever dear Eliza Farquhar. I am, with warm affection, dear friend, yours very truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXV.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Muckerach, in Strathspey,
23d August, 1825.

My dear Friend,

Your letter found me three days since at Bochrone, which I quitted with great regret, because Mary, I thought, gained a good deal in strength while she was there.* But I will give you a sketch of my proceed-

* Mrs. Grant had this autumn undertaken a tour to the Highlands for the benefit of her daughter's health ; a most arduous exertion for the former, who was then, and for the rest of her life, unable to move without the aid of crutches, in consequence of the severe accident of October, 1821.

ings after leaving Aberdeen, from whence I wrote to you of our safe arrival, having little more to tell. Next day we proceeded through a fertile but treeless country to Huntly, where we were most cordially received by Dr. Maccoll, who is an old and valued acquaintance, and is uncle to my cousin Mary, who was with me all last winter.

Huntly is the residence of the Marquis and Marchioness who bear that title. This pleasant pair surprised me with a call the only day I remained in that thriving and progressing little town. Before leaving it I returned the great lady's call at Huntly Lodge in the neighbourhood; and it is but justice, ere I have done with her, to say that she is not only a very amiable, but a very useful and judicious person, pious, charitable, and unwearied in doing good; she is at the sametime cheerful, affable, and most attentive to some of her husband's more than motherless nieces that live with her. She exerts a most beneficial influence, not only over the Marquis, but over the widower Duke, more particularly in regard to the appointment of clergymen worthy to be such.

We proceeded, next day, to Bochrone in Banffshire, where we received a welcome the most cordial from a friend who delighted to have it in her power to return what she accounted great obligations to me, in consequence of a kind of charge I took of her and her sisters when they were left orphans. Mrs. Shearer is most happily and respectably married, but has no family; she is an animated, warm-hearted creature; and, after being married for eighteen years, has great remains of beauty, and indeed elegance. When Mr.

S. came home, his attentive kindness, if possible exceeded that of his wife.

My son, who had crossed the mountains by Braemar, came to conduct us up here. This place, though once called by the name of a castle, is merely a comfortable superior farm-house dwelling, under the shadow of an old castle, of which there still exists remains enough to make it a fine object. We are to dine at Castle Grant on Wednesday, Lady Anne Grant having kindly offered to send the carriage for us.

I should fain hope that Mary's recovery will go on progressively, and am most thankful for the length it has come. I hope the mercy which has, through many sufferings, followed me all my life, will not fail me now: but my feelings, so severely called forth by her illness, last winter, seem to have shaken my bodily frame not a little. I must now bid you farewell. I am, dear friend, yours most affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXVI.

TO MISS ANNE DUNBAR, NEAR NAIRN.

Muckerach, in Strathspey,
2d October, 1825.

My own dear Bar,

You must, I fear, suppose me very heartless by this time, but, in fact, I have been in that state that I might say with Job, "Wearisome nights are appointed to me;"—I might well add, no less wearisome days. But the path assigned to me (for my good certainly)

is so full of thorns, and I am reluctantly forced to make so many claims upon the sympathy of my friends, that when a thick cloud hovers over me, I wish to let it diminish or pass by, before I share my sorrows with those who cannot aid me further than with wishes and prayers, which they give unsolicited.

Mrs. Shearer's seducing kindness prevailed on us to stay in her beautiful and well-regulated place three weeks. We then proceeded to visit Miss Grant, a relation of ours in Strathspey; and Mary seemed to enjoy much the drives, which her brother gave her every day, through the land of her ancestors, where everything had some interest for her. Contrary to our intention, we staid a fortnight among our Strathspey friends, and then proceeded to Laggan.

I should have mentioned, to make my history more clear, that, in passing through Huntly, the Marchioness* called on me, which call I returned next day on my way to Bochrone, promising to visit her at Kinrara, upon her summons. I thought little about this, as I heard every day of their having crowds of company. However, on Saturday last, when at Laggan, early in the morning, a coroneted carriage drove up to the door; it proved to be sent from Lady Huntly, with a request, contained in a pretty note, that we would come down to spend two days with her at Kinrara. As Mary was going on so well with her cousins, I thought it better to leave her where her little invalid habits could be indulged. The visit turned out much more pleasant than I expected: I

* The Marchioness of Huntly, now (1843) Duchess of Gordon.

knew that the Lady of the mansion was good and amiable, but never met with any one who did justice to her attainments or to her intellectual powers. Pretenders, and people who live on borrowed scraps, are so eager to display their little all, that others are led to think that it is impossible to possess much mental wealth without carrying one's purse in one's hand,—consequently never give modest people credit for their stock of hidden treasure. It is not likely I shall ever see the Marchioness of Huntly again, yet I am glad to have known her, and to be able to class her with a set of genuine worthies who inhabit and enrich the *sanctum sanctorum* of my memory.

I was rejoiced to find Miss Grant, Rippachy, at Kinrara, who, though no learned person, is something better; that is, a person always to be depended on, sincere, disinterested, and in friendship most zealous. I knew all this from dear Isabella, and find her opinion confirmed by my experience. One apt to sketch, and moreover, colour, might make chapters with the aid of fancy of the characters we glanced over at Kinrara. The most distinguished were the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, of whom we had merely a glimpse for half an hour: but a descendant of Lady Rachel Russell is always worth looking at; and the Duchess one may look at for herself, she being still very handsome. There were also two young Lady Montagus, who adorned the scene without animating it, for they are inflexibly shy: their amiable protectress, however, says they have that within which passeth show. After this blaze of rank and beauty, you cannot expect me

to say anything of plain-looking plebeians like myself; and yet such were there.

I should have told you that my son, and Mary, are to join me at the Bridge of Car, where I am just now going, and whence we proceed to Inverness. I rose at daybreak to finish this letter, which I sat up late to begin; it is a mere journal of occurrences. I am, in haste, but with much affection, dear Bar, yours, most truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXVII.

TO MRS. SMITH OF JORDANHILL, GLASGOW.

Edinburgh, 16th December, 1825.

My dear Friend,

* * * * *

It is wonderful how many have interested themselves in me, and how many of my friends pour in their congratulations on my late wonderful escape from sharing in the catastrophe of the Comet steam-boat.* I had a call the other day from old Henry Mackenzie, who has, indeed, been always my frequent visitor: you will be surprised to hear of the old man attending the Royal Society at eighty, and reading memoirs, written with much spirit and accuracy. The subject of a paper which he read there a fortnight

* The Comet steam-boat was lost on its voyage from Inverness to Greenock, and nearly all the passengers perished, in October, 1825. Mrs. Grant was prevented, by an accident, from being a passenger in that vessel.

since was the operation of the mind in dreams,—a proof, in addition to a thousand others, of the independence of spirit upon matter,—the mind performing such complex operations while all the bodily organs are inert. He mentioned, as an instance, that last summer, in his sleep, he had translated a French epigram into correct English; this, on awaking, he wrote down, and sent to Professor Dugald Stewart, as a curiosity. He added, in his paper, several instances in which Coleridge's muse had literally visited his dreams.

Encouraged by finding the same thing had happened to others, I ventured to tell Mr. Mackenzie what I had scarcely ever mentioned to any one, for fear of having my veracity called in question,—a point I am as jealous upon as an Irish duellist. The circumstance occurred in the last century, on board the good ship *Africa*, on my way from America. I dreamed that I saw, lying folded on the cabin floor, a paper like a street ballad, coarse and dirty: I unfolded it, however, and read, in “gude black print,” a ballad consisting of fourteen verses, most, if not all, of which I distinctly remembered when I waked; they resembled nothing I had ever read or heard. So little was I aware of possessing powers which had lain dormant in my mind, that when I waked I scrambled about my berth in search of the non-existent paper. The subject was the launching of a man-of-war. The verses (which I could not write, being confined to bed) slipped, one by one, from my memory; all I now recollect is a chorus at the end of each verse. A few nights ago there was another meeting of the Royal

Society, for which the veteran sent my son a ticket. What was his surprise to hear Mr. Mackenzie mention to the Society, as an additional proof of his statement on the former evening, that a friend of his, Mrs. G. of L., had dreamed a dream, &c.

The size of my paper, and the poverty of matter, has led to all this wandering. I am anxious to hear of Mrs. Robert Brown's safety, as also of Mr. Maccall, and hope you will soon write to me. Believe me, ever gratefully and truly, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 13th February, 1826.

My dear Friend,

Though very partial to Georgiana's correspondence, I feel much pleasure in seeing your own hand once more, of which this prompt reply is evidence. I returned home in November from the west country, loaded with a dumb sulky cold, that never showed any outward symptoms, but seemed to chill the marrow in my bones, and hang a weight of lead on my spirits. In this sad case I found, awaiting my arrival, congratulatory letters from all quarters on my providential escape from the fatal steam-boat; and I think there was scarcely a person in Edinburgh that I had ever spoken to, stupid or lively, friendly or heartless, that did not come to see me. Observe, I had been half a year absent, and became quite the fashion be-

cause I was not drowned. My cold, however, in due time departed, carrying off with it every vestige of disorder, and leaving me in perfect health, for which I desire to be most thankful. I left Mary among her west country friends, but am to have her home before the end of this month; and in the meanwhile I have had an agreeable substitute in Mary Maccoll, a young relation of my own, who is quite a maiden after my own heart. But however inclined, I will not now stop to praise her.

It is time, after saying so very much about myself, that I should change the subject to something better,—the volume of Prayers, for instance, which you sent to me; they are truly admirable, that is, they are so considered by better judges than I can pretend to be. I must next answer your question about Tremaine, which I do reluctantly, for I am very sorry that I can neither at all admire, nor much approve of a work written, I believe, with the very best intentions, and meant to advocate the best principles, both political and religious. It is a feeble prosing book, which may however be not only agreeable, but in some measure useful, to feeble prosing people; but it will never convert an infidel, because none of those conceited gentry will wade through all the painfully tedious theology, and wire-drawn arguments. The task of giving suitable manners, language and sentiments to a man of refinement, requires a great deal more of that sublimated spirit of fine sense, and fine taste, than the author of this work is master of. There is nothing provokes me so much as the presumption of those who, altogether unequal to the task, injure a noble cause

by a feeble defence, open on all sides to the shafts of ridicule. We hear much of the author's being a man of station in society.—What is that to the purpose? It is the rank he holds in the realm of intellect that gives value to his work, or sinks it below par. Blest be the shade of Richardson, who bequeathed to us the divine *Clarissa*, shining through sufferings, glorious in her fall, and almost visible in her ascent to the regions of immortality. Matchless creation of the only mind that ever conceived and drew truly a Christian heroine, with all her sex's softness, loveliness, and grace, and all the self-devotion, undeviating rectitude, and lively faith of the primitive martyrs! What are his numerous blemishes but dust in the balance, when compared to his endless beauties? But then his faults are obvious to every common mind, and no common mind takes in his merits.

Give my love to Georgiana, and congratulate her, for me, on her love for Johnson, whom I love better than any of the illustrious shades of the last century, with the exception of Burke, who has always been the idol of my imagination. I respect Johnson as much, think affectionately of his kindness to all the Lovetts, Williamses, &c., and am quite charmed with his bringing home oysters, himself, for his cat. Great is my veneration for the memory of the majestic *Moralist*, whose mighty mind and preponderating virtues forced esteem from those who were daunted by his righteous boldness, and disgusted by his uncourtly manners. Go on, dear Georgiana, like him better and better still. It is setting up a high good masculine taste, preferring the virtues to the graces, and

learning to prefer high talent, sound principle, and undeviating truth, though clouded with mental infirmities, to all "that shines to bewilder, and dazzles to blind." There is a region in your memory which should be—what Westminster Abbey was meant to be—hallowed as a place to preserve the memory of the great, the good, the noble in mind, the lofty in intellect, and the humble excellence that has only lived in the circle of friendship, among those you love and honour. Now, if you listen to fastidious criticism or party prejudice, this region will be thinly inhabited: we meet with no angels except Moore's, who are poor shadows indeed; and to extend and enrich this region we must people it with mortals with their infirmities. Good night, my dear: I have something now to tell your mother.

Do you know, my dear friend, that I got a legacy of a thousand pounds last week, which was left me, in a Will dated ten years ago, by a West Indian boy, whom I brought up, partly at Laggan, and since at Woodend. There is a pretty romantic story involved in this history, but it is too long, and the hour too late to tell it by candle-light. But I will tell it next time, if you show any desire to know it. I conclude with my son's best respects to you all, in which his mother cordially joins. I am, indeed, always, my dear friend, yours, most affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXIX.

TO MRS. WILLS, BAGOT STREET, DUBLIN.

Edinburgh, 23d February, 1826.

My dear Mrs. Wills,

You must not think, when you do not hear from me, that you have *lost your place*, or that the little corner in which you lodge is grown cold. I really have not leisure to be figurative, but there is no time I feel more inclined to indulge these sports of fancy than when I am, as now, recovering from an illness. Do not be alarmed; I have been, for a wonder, under medical control; but my illness, though severe and inconvenient, was not in the least dangerous.

* * * * *

An event has just been announced which has thrown our little world into complete astonishment. Constable the bookseller has become bankrupt for a very large sum,—I cannot exactly say how much, and Sir Walter Scott is involved in this misfortune. The grief I felt on this occasion was very different indeed from the qualified sympathy with which Rochefoucault supposes us to regard the misfortunes of our friends. It was keen, deep, and by no means transient; every time I hear any allusion to him I grieve anew. I do not care about Constable personally, yet I find room for a little corner for him, for he has had by two marriages ten children. Next to our Scottish Shakespeare I lament for the kind-hearted, talented, and liberal-minded James Ballantyne. This crash has little analogy to banks and cotton-mills, on the fall of

which you hear a great noise, and there is much individual suffering; but after the panic is over, in many cases, the suffering party is restored to independence. But here is a loss, national and irreparable. It was so creditable to Scotland, that English authors of distinguished name came to sell their works to Constable,—who certainly ventured boldly,—and the first rate productions were sent to Ballantyne's press, which was not supposed to be surpassed in Europe.

After all this lamentation you will be sensible that at this time any attempt to promote the circulation of your friend's work would be unavailing. Your dear mother and others from your country have asked if I had heard how Sir Walter liked it. Alas! his visual orbs, I fear, by that time required euphrasy and rue to clear the mists of doubt and apprehension. A person, who to so many high endowments adds a superior portion of sound common sense, could not be quite insensible to the coming storm; but after the blast has passed over he will still be able to say, "All is lost but honour." He sells his town-house, which was a very moderate one: his entertainments were simple in comparison with those given by others,—no excess of any kind; but then

"That perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns,"

that his guests found in his conversation, drew so many to his table, that the literal roast and boiled feast was perpetual. It is impossible to say what numbers of strangers from the continent, from America, from the uttermost parts of the earth, were at-

tracted to his house by his fame, and retained by his kindness. Every one brought an introduction from some friend, and every introduction was honoured; and then I should require a sheet of larger paper were I to tell you half his liberality to poor authors. His is indeed "the heart of kindness, and the soul of honour." I said, when I heard of this misfortune, that I was sure the high-souled magnanimity, that made him bear more both of the highest kind of fame, and the most desirable kind of prosperity, that ever any human being won by his own efforts, so early in life,—the same well-governed spirit would, I was sure, appear unshaken under this reverse; and I was right. Abbotsford, the passion of his life, was his weakness, as every one must have some; it was classical in the midst of the scenes of old celebrity; he covered its nakedness at great expense—for it was bleak and bare,—and then built a dwelling, neither tower, bower, nor castle, but a fanciful mixture of all three, so embowered and be-pinnacled. One of the chief mortifications arising from all this is, that his works, seized by his creditors, must be owned as his. Adieu to the transparent veil!

My letter to your mother must, I fear, be a little querulous. I have laboured through a severe winter with indifferent health and worn-out feelings, but am, thank God, better; so is Mary, but not come home: she is to remain with the Jordanhill family, where she is at present, till my removal from this house takes place. I have only room to say that I am ever, very truly, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXX.

TO MISS MERCER, STOWEY HOUSE, SOMERSET.

Brae House, Edinburgh,
22d June, 1826.

My very dear Miss Mercer,

Your last letter was a most meritorious one, written under the circumstances. We all thought it very characteristic, both of your strong feelings of sympathy for your friends, and your buoyant spirit, so awake to all that is beautiful in the works of God, and the transcript from them by creatures made after his image. What would become of those who feel acutely, and appropriate the sorrows of others in addition to their proper share of suffering, if they were not borne up on the light elastic wings of a lively imagination, into those aerial regions where fancy and taste escape for a little from the real evils of life. I thought it very unlikely that your beloved Edward Harkness would live to return. How good it was of him to remember us so kindly, who were prevented by the pressure of care and sorrow from paying him half the attention we wished. O, how much do they escape who leave this world innocent, before they have been corrupted by its snares, or grieved by its sorrows!

You will be glad to hear that Mary is much better, and appears in progress to being perfectly well, I trust. Of my new house,* which I had long coveted without

* Mrs. Grant had removed, about this time, to a house, surrounded

even a hope of possessing it, I need say the less, as I find you have heard of it from others. A garden, rich in fruit-trees, and on my arrival beautiful with loads of blossom, and affording shelter to swarms of little birds, as well as blackbirds and thrushes, is at the end : there is a most luxuriant bush of white roses at the west window, where I sit ; it obtrudes its beauties at the open window, and is this moment filling the room with fragrance. I have a handsome drawing-room, with three windows looking to different quarters ; a large, airy bed-room, commanding fine prospects, on the same floor, and behind that, my son's business-room : and on the floors below and above are several good rooms. We pay for the whole only half the rent of the house in Princes Street. My out-door precincts are invaluable to me ; yet this heavenly weather, which has brought Italy to Scotland, is adverse to some of my pursuits ; it has withered and burnt up hundreds of annuals that were sown under the trees before the door.

I think it is since you left us that Miss L. was married, to a plain, steady-looking man, who has an estate in —shire, is sober and regular, and keeps hounds and a carriage, of which Mrs. L. is not a little proud. She has also a fine carriage of her own, dotes on her daughter, writes to her every day, and talks of her every hour ; in short, she is a very coarse caricature of Madame Sevigné. That pleasant, good, and lady-like person, Miss Bowes, came to see me before she went north, and spoke of you in the highest

by a garden, opposite to St. John's Chapel, near the west end of Princes Street, Edinburgh, known by the name of Brae House.

terms of affection and regard. Mary desires to be most kindly remembered; and I remain, dear Miss Mercer, with warm esteem, yours, very truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXI.

TO MRS. FREDERICK GRANT, MOUNT CYRUS, MONTROSE.

Bræ House, Edinburgh,
8th July, 1826.

My dear Mrs. Grant,

Do not think that your kindness, always constant, and most cordially shown in your late invitation, was unfelt or unvalued. I mean to accept it, though I never expected to have gone again so far from home, and will do it with the greater pleasure, as Mary is so much better, that she will be capable of enjoying a visit to one for whom she has always cherished a more than common affection.

I did not hear at the time it happened of your loss, which you well know to be your sensible, engaging Frederick's gain. Our mental sight, which pursues these objects of our tenderest affection beyond the reach of sense, is dim and clouded at best; but the sense of suffering, in having anything entwined with our heart-strings torn from us, is present, acute, and mingles with every feeling. I still feel a pang at the recollection of what it cost me to part with a wonderful premature boy of four years old. It was my first affliction; and consolation was distressing to me, because I knew how little any one but a suffering parent

can enter into that distress where a child, too young to interest any but those about him, is taken away from the evil to come.

We are always getting new lessons in this region of vicissitude. Last winter I often thought how happy you must all have been together, with Mr. Grant's brother, your mother, and Robina. You are still surrounded with blessings,—so kind and good a husband, such unabated worldly prosperity, and such promising children growing up around you. It would well become you, then, to yield up a choice lamb of your flock, without repining, to the Giver of all ;—reluctantly, no doubt, but if it were not dear to you, it would not be a trial, nor would there be merit in resignation.

I look forward to a degree of calm enjoyment with you to which I have long been a stranger. Indeed, I ought to acknowledge (though Mary's state of health was a great drawback to the satisfaction I had in it) that this house, with its quiet shades, and its seclusion comparatively with the noise and publicity of our former residence, has been a great enjoyment to me. With best regards to Mr. Grant, I am yours, with sincere regard,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXII.

TO MRS. ANTHONY CLARKE, THE PRIORY, CANTERBURY.*

Brae House, Edinburgh,
26th September, 1826.

My own dear, long lost Antonia,

No child ever rejoiced more at finding a goldfinch's nest than I did at finding you once more on paper. Though health and the comforts of life have been mercifully continued to me far beyond my expectation or desert, I have lost so many valuable friends within these few years, that I feel inclined, like Shakspeare's Laertes, to "grapple unto my soul with hooks of steel" the few that remain; I mean those whose friendship has stood the test of time, and, as in your case, that of absence also. I have nothing of the old woman about me but wrinkles and a faded complexion, and, after all that I have endured and lost, my health astonishes every one. My heart is as warm, my love of the fair face of nature as strong, and my interest in all that is left me to love among my fellow-creatures, as much alive as ever. As long as I find my mind unwithered, I care little about my countenance, though time, I suppose, has left dim traces there. I imagine your benevolence and activity of mind has done for you what health and the necessity of constant exertion

* From this Lady Mrs. Grant had experienced kindness and hospitality during her visit to England in 1808, and had corresponded with her for some years afterwards. After a suspension of some years, the correspondence was once again revived. Mrs. Clarke died soon afterwards.

for others has done for me ; at least I should judge so by your letter, in which I see no signs of the chill and torpor which too many bring on themselves by anticipating old age—that is, by being selfish and indolent, and shutting up all their cares and affections in too narrow a circle.

Your going back to Canterbury was, I think, the wisest thing you could do ; it unites you to Mr. Clarke more closely, and places you in a circle of well-known and well-chosen mutual friends. In that great levathan, London, you and he were more led away to have different pursuits and different acquaintances, and the time of both dissipated in various ways. What you say of your happiness delights me not a little. Riches, at least what we poor Scots consider as such, are a real blessing when moderately and beneficially used, as yours have always been. In one single instance the world might blame you, and you, perhaps, may blame yourself. But it is by our intentions that we shall be judged in another world, and we ought to be so in this.

I thank you for mentioning so many particulars of a person whom I have been taught so much to esteem as the Honourable Mrs. Stuart, the relict of the Primate of Ireland. Her fate is an additional proof with many others, that the highest degree of human excellence is often most severely tried. I could not have thought it possible that I could take so deep an interest in the sufferings of a person whom I had only known in so casual a manner. All the good I had heard of her doing in Ireland made such an impression on me.

Now, my dear Antonia, I am going to set you a task, which you must do by proxy, or it will not be done at all. Make Miss James write to tell me, in the first place, how you and Mr. Clarke are. To say, next, much of Mrs. Stuart, whom I greatly honour, and hope she has not utterly forgotten me; and find out, through her, what has become of a cousin of hers who really charmed me more than I can say. This same Matilda Feilding "looked not like an inhabitant of earth;" she was a great invalid, yet had a peculiar elegance about all her looks and motions, and the countenance of a purified spirit. I shall never forget her; she was so pious, so cheerful, so warm-hearted, and pure-minded. I always think of her as a spiritualized being, who formed, as it were, a link between this world and a better. If gone, and that is most likely, I should like to know how and when she departed. Next, I must know of your friend, Mrs. West, whose virtues and talents would have interested me, even though she had not been your friend. She seems to have left off writing. I am always on the look-out for something from her pen. I think she left one of those promising youths who were your protégés in London; tell me of her family and all that concerns her.

I hear often from poor B. C., who merely lives to suffer. Her fate may be a warning to the numerous family of the querulous or over-sensitive. Her nerves were bad, but then she was, besides, a great manufacturer of misery when she had little except precarious health to trouble her. Latterly, disasters, real and dreadful ones, have been heaped upon her in tenfold measure.

Once more, let me entreat you to offer my respectful compliments to Mrs. Stuart. I am glad to hear she is surrounded with so many near and dear friends; many remaining mercies alleviate her severe trial. Tell Miss James I wish very much to hear from her on account of her own family as well as of you. I find you experience the great blessing of a calm sunset. Every period of life has its peculiar enjoyments to a well-regulated mind that has relinquished the vain hope of unclouded felicity here, and fixed its hopes on eternity. A thousand things that agitated and disturbed us with hopes and fears for ourselves and others, appear as trifles not worth our care when viewed by the mild light of our declining days. May you and I, and those dearest to us, through the merits of a blessed Redeemer, attain to that peace which the world neither gives nor takes away! I have no better wish for you or for yours very sincerely, I should add, very gratefully, for your hospitality was of consequence to me when struggling with more difficulties than I chose to acknowledge. Once more, adieu, dear Antonia,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO MRS. FLETCHER, AUCHENDINNY HOUSE, PENNYCUICK.

Edinburgh, 14th December, 1826.

My dear Friend,

I have spent eight days lately at Blackford House with one who admires and esteems you not a little,—

Miss Trotter of Mortonhall. Upon this occasion I cast care behind me, having laid out a plan of home occupation and amusement for the family. I was more than comfortable with the good old lady and some pleasant, intelligent friends that came and went while I was there. One visitor, extremely amusing, and I believe estimable, was Miss * * * *. I think you must know something of six fair vestals, none of them young, who live in Edinburgh, with a mother of most venerable antiquity. What a history is theirs ! Two distinguished beauties, two wits, and two ingenious damsels, full of rare devices, who drew, and played, and worked all manner of cunning workmanship, furnished abundant variety of characters and complexions. Great was their celebrity some thirty years since, and much were they caressed and sought after among the nobles of the land. Still it was their lot to live on, unrepining in single blessedness ;—truly such, for they are all very cheerful and intelligent, and live in the happiest union among themselves. I begin to think that those sensible, contented single women, who have outlived the turbulence and flutter of expectation and admiration, and think of nothing but being pleasant companions and good aunts here, and joining those who walk pre-eminently in white, hereafter, are, perhaps, on the whole, more exempt from suffering, and have more unmixed enjoyment, than we whose hearts are always either mourning the departed, or aching with fear and anxiety for the living. The sense that turns at the touch of joy or woe, but, turning, trembles too, is like a pendulum in constant motion with us meritorious matrons. My partiality for

the single state does not comprehend men ; they require some of that unbought grace of life which is only to be found in female worth and affection. Celibacy with them is rarely respectable. Think how contemptible they grow, for the most part, under the sway of their housekeeper.

I must tell you much of Miss Trotter when I see you ; but the glimpses I get of you are so transient, that I have no scope for my garrulity,—so I take it out on paper. I am only beginning to find myself in the nineteenth century, having retrograded into the eighteenth at Blackford House, and had the shades of the wise, the worthy, and the eminent called up to pass in review before me,—“their fathers in their habits as they lived.” They had faults and follies as well as ourselves, but not so much artificial nonsense,—in short, they were less fastidious. Adieu, dear friend, ever kind and unchanging to your grateful

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO A FRIEND IN THE UNITED STATES, AMERICA.

Bræ House, Edinburgh,
16th January, 1827.

My dear Friend,

I suppose that a letter of mine, written nearly a year ago, has never reached you ; at least I think you would have acknowledged it, if it had. Mary has been for sometime past going on very well ; at present she has been for a few days confined in consequence of a com-

mon cold, which deprives her of the exercise which is essential to her ; or I should rather blame the thick, foggy weather, for were it not for that she might have ventured out.

We had quite an Italian summer,—bright blue skies, more heat than ever was known here, and crops very early ripened, but very short. I am more interested in the weather since my removal here, which I must have told you of in my last. The house is a large one, standing a little off the Lothian Road, about twenty yards to the south of Princes Street, very near the beautiful chapel of St. John. There is a large garden at the west end of the house, perfectly rural, being full of trees and birds : we only cultivate a small part of it, as they talk of building on it ; but we have an enclosure before the door, with some tall old trees and stately iron gates, that give a most respectable appearance to a house once considered very fine, and still in full repair, and very convenient. Here I cultivate flowers,—it would be ridiculous to say with how much care, or how much time I devote to them : they are the playthings of my old age, which demands amusement as much as childhood, were it but as a temporary escape from the pains of memory : moreover, this superannuated passion does me a great deal of good, as it induces me to take exercise. Though I am lame I am not lazy, and with the help of my wooden supporters am sometimes on foot for two hours together.

I have again to thank you for a new Number of your North American Review. I wish to know who wrote the criticism on Lord Byron, which I think an admirable one, full of sound sense, discrimination,

and just moral feeling. Yet I must be indulged in a little hyper-criticism : it is rather a sweeping censure to say that Lord Byron was corrupted or depraved by his intercourse with the profligate nobility ; for it so happens that the greater number of the English nobility, at this very time, are of honourable feelings and exemplary conduct,—men who do honour to their rank and their country. Of Lady Byron,—highly informed and accomplished, richly endowed by both nature and fortune, yet dwelling meekly in the shade of retirement,—

“ As mild and patient as the female dove,
When first her golden couplets are disclos'd ; ”

bearing with patience her own hard lot, and the published sarcasm of her malignant lord, devoting herself to her superior duties, a blessing to all around by her pious example, and liberal charity,—of her I have neither time nor room to speak as she deserves. Her injuries from him she never did nor will disclose. It should be observed that the most cordial intimacy has always subsisted between her and Mrs. Leigh, the half-sister of Lord Byron.

Now, having said so much of one whom, in all her retired meekness, I consider as a great woman, it remains to say something of a great man ;—I mean Sir Walter Scott, who, through the softened shade of adversity, appears to me greater than ever. He lives with his daughter only, in a small house near us, seeing no company, and devoted to his literary labours ; but when he is seen, placid, cheerful, and unaltered. I quit this theme unwillingly, and must now demand the recollection of my Transatlantic friends. Mary

will speak for herself soon, and sends love in the meantime to all her constant and much valued friends around you. Convey to them the expression of my regard, and write soon to yours, most truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXV.

TO MRS. HOOK, THE DEANERY, WORCESTER.

Brae House, Edinburgh,
26th May, 1827.

My dear Friend,

I wrote a hasty note, introducing my American friend, Miss Douglas, to you, not at all expecting that you would be much captivated by her republican frankness, eagerness of manner, high tide of spirits, and a kind of artless egotism. The genuine worth, original character, perfect rectitude of principle and conduct, and generosity in the most liberal sense of the term, which would conquer the prejudice which your refinement would arm against her, could not be perceived in the short time she would remain in Worcester. Of this I was well aware; but it was not your pleasure, but hers, that I consulted in this introduction: I was sure that she would be highly gratified in seeing you, having the most sincere admiration of the qualities in which she herself is most deficient. This I call generosity. I knew I should also please her very much by an introduction to Miss, more properly Mrs. Joanna Baillie. This was a hazardous measure, for the consequence derived from wealth was as nothing

to her ; and I could scarcely expect the first impression to be favourable. It proved so, however : the Muse saw into the candour and artlessness of her character, liked her much, and wrote me a very pleasing letter, expressive of her perfect comprehension and warm approbation. The acquaintance, I find, has gone on and prospered.

I will say no more of this exotic, but congratulate you on the publicity, notoriety, or distinction that you have attained when your journey is so formally announced in the newspapers. You used to go quietly to town from Hertfordshire without any such notification. Mr. Dean can go no further till he arrives on the hallowed bench in the House of Lords. In good time ; but I would have him no further south than Carlisle. When you came to Worcester, I indulged in a dream of your being so much nearer me, that, by some means or another, I should see you all once more. If you were at Carlisle I should dream on. I congratulate you on your dear Walter being appointed one of the King's chaplains. I should like much to hear what the Dean thinks of this sudden overthrow of the ministry, and expect a hint at least from you. We, who take no very deep concern in politics further than being quiet, contented, true blue Tories, are a little disappointed. We hoped that certain high and influential persons would have got in among the changes, in which case some little provision might have been made for one very dear to me among the vacancies which admit young lawyers. I am very patient for myself, but not quite so much so for him : to see a person possessed of many other

merits than that of being my son, suffering under the heart-sickness of hope long deferred, does affect me in some degree. But bereaved as I have been, and in this respect less prosperous than I had room to hope, still I feel favoured in comparison of others, whose sons, more fortunate in worldly matters, are less dutiful, less virtuous, and less amiable.

It would do you good to see the childish pleasure I take in seeing my annuals peep out, and my lilacs bloom. To you, who have dwelt amidst the wealth of Flora wherever you had a home, my exertions would appear to have very poor results. But to a mountaineer, who has been long in populous city pent,—verdure, trees, open space, the rugged majesty of the castle on its everlasting rock above,—the simple church, where old Sir Harry Moncrieff appears stern and venerable, like the very genius of Presbytery,—and the beautiful chapel of St. John in its immediate vicinity, where Bishop Sandford, more gently venerable, breathes the milder spirit of Episcopacy,—all these objects are well bestowed on me, for I think few would take as much interest in them. Your sympathy with all the very much that you know me to have suffered, has been so often and so painfully awakened, that if any alleviating circumstance occurs I have pleasure in telling it to you. Why should I croak to those who, I know, cannot call back the departed, and would delight to see me enjoy as much comfort as a storm-beaten traveller through life can expect in its decline.

I would now say something of books, but fear that I have left little room for the purpose. I hope you

admire Mrs. Hemans as much as I do. I have much to say of her, but no time to say it just now. L. E. L.* has too little variety for me; everything is so impassioned: I wish she would mix a little sage with her myrtle garland. If you wish to know a great deal about Italy, read a most pleasing and authentic work, "Rome in the Nineteenth Century." You will scarcely believe it to be the production of a lady; but it is written by a Scotch lass, Miss Waldie, who lived on bonny Tweedside.

Mary, who continues to improve in health, joins me in all manner of regard and respect to the Dean, and to his Majesty's chaplain, and your amanuensis, Georgiana, whom I wish to resume that office for the benefit of yours, most truly, most affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO MISS HARRIET DOUGLAS (OF NEW YORK), AT MRS.
THOMAS SCOTT'S,† CANTERBURY.

Bræ House, 18th July, 1827.

My dear Miss Douglas,

I was agreeably surprised last night by your letter.

* Miss Landon.

† Miss Harriet Douglas, daughter of the late George Douglas, Esq. of New York, and niece of the late Sir William Douglas, Bart. of Castle-Douglas, Kirkcudbright, had sometime previously accompanied her brothers from America, on a visit to Europe. Her numerous connexions in this country procured for Miss Douglas introductions to the first circles of society in England and various parts of the Continent. She had passed the winter of 1826-27 in Edinburgh, and then first became personally known to Mrs. Grant, who, from that period, felt an almost maternal interest in Miss

Kindness is always welcome, when one knows it to be sincere ; but the contents otherwise gave me real pleasure. I was not sorry for your home-sickness ; it was, in the first place, a tribute due to your household gods, and, in the next place, a symptom of that sound mental health which has strength to combat the fever of over-excitement. Well was it said of such gay scenes as those in which you have been mingling in London, "Earth's inebriated cup, touch lightly!" The interval of tranquil happiness in domestic quiet, with the worthy and affectionate, that has succeeded to all this glare and bustle, has restored the spring of your mind, and given the pleasing conviction that you have not been intoxicated by the draught.

Once, and once only, I knew what it was to have the tenor of my retired life interrupted by eight or ten days of unceasing gaiety, though not in the grand style of your courtly revels. About fifty years ago I came with some friends to Edinburgh, at the time of the Leith races, then the great annual carnival of the kingdom ; all the Scotch, and many of the English nobility attended them. By the friends of my friends with whom I went, I was caressed and wondered at as a kind of American wood nymph, all simplicity and curiosity, with a sort of awakened mind, gasping for intelligence. Observe, I was very young, and not a little awkward, and painfully conscious of being so ; but there is awkwardness totally distinct from vulgar-

Douglas. She saw her repeatedly afterwards, and continued to correspond with her, at intervals, during the remainder of her life. —See Letter of 26th May 1827, introducing Miss Douglas to Mrs. Hook.

ity, and, by the favour I found in the eyes of the initiated, such, I suppose, was mine. Every morning we breakfasted out, or else the family had a party to meet us at the earliest meal. We then went to the races, where I was dazzled with the crowd, and what seemed to me unequalled splendour; then to dine every day with a different party, and away to sup with another party or to the play. There was at that time more familiar ease, more of the air of festive gaiety than the present state of manners admits of. People laughed, talked, and sung more and louder, and there were no such crowds to smother ease and cordiality. My heart, eyes, and ears were all open to enjoyment; I was, in short, pleased with everything and everybody.

What the different state of the town then was you may judge. I was on a visit with two friends to a very genteel family, who lived in the Cowgate, up two pair of stairs. Sir James Grant of Grant, and Sir John Inglis, had handsome, spacious houses in the Horse Wynd, a few yards off, &c. Observe, it is more than half a century since. Many more persons of rank and distinction inhabited the town than do now, and all the eminent names that first gave celebrity to Edinburgh were then in full blow. A devoted admirer of that claimed intellectual superiority, the very sight of these eminent persons was to me like a beautiful vision. So determined was I to enjoy all that was either high or low in our ancient capital, that I was rarely in bed till two or three o'clock; I was sure to be up by six, that I might lean over the window and hear the melody of the street cries, now sunk

in utter silence, then having each an appropriate cadence not unmusical. All this while I no more thought of wishing to reside in Edinburgh, than you do of wishing to remain in London. The ninth day, or about it, I began to droop, and feel what I never felt before ; I had known sorrow (rather sympathetic, than my own), but to ennui I was a stranger. The blue demon suddenly appeared, and threw a sickly languor over every object. I might well say with the poet,—

“ The charm dissolves, th’ ærial music past,
The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.”

In prosaic truth I was heartily tired ; more so I believe from the intense excitement which first delighted and then wore me out. I think I could not have endured the extension of my visit three days longer ; yet it required a day or two of quiet to reconcile me to the void left in my mind by the vanishing of all that, for the time, charmed me.

The recollection of my humble, and at length tiresome gaieties, forms a sort of comment on your more splendid and privileged ones. This was my first and last draught from Circe’s cup. The few times, during a toilsome and agitated life, that I made a transient excursion into the regions of gaiety, I carried with me a weight of care not to be dispelled by musical delights. You will think the exchange of civility very inadequate, when, in return for the splendid scenes with which you have dazzled my imagination, I send you the legend of my girlish enjoyments. It is well to wander awhile in this labyrinth of artificial joys, if one soon and safely finds the way home as you have done.

I very much enjoy your social comfort with Mrs. Scott,* I remember to have spent an evening in company with her at Stirling, and being struck with what seemed to be an expression of strong individual character about her, and to have heard some of the officers, of her husband's Regiment speak of her with much praise as to her manner of bringing up her daughters. I heard the great Magician talk very highly of her abilities; she got the credit of one of the novels, and he, for mere amusement, was not unwilling to have it believed. I give you joy of finding pleasure in needlework; it is, in the first place, a blessed sedative, and the use of it is somehow associated with domestic modesty and femality. You cannot imagine how much needlework I have done, besides the useful branch. I have a perfect veneration for the needle; I think the common one is to females what the polar one is to ships,—it keeps them on a steady course, and prevents devious wanderings. Nay, I think the weapon with which the Goddess of Wisdom is armed, as described by poets, was neither more nor less than a great large needle, which their exaggeration has elongated into a spear; what confirms my conjecture is the severe punishment she inflicted on poor Arachne, for attempting to rival her in tapestry, upon her excellence in which she appears to have valued herself.

We have been employed, as you were, eagerly reading the life of—the most wonderful man of the age, I would say, had it not been detailed by one equally

* The widow of Major Thomas Scott, brother to Sir Walter Scott. Miss Douglas was then on a visit to this lady, at her residence near Canterbury.

wonderful in a different and happier manner ;* though we are almost breathless in following the fatal march of beings "worse than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived." We do not, in our haste, overlook the fine pearls of illustration, or the solid ingots of profound reflection with which the work is enriched.

I should like to hear what you have decided on as your next remove ; I imagined you had gone to Ireland with the Marchioness of Wellesley. I heard of you from Mrs. Boott, who mentioned your attention to her, amidst all your engagements. I was glad to find you in a family who, in suffering, seek the only true consolation which is always found by those who diligently seek it. Happy and prosperous as you are, you must not expect the sun to shine always upon you ; and when the cup of sorrow, which we must all drink, comes round to you, I hope you will be supported by a friend that will never fail you. There is a book which interests me exceedingly, which I would recommend to you as a travelling companion. "Shepherd on Devotion" is the title. I will not now say any of the things he has said so much better than I could. You will observe at the end a letter from Lord Byron, which gave me a severe heartache. There is a lady in Canterbury whom I should wish you much to see, were it but for five minutes, Mrs. Anthony Clarke, an old, odd, but very worthy friend of mine, to whom my name will be a passport. She is benevolent, pious, and friendly, in no common degree, with eccentric manners and much credulity. She is, in

* The Life of Bonaparte, by Sir Walter Scott.

short, a character. I was glad to find you so well acquainted with Sir Walter's tribute to the "Bold Enchantress;"* it is worthy of her, and worthy of himself. By the by, this meek and humble muse has a great talent for needlework, in which she excels most women. Edinburgh is nearly empty now, and will be more so in August; unless you meant to make a summer's excursion over many parts of Scotland, this would be what is called a dull time for your visit. I think you will soon tire of the Continent, yet it is well to see the varieties of the race of Japhet. Mary, who, thank God, is well, sends her best regards. I can only add that I am, with much esteem, yours, very truly,

ANNE GRANT.

With my best regards to Mrs. Clarke, say to her that I wished you (Miss Douglas of New York) to call on her, that I might hear of her well-being through you.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO MISS HARRIET DOUGLAS (OF NEW YORK), AT AMBLESIDE,
WESTMORELAND.

Brae House, 15th August, 1827.

My dear Miss Douglas,

I received your letter last night, and make it my first business to answer it, which I must do briefly. I condole with you on that privation of sleep and appe-

* Miss Joanna Baillie.

tite, which, though not a disease honoured with a regular name, gives such a pull to the nerves, "those tender strings of life," as leaves us incapable of enjoyment. You are honoured in thus far resembling the lamented Prime Minister.* Your vivacious mind has made you undertake more than your physical powers were equal to. You have taken your nameless disorder in time; so did not he, and we all mourn the result. Business, as long as he was equal to it, was to him a pleasure; all those who are endowed by nature with singular powers or faculties, find a pleasure in exerting them, as a bird does in singing; but, though business may be, and often is a pleasure—pleasure, when it is made a business, becomes of all occupations the most toilsome and exhausting. Those turbid waters that intoxicate without refreshing, particularly disagree with those who have tasted the pure quiet waters of domestic comfort. Some there are, to my astonishment, who can live on in this whirl. "Like creatures native and endued into the element"—they pursue the phantom that fleets before them; not that they are delighted, but that if they flagged in the race, they would sink entirely for want of props to lean on. Courage! all this languor, when quiet and peaceable occupation has restored the tone of your nerves, will pass away like a dream faintly remembered; while the various society, the splendid scenes, and, above all, the distinguished characters you have met with, will remain to enrich your recollections and inspire your conversation while you live.. It is good for you to have seen and known so much, that you could only

* Mr. Canning.

see in the old world, and it is very good for you to have received this impressive lesson of their insufficiency to satisfy the desires of an immortal spirit.

I shall tax you heavily by sending two letters of introduction under this cover ; but, if you think Mrs. Smith and Mr. Southey worth a shilling and odd pence each, that is your affair ;—I should, in your place. The value of your introduction to Mrs. Smith at Coniston, depends on your having read the little *Memoir and Letters* of her daughter, the celebrated Elizabeth Smith, a creature of the highest attainments, the soundest and most extensive knowledge, and the most devoted and purest piety of any female in our times. She was beautiful, excelled in all female accomplishments, and dressed with as much taste and neatness as if she could do nothing else. Human imperfection there must be ; hers was extreme reserve. If not her looks, her soul was like Milton's *Penseroso* —“communing with the skies ;” yet she was not melancholy, but merely above the earth while in it. She died of consumption about twenty years ago. Her mother is a woman of fine sense, her manners elegant and dignified ; she began life in high prosperity, till her husband gave his name to a country bank, which proved the ruin of his family. She had a daughter very well married in Edinburgh, whom I knew intimately. Mrs. Smith will, I think, be rather pleased with your pilgrimage to the shrine of her sainted daughter, and I am sure will be ready to honour my introduction ; though I have met with her but once, we have many mutual friends ; Mrs. Fletcher is, and has long been very intimate with her.

Now, to speak of Southey, the virtuous, the talented, and the indefatigable. These Lake poets are of the excellent of the earth; living peaceably in the bosom of nature, acting up in all respects to their simple and sublime theory, they really do live a life of reason, not mingled, but embellished with all that is safe and pleasing in that air of romance, prized by imaginative minds, and laughed at by cold-hearted worldlings. Southey lost the favour of a rich uncle by his marriage. Of Mrs. Southey, I only know that she is a good wife and mother. I know him personally, but not Wordsworth. Southey lives at Keswick, and Mrs. Smith at Coniston. As Southey's time is so precious, that your visit to him must be brief, I wish he would introduce you to Wordsworth. I hope this will find you much better, and am, with Mary's best regards, yours very truly,

ANNE GRANT.

While I have been writing, the bell has been tolling for Sir Harry Moncrieff's funeral. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!"

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Bræ House, Edinburgh,
12th September, 1827.

My dear Friend,

Self-conceit is a fine comfortable thing after all;

especially when people grow old, outlive many friends, and, without abundance of self-opinion, might be apt to think themselves (as they often are) neglected. Now, if I were not a self-satisfied person, I might say, that if you wished to hear from me you would send ere now a few lines to show your recollection of me; yet, what with the perfect confidence I have in your affection, and some conviction that I deserve it, as far as integrity and grateful affection can do so, I only tremble for your health, when I find you long silent. Of that, however, I am at present pretty well assured by your journey to London; but I want to make assurance doubly sure, by knowing how you stood the journey, and how you have held out since you returned home. My solicitude about you is like that of a fine lady about a very fine China jar,—not merely as it is valuable, but as it is fragile. I wish I could send you a little of my wondrous constitution, which neither sorrow, age, nor lameness have much impaired.

Pray do say what the Dean and you think of Walter the Wonderful, in his new character of historian,—I should say, biographer.* The Whigs cavil at it, for which reason I feel much inclined to cavil at the Whigs. I glory in his equanimity; the great calm mind, that was never elated by prosperity unequalled, and fame unbounded, bears his reverses with the calmest fortitude.

Except in a single instance, you never tell me what you think of anybody or anything. Now I should

* The "Life of Napoleon" had been published about this time.

not wish you to fatigue yourself writing long letters : but if you would deliver your sentiments and opinions with some " family legend," and a little pleasant gossip, literary or domestic, to Georgiana, the exertion would do *you* no harm, do *me* a great deal of good, and give me a great deal of pleasure. I have seen so many people here whom I never expected to see, that, by a kind of second sight, you appear to me entering my iron gates, and looking up to my tall trees.

Now I want very much to know what you think of Mrs. Hemans's poetry, and what you think of herself if you know about her. I am glad, for the credit of my American friends, to tell you that some of their literary people, particularly a distinguished professor in Harvard College—Norton by name—have so profound an admiration of her talents and character, and so great a sympathy with her struggles in bringing up her family, that they are now publishing her poems by subscription : this I am told will be a very ample one. I should remind you that they did the same for me twenty years ago ; but then I had personal friends among them, and was considered as a nursling of their own : in this case it is a pure tribute to merit, equally honourable to the givers and the receiver.

I have started over here from the west country on some business, wishing not to have it known I was here, but I am found out however. A lady who lives very near me, is an invalid, and staid in town for the attendance of physicians, summoned me last evening to meet her confessor, Dr. Chalmers, a person whose genius and whose piety I respect highly, though there

are certain points on which I differ much from him. There is a perfect artlessness and originality about his conversation that is very pleasing; he is modest too, and quite unspoilt. He and the great Well-known are the only persons I see whose manners are perfectly simple.

I have just come out of a warm bath, to which I propose to return directly. By this I mean that stream of cordial kindness which is poured out for me by three generations of friends,—Mrs. Smith of Jordanhill, who, after fifty years of devoted attachment, improves like old wine; her three sons and a daughter, all most happily and respectably married in early life; and their children, all inheriting their parents' attachment. I have for twenty years sought refuge in this harbour of calm felicity for some weeks about this season: for the two past years it was out of my power, therefore I make the most of my liberty. Mary I left there well, and hope to find her so: my son is in Ireland, where we have many friends, whom he long since promised to visit, in different parts of the green isle. My very best regards await the Dean, the King's young chaplain, and His Majesty's god-daughter, my future correspondent. Believe me, ever truly, cordially, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO MISS DOUGLAS, BLYTH HALL, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Meadowside, near Glasgow,
20th September, 1827.

My dear Miss Douglas,

I have nothing new or surprising to tell you, for to me, at least, it is neither new nor surprising to meet, amid the sweet security of this quietly beautiful place, all that is cordial in long-trying affection, with all that is lovely in active yet modest virtue.

I am proud of Mr. Southey's attention to my letter, though it appears you might have entered the sanctuary of genius without my aid, by your other introduction. Your ascent to Rydal Mount, truly the mount of vision, pleased me beyond anything, because I really had not the courage, though abundant inclination to introduce you to Wordsworth. You have good reason to value the too fleeting days spent in such society; you may travel our old world, and your own new one, and not find a group of minds so talented, so pure, so every way amiable, enjoying in the beautiful bosom of nature so much of all that wealth cannot purchase; and, add to that the distinction for which so many labour in vain, without the feverish oppression of encroaching visitors, which is the tax on celebrity confined to cities. You see or hear nothing there but what you will look back on with pleasure all the days of your life. Nothing more exalts our love of virtue and of knowledge, than seeing them as you

have now done in the fairest light, neither hung round with meretricious trappings, nor sunk, as has formerly been too often the case, in that heart-depressing poverty which chills the mind's best energies. At present, I do think that taste is so improved, I might also say so universal, that among persons of real genius there are few that do not reap the fruits of their labour. I have been thinking for you on this occasion of Mrs. Carter, whom I had the happiness to know near the termination of her long, happy, and useful life. Speaking of such wisdom as you have been witnessing, and addressing it metaphorically, she says,

“ Not fortune's gem, ambition's plume,
Nor Cytheræa's fading bloom,
Be objects of my care;
When fortune drops her gay parade,
When pleasure's transient roses fade,
Unchanged is thy immortal prize,
Thy never dying laurels rise,
In undecaying bloom!”

Now that you have made me enjoy all your pleasures, I wish I could share my sober ones with you. My friends here, though not enriched with those gifts given to few and simulated by many, have taste and information, and are quite equal to the enjoyment of all the intellectual wealth which is so liberally dispersed in the present age. I am now also enjoying the kindness my son is receiving in Ireland from many friends we have there. These are the cordials of my declining years, the evening sunbeams of a stormy day..

Mary sends warm regards to you. Pray let me know where you go next, for your motions appear to

me uncertain. I am, with best respects to your brothers, yours most truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XL.

TO MRS. FLETCHER, AUCHENDINNY HOUSE, PENNYCUICK.

Edinburgh, 27th October, 1827.

My dear Friend,

We are come home very well,—Mary particularly so,—and well satisfied with spending so much time so pleasantly with the best of good people, drinking the old wine of ripe and mellowed friendship in a sanctuary of peace and love.

They seem to be feeding my son with Lotos in Ireland, where he appears to find more honour than at home. Here we were ready to apply to him Wordsworth's apostrophe to heavy rain:—

“ Yet be it always understood,
You're not so pleasant as you're good.”

The Paddies, however, seem to have found him very pleasant indeed; so have his American friends the D.'s: they met him in Dublin, and enlisted him into their party to see sights; and I think he and they are this day at the Giant's Causeway, for which none of them care much, with the exception of John, who is a true lover of nature, either where she smiles or frowns. Yours, most truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLI.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, New-Year's-Day, 1828.

My dear Friend,

Once more I offer my grateful and cordial wishes to you on the opening of another of the many years of undiminished affection, through which we have known and sympathized with each other. I may truly use the expression as regards myself, for I have rejoiced as much in your unclouded prosperity as you have mourned over my continued adversity, and those often repeated wounds of the heart that ought to have loosed my ties to earth, and made me seek refuge in a better hope than earth affords.

You will naturally desire to know how I am supported under this last stroke.* I was never more submissive, never on any occasion so fully convinced that the infliction was a dispensation of mercy to her who has been taken away; yet I never felt such a thorough sense of desolation, such a total want of interest in all that is said and done around me. This I vainly endeavour to conceal; it is indeed an unnatural state for a mind so active and excursive as mine has ever been. I do not on that account indulge the impiety of thinking myself forsaken by the Hand that has all along so wonderfully supported me. My task for more than two years past was a very painful one,—to cheer and

* Mrs. Grant's last surviving daughter, Mary, died, after a very short illness, on 16th November, 1827.

amuse a drooping spirit. My dearest Mary might almost be said to have died with Isabella ;—with that angelic being the life of life was extinguished. Since that time Mary was not a moment absent from my thoughts, and the object of perpetual solicitude. This chapter of sorrow and anxiety is now closed, but has left a blank behind not easily filled up.

All this I ought not to say, for what avails it? The pain I give you does not diminish the blank worse to me than actual suffering. My friends are very kind to me; though sometimes I feel even their kindness oppressive. All this I trust may work together for my good. Pray for me, that I may not be afflicted in vain.

My son, who was deeply sunk from the time of our late loss, begins to revive a little, and is all to me that duty and affection can be. Mary Maccoll is, as usual, sensible, spirited, and useful, and has already acquired a wonderful influence over her meek and amiable companion, Margaret Steven. Offer my kind regards to your sister, and all around you ; and believe me, ever affectionately yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLII.

TO THE REV. DR. DEWAR, GLASGOW.

Reverend dear Sir,

Edinburgh, 22d January, 1828.

I trust in your charitable construction of my long

delay in acknowledging your much-valued present.* At first I set myself seriously to peruse the Sermons, and meant not only to acknowledge the gift, but to give the donor some idea of the impression left on my mind by the perusal of the volume. I generally begin the morning with some serious reading, as many interruptions prevent my profitable perusal of such books through the day, and my early mornings are followed by languid and worn-out evenings; I did at length finish the volume.

The paper I write on will remind you of the sad and solemn interruption which, at the sametime that it deepened the impression made on my mind by the doctrine which it is your honour and happiness to inculcate, very much disqualified me for expressing myself to the purpose, on that or any other subject. I began yesterday to re-peruse the Sermons; the one upon the Character of Christ, and that on the Penitent Thief, have very much engaged my attention. I mention these because I remember more of their contents than of the rest.

I spent a great part of last night in perusing manuscripts to me invaluable. They consist of letters written by my beloved and much afflicted daughter, Mary, to a highly-gifted Christian friend; they are written with a graceful elegance and simplicity almost peculiar to herself, and are precious to me as testimonies of the deep concern for her spiritual welfare, which was the ruling habit of her mind in her latter years. On this subject I would expatiate as a source

* A volume of Sermons by the Rev. Dr. Dewar of Glasgow, now Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen.—(1843.)

of consolation to all her friends, as well as to one who, in the course of nature, must soon follow.

Though the subject might be supposed foreign to you, the proof of your regard in my possession gives me room to believe that my singular deprivations must have excited your sympathy; and you, too, will be consoled to know that I do not mourn as those that have no hope. I have great trust in intercessory prayers: may I solicit for the benefit of yours, that I may be enabled to profit by so many awful summonses to preparation for an unalterable state. Most truly may I say, "I believe;" but greatly require to add, "Lord, help thou my unbelief." With best regards to your family, I am, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLIII.

TO MRS. HOOK, THE DEANERY, WORCESTER.

Edinburgh, 16th February, 1828.

My dear and much afflicted Friend,*

I have truly been for sometime past "sick of many sorrows," and now share deeply in yours with all its aggravations. You have so tender a heart lodged in a frame so delicate, and I have on former occasions, when the beloved partner of your heart was suffering from illness, felt so apprehensive on your account, that I have almost dreaded your surviving him. But

* This letter was addressed to Mrs. Hook, soon after the death of her husband, the Dean of Worcester.

what do we not survive, and what un hoped-for strength is often afforded at our utmost need, when we lean with unshaken confidence on Him who is mighty to save unto the uttermost ! You are indeed the person, of all whom I have ever known, for whom I most dreaded a calamity of this overwhelming nature. And yet there are circumstances in your peculiar case that ought to make you sensible that to you, more than to most others, the text applies,—“ Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil also ? ”

Those who are merely under the guidance of worldly opinions, and ungoverned feelings, may encourage and aggravate sorrow, by counting up the sum of that happiness of which they have been deprived, and dwelling on the desolation that darkens round them. But it is not so with the humble Christian : with such, the undeserved blessings we have enjoyed, the manna that has dropped upon our path through the wilderness of life, the sweet communion of souls that has existed betwixt us and kindred spirits fondly beloved, and worthy of all love,—these, by the devout mind, are not held fast as rights which we cannot endure to have torn away from us ; they are to be considered as conditional gifts, to be resumed at the Giver's pleasure. What precious volumes of retrospection lie open to your view : do not, then, dwell on the dismal blank which every one, that has loved and been beloved like you, must feel on such a dividing asunder of soul and spirit. Consider all that you have enjoyed, and even much of what you have suffered, as the treasures of memory, to be contem-

plated with a kind of mournful pleasure when the recent wound has ceased to bleed. I am so practised in affliction in all its darkest forms, that I feel entitled to speak of my experience to one who is, comparatively, a novice in the school of calamity.

Think now with gratitude of the blessings you have enjoyed—the first love of your heart crowned with success so gratifying, and justified by such virtues, such a generous candid temper, such fine and various talents, and the principles without which all these would be unavailable. Consider how rare is such an assemblage of fine qualities, with such warm affections, and how ill a different character would have suited with a heart so susceptible, and a mind so sensitive as yours. You had at times your difficulties; and who has not, of one kind or another? But there is something endearing in encountering these together, and much enjoyment in conquering them; these struggles give strength to the mind, and moderation to the desires. I see none have less enjoyment than those whose full cup seems to afford the means of constant felicity. Had you been always in the sunshine of prosperity, the pleasures of the heart and of the intellect could not have been dealt to you in such full measure, nor could you have had the same leisure for attending to your superior duties. Think how very much has fallen to your share of what in life is most desirable; and dread the impiety of murmuring, because the object of an affection, perhaps too ardent, is happier than prosperity, or than even you could make him. Consider, also, with humble gratitude, what a treasure you possess in a son so devoted to

you,—so pious and so dutiful. How much happier you may now, even now, consider yourself, with such excellent children watching over you with the tenderest solicitude, compared with others who see those whom they have reared with unwearied affection, and looked forward to as the comfort of declining years, drop into an untimely grave, or hazard life on dangerous seas or in pernicious climates.

My dear, dear friend, I trust to hear that you consider yourself as the favoured child of many mercies; and that your strength will not fail in this trial, severe though it be. Believe you are much—I might say constantly—in my thoughts; and that I am, with more endeared affection, yours, most truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLIV.

TO MRS. WILLS, THOMASTOWN, IRELAND.

Edinburgh, 12th March, 1828.

My dear Mrs. Wills,

One sad and sorrowful excuse will naturally suggest itself to you for my long silence. Since I have been deprived of her who, to a still dearer name, added that of an intelligent and gifted companion, and affectionate congenial friend, I have felt a repugnance to writing. Of my dear Mary, I could write volumes to any one to whom she was intimately known; yet, I have not, even to those, poured out the fulness of my heart on this too tender theme. Memory is crowded with recollections most painful to myself; and I wound

my own heart anew in recurring to the past. Ten weeks, in which she seemed on the eve of being restored to me (appearing every day more like herself), preceded the short illness that opened her way to felicity, and left me desolate indeed. I asked and received from her friend, Miss Fletcher, the series of letters, often very short and hurried, which she had addressed to her in the interval betwixt Isabella's death and her own illness. I may now say that I was lost in astonishment to see her even then, when "sick of many sorrows," preserving so much of the easy and natural grace of her diction, the unaffected flow of pious and tender feeling, and the purity and elegance of her style, even in those hurried sketches of a fine mind seeking the Divine support and the cordial of friendship under overwhelming sorrow.

Young says, in his quaint way, of misfortunes, "They love a train, they tread each other's heels." Death has of late never ceased crossing my path in a manner the most startling to all we hope and most desire in life, and most touching to my individual feelings. You may perhaps have heard us speak of a lady possessed of uncommon spirit and talents, an heiress of a large fortune, who was, at fourteen years of age, placed under my care. She lived seven years with me, and was afterwards married to Lord John Campbell, brother and heir to the Duke of Argyll. The marriage proved a very happy one; and the family line, which seemed fading into extinction, is now likely to be continued. Drinking out of the fullest cup of human felicity, the bitter dregs of that dangerous cup were also her allotted portion. Her

husband was most devoted in tender, unwearied attention, and her children were all that her warmest wishes could desire; but for the last year she suffered the most severe pain. We saw her in autumn, feeble and emaciated, unable to move without help, yet the soul, with all its singular energies, was undiminished in power. Alas! "dust to dust concludes her noblest song." She died little more than two months after the friend to whom she was so much attached.

Another friend of my dear Mary's, a lovely and excellent person, one much younger than herself, whose angelic countenance and spotless mind always seemed to speak her a stranger in this world hastening to a better, is now on the brink of eternity, if not already joined to those of whom the world was not worthy. Mrs. Frederick Grant, like Lady J. C., leaves behind her all that is thought to constitute earthly felicity, in a worthy husband, lovely, promising children, a large estate, and many attached friends. But death steals upon *her* in his mildest form, and her calm cheerfulness has not been diminished by his approach. She went to England for milder air, but consumption had made too great advances before.

How can I think to interest you in people so utterly unknown to you? I do not usually try thus to transfer my own feelings: you may take my doing so as an implied compliment. It is high time I should acknowledge all your kindness to my son, when in Ireland, of which, I can assure you, he was truly sensible. You and Mr. Wills I know to be so much one, that when I speak of kindness, I evidently mean yours and his.

He is also very grateful to you for the privilege, which he values highly, of an introduction to your uncle the Chief Justice,* who possesses exactly those qualities in addition, in which Pope's friend was most deficient. Tell him how grateful I feel for his more than hospitable kindness to my son. Believe me, with cordial esteem, dear Mrs. Wills, yours, very truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLV.

TO MISS GRANT, OF KINCORTH, HASTINGS.

Edinburgh, 13th March, 1828.

My dear Robina,

I think you can hardly be aware of the deep sympathy with which I regard the heavy blow which has fallen upon you.† In the midst of life we are in death.—How strongly have I been made to feel this for sometime past, till it seems as if the world were darkening around me.

To lament that such an angelic being as your sister, should escape early from all the ills of life, would be most sinful in all, and more so in me, who, for my short remaining time, could have seen so little of her. There was about her such an air of hallowed purity, so little of earth or the earthly, that I could never think of her as a creature to remain long here. How soothing to think of her heavenward path to the grave,

* The Right Hon. Charles Kendal Bushe.

† The death of her sister, Mrs. Grant of Mount Cyrus, alluded to in the previous letter.

retaining, as I am told, her mild cheerfulness amid the decay of nature, and moving with her wonted sweet serenity to the appointed dwelling of the righteous. It is to you a sore and wounding separation ; but how many bitter pangs have you been spared by the comparative tranquillity of her last days. Few, very few, were entitled to quit all worldly hopes and enjoyments with such tranquillity. But besides the shrinking of nature from the hour of dissolution, how much would your distress have been aggravated if you had seen her in torture with bodily pain. You have too much sense, and, I trust, too much piety, to sink under a stroke you have been so long prepared for, and which leaves you so many urgent duties to call out your tenderest feelings, and most anxious attentions. The task before you, of emulating your sister's virtues, caring for her children, and keeping yourself, as she did, unspotted from the world, will be of itself a consolation.

Poor Mr. Grant !—I think of him with very great compassion. His cup of worldly happiness was too full to endure : it began to spill on the death of his lamented boy, and has been draining away ever since : your sister never recovered the suffering she then endured. Her husband fully appreciated her worth, and is, I am sure, very sensible that he has lost in her what never can be compensated by anything that earth has to give. But, instead of repining, he should think himself highly favoured in having had such a treasure so long in his keeping, and having thus the means of knowing, as far as can be known here, what angels are. Let him consider her as having left a track of light behind her, on which his attention

should be fixed amidst all the sorrows and evils that cloud the most prosperous. Besides the great rule of right to be found in the bosom of every honourable man, he will, by cherishing her memory, have a sweet influence ever acting on his mind. Everything commendable, kind, or charitable that he does will be accompanied by a feeling such as—"This my Davina would approve;" and, in a case of doubt, he will think she would have determined in this way. Who could sufficiently value a companion with a head so clear, a heart so kind, and principles so immoveably fixed?—her very memory will be a blessing to him. Tell him how well I understand his feelings, and how much I pity his desolation.

Keep up your spirits, with the Divine assistance, for the duties you have to perform, the mother you have to comfort, the children you have to love and cherish, and their poor bereaved father. I only add my love and sympathy, having long been yours, very truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLVI.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 22d April, 1828.

My dear Friend,

This goes by Miss Gibson; that warm-hearted and affectionate person is going off suddenly, with a very heavy heart, to attend, as is too probable, the death-bed of a favourite niece.

The letters of the aged must needs be a sort of obituary. Approaching fast to the verge of life, not even the frequency of the occurrence prevents us from starting when we see our juniors, those whom we loved and cherished, going before us. I think I must have told you of the death of my dear Mrs. Grant of Mount Cyrus: the transition from her pious, blameless, and useful life to a happy immortality was scarcely perceptible; the manner of her death was like her life—something to meditate on with chastened pleasure.

Poor Dr. Hook, whom you must remember to have heard me speak of as the husband of a much-valued friend; his death was a dreadful blow to his family, and to a wife who idolized him; he was singularly candid, artless, and warm-hearted, and possessed the finest talents;—had he not been in the Church, he might have made his fortune by painting or music. It is about three years since he was appointed Dean of Worcester; and his death, after a short illness, happened six weeks ago. His son, Walter, without his father's shining talents, is better suited to his profession, to the duties of which he brings the simplicity and the zeal of an apostle.

Mrs. Henry Erskine and I met last week for the first time since she lost her distinguished husband, and I my afflicted daughter. She is now going to Craigforth for the summer, her house being occupied by her step-son Henry. She says she is now seventy years old, and will clear herself of all earthly cares and anxieties. The concerns of her soul will be better attended to in the pious family of Mrs. Callander

than amidst the distractions of her present residence. Margaret Steven is with me, and is becoming a favourite; so is Grace, who is here on a visit. Their great affection for me, visible though not obtrusive, is irresistible; there is about them much plain worth, much purity of mind, and uprightness of intention. We have got a young lady, Miss Fulford, from Devonshire,—quite a curiosity, so ardent, so talented, and so bent on coming to me, that there was no restraining her. I must conclude in haste, with my love to Mrs. Brown, and entreat to hear from you soon; being, ever yours, affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLVII.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Brae House, Edinburgh,
4th June, 1828.

My dear Friend,

I wrote to you lately I know not what, being at that time in a very great hurry, and, as usual, often interrupted. I am always hurried while the General Assembly sits; for whenever it begins to stand and walk, some of its northern members, more particularly, walk out here. I must not forget to tell you of an exploit of mine, which I think I should not have undertaken unless I had been prompted by my son. It was going last Saturday, *at six in the morning*, to hear the celebrated Mr. Edward Irving. He preached at seven in Sir Harry Moncrieff's church, which suited

him from its great size, and me from its proximity. It was necessary to take possession of a seat an hour before the service began ; my son went with me, and we were accommodated with a seat within good seeing and hearing distance, for seeing is indispensable. I should tell you that the sensation created by this setting forth of new doctrines in the new Athens reminds one of a more authentic preacher's influence in the old. I heard nothing that raised him above the place he formerly held in my opinion : but, in justice, I must add that the prophet is less affected and theatrical than I expected ; that he has a very pleasing and well-modulated voice ; and that his action is not unsuited to his doctrine, which he evidently supposes to be authorised by inspiration. Of his discourse, I will only say at present that it has little coherence, a great deal of verbiage, and no indication, that I can discover, of high imagination or sound reasoning. He is the sole subject of conversation :

"The neighbours sigh and stare, and bless the lad,
Some think him wondrous wise, and some believe him mad."

I think this new system of unfolding prophecy is just a new and improved edition of the doctrine of the Fifth Monarchy men in Cromwell's time.

I shall now proceed to petty details of my own small matters. You must know I have within the last fortnight been surprised with presents from quarters the most unlikely imaginable. I do not talk of them to every one ; but I have pleasure in recording kindness, and you will have pleasure in hearing it. First, Mr. Ryder, an English clergyman, who was here some

weeks, left me a bust of Sir Harry Moncrieff, and six volumes, handsomely bound, of Walter Scott's miscellaneous works. Then a lady in Devonshire, the widow of General Crawford, who was killed in the Peninsula, wrote to Mrs. Hook, saying that she wished much to make me a present to the amount of twenty guineas, and begged to know what would be suitable,—that is, what Mrs. Hook thought so. Observe—I never saw the lady in my life, but I know her brothers and sisters,—all her family indeed. I wrote, not to the lady, but to Mrs. Hook, to say that I was very sensible of, and would not disappoint Mrs. C.'s kind intentions, but would accept of as much tea-china as *ten* guineas would purchase, as that was an article in which I was beginning to run short, and I knew it was to be had very good at Worcester. Well, the china arrived last Wednesday; very beautiful it is, and the admiration of all beholders. On Friday, two days after, came a parcel most carefully packed in many papers, which turned out to be a silver salver, beautifully wrought, with a very kind letter, from Colonel Macpherson, whose father was our near neighbour at Laggan. We received him kindly when he was at school near us, of which he retained a grateful remembrance, and of which this gift was a token. Our friend, the said Colonel, has lately returned from India with an uncorrupted heart, as Johnson said of his Highland protégé.

I am most earnestly reading Mrs. Huntington's Letters,—an American lady of whom you must have heard. They wound me with remorse, and cover me

with shame and confusion ; my mind and conduct, compared with hers, is like that of—

“ Man who mourns,
To the wrapt seraph who adores and burns.”

I am ever yours, gratefully and affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 18th July, 1828.

My dear Friend,

Though I am become a very lazy writer, I am always very much pleased to receive a letter from any of the few old friends that remain, and answer it readily on the spur of the occasion ; but if I let it lie any time beside me, indolence takes possession of me. Of the few old friends I spoke of, you are the one I like best to hear from, because you are the oldest of the old in that class ; which speaks well for us both, saying that *you* have not forgot the endearments of our early attachment, and that, amidst the severe pressure of a life of struggles and exigencies, *I* have not felt a tincture of envy, but sincerely rejoiced in your prosperity, and was even proud of your bearing your faculties so meekly.

There is now a Miss Douglas from America here, —quite a character,—of whom I have much to tell sometime or other. Her faults are too obvious ; she never concealed anything in her life, nor indeed had

much to conceal : but her good qualities are sincerity, candour, a perfect sunshine of good humour, and, what does not always accompany it, a sweet and even temper. She is charitable and benevolent; has strong religious feelings, and the simplicity of a child. She has a profound admiration of talent, and, like all other Americans, loves title : but she is the humblest creature I know, and bears reproof with the greatest meekness. Lady Liston begged I would bring Miss D. to Millburn to introduce her. I said we would come to breakfast, that being the mode in which Sir Robert and she see their friends, at present. We were most gladly received, Miss D. making herself very entertaining with anecdotes of their mutual American friends. We spent two hours in their gardens, which are very fine, and at present in transcendent beauty.

Miss Douglas greatly wished to see Mr. Henry Mackenzie :* there, too, our visit appeared very acceptable. We found the family at a fine old gentleman-like place called Old Hailes, three miles west of Edinburgh. They went there to nurse their daughter Hope, a lovely, meek creature, much resembling my Isabella,—little known in the world, but very dear to her family. Mrs. Mackenzie, with the soundest sense, great conversational talents, and manners that would grace a court, has lived much retired, devoting her whole time and thoughts to her family, yet always receiving the best company. Every one thought it a privilege to be admitted to share their slight evening refreshments, where crowds never came, and where

* Author of the “ Man of Feeling,” and other well-known works.

ease and good breeding took away the restraint which intellectual superiority sometimes creates. You must be tired; I cannot help it; I could only give you what I had, and my mind was full of the subject.

My cousin, C. Stewart, has come to town for a medical consultation; she returns on Monday, and will bring this letter as far as Glasgow: but I fear she will too soon re-appear. I am very much affected by her state, but earnestly hope it will work a desirable change in a powerful and generous, but ill-regulated mind. I remain yours, affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XLIX.

TO MRS. HOOK, MOSELEY, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

Edinburgh, 1st August, 1828.

My very dear Friend,

Still more endeared by the affliction which presses so heavily upon you. I thought, when your deprivation happened, that, after the first pangs were over,—after all those nearest to you had offered their tribute of condolence,—after you had felt yourself settled under the roof of that excellent son who was born to be a blessing to you in every sense of that comprehensive word;—when all this was past, I thought I should feel a melancholy satisfaction in writing much and often to you. Yet it is not so. I have trodden, with aching heart and bleeding feet, the dark and thorny path on which you have now entered. I feel, in this instance, as selfish as others whom I have despised for

being so: thinking of you, which I do much and often, opens up so many of my own heart's wounds, that all my own painful pilgrimage seems to pass in review.

I have witnessed (and I am thankful to say it) much of that tender and constant affection between pairs that seemed made to be blessings to each other; but anything like your idolatry I never beheld: I have often thought of it with fear, thinking from the delicacy of your frame, and the acuteness of your feelings, that you were less fit than any one to submit with due resignation to a deprivation like this. Your known piety was the only resource I found, when sadly anticipating the blow, which has furnished a new incentive to seek happiness where alone it can be found.

I have lately made an intimate acquaintance with one who, in the extreme tenderness and purity of heart, and her total self-devotion to her duties and affection,—in short, in the whole frame and constitution of her mind, resembles you more than any one I have ever known. I use that word though I never saw her; yet she speaks of me and alludes to me more than once. It is Mrs. Huntington, the widow of a clergyman in Boston, North America: it is only about three years since she died. Whatever difference is between you and her is merely owing to external circumstances; she, too, made an idol of her husband, and was by him idolized. I have made quite a study of her letters, and always find in them some new charm; the language—pure, elegant, and simple—is worthy of the seraphic mind which dictated it. Hear her, page 261:—"I have perceived an alteration in

my mind ever since that bitter bereavement, that closed for ever one of the deepest channels through which the tide of my affections rolled upon the creature,—an alteration which I should think very natural, —a more ardent attachment to other friends than when I had a husband to love ;—this, I say, seems natural. An affectionate heart must love something ; and oh ! most wretched is the being who, accustomed to bestow on one object all the strength of an ardent, generous attachment, can find nothing, on the removal of that object, to excite and diffuse its exercise again ! Though God ought to occupy the chasm left within by those who, perhaps, occupied too large a space in our hearts, He does not require us to love Him only ; and as we are social creatures, it is a mercy that we can feel the soothing glow of affection transferred in some measure from one to many, if we can love that one no longer. God has made us so, and I bless him for it. Who could live having such a stream stopped now and for ever ? Yes, my dear friend, I love you more than I used to do, and am not jealous lest that affection should not all be reciprocated ; and this experience is not observed to you only, but also to others.”* I wish you much to be acquainted with this fine mind,—there is something so ethereal about her ; I wish I could send you the book. She has been removed from this scene of trial : how justly in her case might we say, “ Blessed are the dead.” Adieu, dear friend ; and believe me, with the tenderest sympathy and the truest affection, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

* “ Memoirs of Mrs. Huntington.” Reprinted at Edinburgh.

LETTER L.

TO MISS H. JACKSON, BOSTON, AMERICA.

Blackford House, near Edinburgh,
12th September, 1828.

My dear Friend,

I have written to you before : I refer to that letter, which I hope has arrived. I had then just returned to town from visiting some attached and excellent friends in the immediate neighbourhood, to whom I owe much for sympathy and kindness. In former years the strong ties of early attachment, which bind me to the Highlands and the West of Scotland, prevented me from taking advantage, in my short intervals of leisure, of the invitations of many who have villas in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and who pity and, I hope, esteem me. Some were in their early days brought up with me, and would very much wish to soften my afflictions in every possible way ; and I thank the Author of every good thing that I do feel soothed by their kindness, especially as they knew so well, and loved so much those whom I must ever silently lament ; for there are few to whom I speak of what I have, to my own surprise, survived : when I do allude to the past, it is to those who knew them, and shared my sorrow.

* * * * *

I would not have your friend Mary* back if I could

* Mrs. Grant's lately deceased daughter.

recall her with a wish : but she has left the world very empty to me. The charm of her conversation cannot be recalled or replaced ; we were like sisters, living so long in the same atmosphere, surrounded by worth, intelligence, and affection. All the events of past life were pictured on each other's minds ; and there was a rich legacy of love divided between us from the blessed dead. It would be unjust and ungrateful in me to quit this theme without doing justice to my son's unwearied attention ; every one says he is like a daughter to me ; certainly his pure morals, domestic habits, and watchful affection, are blessings to my wounded spirit. I thought to write more of her that loved you so well, and many other matters, but I am too near town, and constantly followed and broken in upon. I am the less concerned about writing much now, because your friends the Nortons have so lately seen me, and I have seen them, and they will tell you about me. I must now bid you unwillingly farewell. Believe me, more than ever, yours, most truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LI.

TO MISS MERCER, CHESTERFIELD, DERBYSHIRE.

Blackford House, near Edinburgh,
24th September, 1828.

My dear Friend,

I have been hoping to hear from or of you, and thinking of you every day. These thoughts took at length the form of a resolution to write you a long

letter, cramming in everything that I thought could amuse or interest you, so that you might have a pennyworth for your penny. This resolution has too long delayed my writing; for a long letter is now become to me something formidable. But, as I have no other way of expressing the strong affection and warm esteem which time seems rather to increase, I shall try to soothe a languid hour by my own little history of the season.

You may believe I frequently pay the tax on old age in the loss of much valued old friends. But Providence mingles blessings in the bitter cup allotted to me: I was never so much the object of the most endearing kindness and general sympathy. Many of the young people who lived with me formerly, and who, from the pressure of care and sorrow, had nearly faded from my recollection,—these good creatures rally about me with filial regard, as if willing to supply, as far as possible, the loss of those children whom they esteemed so much. Some of those in the neighbourhood, and other cordial friends, were most anxious that I should pass what I could of the season with them. You did not know the worthy Mores. Mr. More* is an advocate of great abilities, in high practice, with an excellent wife, warm-hearted like himself, and truly pious, as indeed both are, with all the cheerfulness of a happy temperament and a heart and conscience at ease. Just as my son and I were parting,—he setting out on his Swedish tour, and I giving orders for a carriage,—Mr. More drove up to

* J. S. More, Esq., now Professor of Scotch Law in the University of Edinburgh.—(1843.)

the door to take me to Viewfield, their pretty villa near Dalkeith. I had been long engaged to pass part of the month of August, if I did not go north, with Mrs. Young, who, under the name of Miss Gerard, formerly lived with me. She is most happily, and what the world calls fortunately, married, and has taught her husband to regard her early friend as she does herself. They live in summer at Dryden Bank, a beautiful sylvan retreat opposite to Roslin and Hawthornden, where I spent a few pleasant days, and then returned for a short time to the Mores. I shall always look back with satisfaction on the time spent among those worthies. Their happiness, though pure and hallowed by the feelings and principles by which they are actuated, cannot long continue to flourish so fair: they drink from so full a cup that it must needs run over. There are calamities from which neither their worth nor their affluence can shield them; but they cannot be embittered by remorse, and everything else is supportable.

Soon afterwards I came out here to fulfil a long engagement to visit Miss Trotter of Mortonhall, with whose stately form, and firm, energetic, high-principled character, you are already acquainted. She is indeed a most respectable curiosity: considering her age, it is really wonderful what a lively and increasing concern she takes in me; you would wonder at the anxiety she shows to have me come out to stay with her. You may judge that her connexions among the old aristocracy are not few. When I visit her, she generally asks two or three ladies to meet me,—always people of mind and intellect, for she “canna be fashed”

with any other. Her set of visitors are people that you would like much; and when one is called away by engagements, she directly replaces her with another. I have never been able to stay so long with her as now, so I have seen a greater variety of characters with her. She regulates her house and table in a manner peculiar to herself, with much simplicity, but great neatness and sufficiency—fruit, poultry, everything growing on her own farm, well dressed, and excellent of their kind. I must now conclude, and shall be most impatient to hear from you: pray do let it be soon, and relieve the anxiety of your faithful and much attached friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LII.

TO MRS. HOOK, MOSELEY, BIRMINGHAM.

Edinburgh, 2d February, 1829.

My dear Friend,

You wonder at my long silence, and so do I; indeed, I feel the delay a kind of reproach. All our sins punish themselves, but none grate on my feelings so much as a sin against long-trying and highly-valued friendship: I have derived so much comfort from it under difficulties and sorrows, the amount of which none ever knew, that I have great reason to value it as the cordial of life. Yet this pause of silence has not been one of forgetfulness; I think of you very often, and do for you what I have ever done for myself,—that is, instead of dwelling on the recollection

of past sufferings, and the tearing asunder of ties unspeakably tender, I have found solace in the contemplation of the Divine goodness,—of those gleams of mercy which were ever breaking through the darkest cloud, and of the high honour vouchsafed to me, in being the parent of so many beings whose spotless lives, and humble piety, left the assurance of their being heirs of a blessed immortality.

My health was a good deal shaken last winter, yet I have no reason to complain: considering my age, and the wear and tear to which I have been subjected, my long-continued enjoyment of that blessing is next to miraculous. If life could be protracted by the warmest and most enduring—I might almost say filial—affection, all this I receive. The attachment of the young people who were formerly under my care is beyond all praise, and really honourable to human nature. With the most delicate and unwearied attention, they frequently come to see me; and seem to think it a duty to do all in their power to replace the departed. Many, whom I have known to be far more deserving than myself, have had cause to complain, in the course of a troublous and agitated life, of selfishness and ingratitude; I have not met with anything of the kind: every one I met seemed disposed to treat me with favour and indulgence. This has had the natural effect of making me think kindly of my fellow-creatures; instead of the apathy, tinctured with distrust, which I think one of the worst results of long and sad experience of life, my youthful feelings of benevolence are rather strengthened than diminished; I nourish them by contemplation of those

virtues of which we now and then meet examples so fair and precious. I have had a high enjoyment of this kind in reading the published memoirs of Lord Collingwood and Sir Thomas Munro, who each finished their shining course by a sublime and hallowed sacrifice of their lives to their respective duties. You have most probably read those works, which I regard as the Catholics do their legends of saints.

I very much wonder that I do not hear more of Lady Charlotte Bury: she was expected to pass the winter in Edinburgh; and her staying so long in the west country seems a proof that her most amiable daughter-in-law has made their residence agreeable to her and to Mr. Bury. Lady Charlotte is particularly happy in her family; Adelaide is the object of admiration and the highest esteem to every one in that country: her attendance on Lady — in the last period of her disorder was more like that of one of the Sisters of Mercy of whom we hear on the Continent, than what one could expect of a delicate young lady. Since that time she has been an unspeakable comfort to Lord J. in the direction of his family and the management of his children. I am much interested in him, and delighted to hear he derives so much consolation from the society of his niece and of his very promising children.

As I was preparing to set out for the country, last autumn, I was agreeably surprised by a visit from Professor and Mrs. Norton, of Harvard College, in North America. The latter I found a beautiful and graceful woman, with manners easy and elegant, indicative of good sense and good taste; the Professor

is a handsome man, in the prime of life, animated and imaginative, with nothing American but a slight intonation. I have rarely seen so fine a couple. We met, not as new acquaintance, but as old friends; but it was like a short bright vision,—they were obliged to leave town soon, and so was I. Since their return to America, I have received a very characteristic letter from them, accompanied by the American edition of Mrs. Hemans's Poems.

Now, I hope you will not merely welcome, but wonder, at this melange. I think I have not written so much to one person for a long time, nor is it likely I ever shall again. I have a second sight of you and Walter and Georgiana coming down to Scotland some bright summer or mild autumn. But you must be sure to come before my eyes are too dim to see you, or my ears too dull to hear. The almond-tree is not yet in full blossom, nor is the grasshopper (nor the pen) become a burden; but those days are drawing near, and I would wish to receive from you one draught of the wine of life before they come. Receive my son's best regards; and believe your affectionate friend to be always, very truly, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LIII.

TO MISS H. JACKSON, BOSTON, AMERICA.

Edinburgh, 16th July, 1829.

My dear Friend,

I do not know that the non-arrival of a hurried

scrawl I sent you, containing the mere dregs of a worn-out mind, is much to be regretted, yet I know you will regret the loss of a letter from me, however little worth in itself. I am daily rendered sensible of the failure of a memory once comprehensive, and still, in some painful instances, too faithful. If you have missed the letter, you have, at any rate, seen several very happy specimens of your population, who could tell you that though I am a little lame, and a good deal deaf and antique, I am by no means dumb, and can talk with wonted fluency to people I like upon subjects that please me.

You must not be shocked when I tell you that I am not shocked at Captain Hall's work on America, which, I understand, is very unpopular in your country. I have always been jealous for the honour of America, yet I do not think it at all advanced by that voracious greed of praise which seems to expect applause, unbounded and unceasing, for all that exists, or that is done or doing, in America. Eve says, very sensibly, to her morning visitor,—

“Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The virtue of the fruit.”

We are all inclined to regard with admiration the Hercules who shows such precocity in his cradle; but there would be no harm in his looking now and then into the hole from whence he was digged, and to the advantages he possessed over all other new people in the rich inheritance of ancestral wisdom, of language, literature, and institutions as yet unrivalled. This was a noble stock to begin with; the lines, too, had fallen to him in pleasant places; and he had ample

room and verge enough to luxuriate in the abundance of a new and fertile soil. His *amor patriæ* is not only pardonable but praiseworthy; but he should permit other people also to love their country, and prefer its institutions and manners, and bear, without violent wrath, to hear Captain Hall express those feelings and sentiments which are natural to an independent man, and habitual to a high-bred gentleman. I am much satisfied with his description of Boston, and have read over with delight his description of the village of Lowell, of which none of my friends ever told me.

Last winter was a melancholy one to me; so many of my relations and cotemporaries were carried off that I began to feel as if "Sister spirit, come away," were whispering in my ears. My health is now better, but my strength and memory are not what they were. I hope to be enabled to wait my appointed time, as a person long tried with suffering ought to do, with trembling hope; for of that full assurance that people talk of I have no comprehension. I am, dear friend, much and affectionately yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LIV.

TO MRS. HOOK, LEAMINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE.

Meadowside, near Glasgow,
26th August, 1829.

My dear Friend,

I have for sometime been very anxious to know

what step you would take, and where you would establish yourself, after the marriage of your son ; but my anxiety in this respect was in some degree quieted by Lady Charlotte Bury. I saw her several times while she was in Edinburgh : you may well believe we spoke much and often of you and yours. She is certainly much changed in appearance, though her charming manners, all ease and simplicity, are unchanged. I saw little of Mr. Bury, whose health seems not to be good, and who is, moreover, much engaged preparing some publication, the subject of which, I believe, is connected with the fine arts. From my infirmity I could not often visit her ; once, however, I went, by particular desire, in a chair to meet a very small party, the ornament of which was Sir Walter Scott. I saw many of Mr. Bury's drawings, which Lord Ruthven, the first of judges, and himself an artist, called very fine. The little Blanche is truly a fine child, though extremely delicate-looking. I have a young relation who lives with me, who, while Lady C. was sitting with me, used to walk with Blanche to the garden to gather flowers, and entertained me with repeating some of her sensible remarks. She is a child I could be very fond of ; I am only sorry that this fair flower appears so fragile.

I had a charming guest before I left town to come here,—no other than the very charming Mrs. Hemans, for whom I have long felt something very like affection. She had two fine boys with her, the objects, visibly, of very great tenderness, who seem equally attached to her. She is entirely feminine, and her language has a charm like that of her verse,—the

same ease and peculiar grace, with more vivacity. If affliction had not laid a heavy hand upon her, she would be playful : she has not the slightest tinge of affectation, and is so refined, so gentle, that you must both love and respect her. She, and Southey, and your own dear self, are the only persons, whom I previously drew pictures of, who have not disappointed me. This is very ancient enthusiasm, you may think ; but some things will occur that bring back youthful feelings.

I am now, for the last time I think, paying a visit to Mrs. Smith, my old friend of fifty years' standing, with whom I have always passed some weeks every year. But I must now go home, for next week my son goes to Wales for his holidays. Love to Georgiana ; teach her to love me ; and write very soon to your attached and faithful friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LV.

TO MRS. FRANCIS BOOTT, GOWER STREET, BEDFORD
SQUARE, LONDON.

Blackford House, Edinburgh,
28th October, 1829.

My dear Mrs. Boott,

This letter will be sent to you by Miss Douglas, who will tell you how very agreeably I have spent part of this autumn in visiting Mrs. Smith, the only one remaining (with the exception of her excellent sister, Mrs. Brown) of my early, very early friends. I meant it as a farewell visit.

Mrs. Smith is just of my age, and may truly be accounted a saint, drawing near the end of a most prosperous and singularly well-spent life. The morning of her day was somewhat overclouded, but ever since, till the death of her excellent husband, which happened a few years ago, her life has been one continued period of felicity,—so constantly influenced by a strict sense of duty in all she says and does, so humble amidst the highest worldly prosperity, loved with more than filial affection by the best and the most esteemed children, and possessing the power to give, which to me would be the first of blessings; then there is a freshness, a sweet simplicity in her countenance which belongs to no other old woman. When I speak with reverence of Mrs. Smith's superiority of desert, I do so because I know that her spirit of humility, and her unchanging steadiness of character have been more severely tried than those of any person I know.

I, again, was under a perpetual check; the weeds were never suffered to spring up, the scythe was in perpetual action. All the flowers of fancy, on the possession of which I had been flattered, were blasted by early calamity: death met me in all my walks; poverty threatened, though it did not conquer me; voices from the tomb seemed to instruct me in my duty; and every one around me showed an example of piety, truth, and kindness. What a wretch should I have been, thus chastened and taught, if I had not sought earnestly to do my humble duty. But sure I am, that, if I had been in her place, my light-hearted negligence (to say no more) would, without a protecting angel on constant duty, have betrayed me into

some of those errors which prove snares to the prosperous.

Tell Dr. Boott that my conscience is quite at rest as to honouring his American introductions: they were really very agreeable, intelligent people. Pray let me know how he likes Captain Basil Hall's Travels. I long for his opinion; and am, very truly, his and yours in haste, but with great regard,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LVI.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Brae House, Edinburgh,
5th December, 1829.

My dear Friend,

After so many years of attachment unbroken, and so often expressed with all the warmth of sincere feeling, you must not wonder though an exhausted and care-worn mind sometimes indulges the indolence of age. When I do so, it is more my own loss than that of my remaining correspondents; for though I begin a letter with reluctance, I kindle as I proceed, and always look back on the day on which I do not write as a dull one. I do think the intercourse I thus continue with persons I have long loved and valued has a tendency to prolong my life, that is, the best part of life—the exercise of kindly affections, and the desire to please and be pleased. I consider it as daring, even in thought, to murmur at the prospect of any mode of existence, which it pleases the Almighty to allot as

the closing scene of a protracted life. If the heart retains its wonted feelings, if the fancy sheds its tremulous light on the edge of the grave, we should be peculiarly grateful for a blessing which diffuses a happy influence on all around us. Nay, though we die before our death to all that makes life lovely, still we gain in tranquillity what we lose in enjoyment. When we are deprived of the pleasures of memory, when all we loved, and all we mourned, fades from recollection, we cease to suffer those acute pangs that wound us in secret, when to the world we appear serene and easy. All things relative to us are wisely and well ordered ; and He whose power has supported us, and whose mercy has shed blessings through life, will not forget us in its close, if we have diligently sought him.

Your last letter affords me much satisfaction : your disposition is by no means querulous, yet your feelings were in one instance not well regulated, and your excessive indulgence of them, in that instance, made me fear that, when deprived of that prime blessing of your life, you would scarcely set the full value on the many that remain. You certainly worshipped an idol whose presence you were not likely to enjoy long, and whose departure would have made you, without the aid of religion, utterly wretched. Suffer you must and will while memory holds her seat; but then the serene evening of a well-spent life still has many enjoyments for you.

I have heedfully perused the sketch of your beloved Dean's life and character, contained in the Annual Obituary. What is said of him I know to be strictly

true; and these truths are expressed with warmth and elegance worthy of the subject. Of his talents, his accomplishments, his singular purity of mind, his genuine modesty and disinterestedness, I thought very justly in thinking very highly; but I considered that, through extreme modesty, he had not done justice to his abilities, in allowing them to lie dormant in some instances where their full exertion would have increased his reputation, and proved serviceable to others. I was surprised, however, to find how very much he had done in this way, of which I had no conception till I saw the list of his publications. I think that if this was properly represented to His Majesty, the family of so able and efficient an advocate of loyalty and the constitution would not be neglected, especially as this faithful servant of the public carried his disregard of worldly advantages rather to the extreme. This is the more to be lamented, as those fine spirits, that think least of worldly interests, are the very persons who feel most acutely the inconvenience resulting from the neglect of them. Yet a want of worldly anxiety does not leave so painful an impression on the mind as over-care about the dross that perisheth. I read a Memoir of the Bishop of Winchester in the same Obituary, and was quite shocked to find that he left two hundred thousand pounds. I do not easily reconcile myself to dignitaries of the Church leaving much wealth; so much is expected from them, that a man must really close his heart and his hand to enable him to lay up much.

I always understood your new abode, Leamington, to be a very pleasant place; and it obviously attracts

pleasant people to it as a residence. Tossed about as I have been through life, I always find in my respective homes something to like that I am unwilling to leave. The great attraction in Princes Street was the Castle, with the rude grandeur of the rock, and its military music, that seemed to descend from the clouds. I am equally near it here, but then it has a different appearance than when seen in front. I must now close this long letter; and, with love to Georgiana, believe me affectionately, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LVII.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 17th February, 1830.

My dear Friend,

I think it would be a pity that you should leave Meadowside now, when spring, with its early buds and snowdrops, is so near: from that time till the end of May there are so many beauties daily unfolding; and it is the last year in which you can see flowers bloom that are *your very own*.

Miss Bannerman's* departure was a blow much felt: her integrity and sound principle commanded my esteem, her intelligence amused, and her eloquence delighted me, and her little irritations never disturbed me but on her own account. Perhaps from east to west there were not two people who formed a greater con-

* See Letter to Mrs. Smith, dated 7th September, 1824.

trast than she and my worthy Mrs. Hall; yet they knew and esteemed each other, as genuine, sterling people always do. Miss B., with all her high intellectual powers, valued, indeed revered, the sterling worth and humble piety of her whose whole life was one continued exercise of patience, forbearance, and charity in its most extensive sense. Mrs. Hall, again, was no enlightened judge of mental qualities, yet had of such a generous admiration, far beyond the scope of ordinary minds, especially when accompanied, as in Miss Bannerman, with stern uprightness and religious principle.

I wish you would read at leisure, and with patient attention, the "Natural History of Enthusiasm." I have been delighted, and I hope benefited by it; but in case you should think my verdict insufficient, I can assure you that Dr. Chalmers very much approves of it. I would have you begin it like a Hebrew book—reading the end first; I mean the two last sections or chapters. I also recommend the perusal of it strongly to your daughter, who inherits much of her father's clear head and sound judgment.

Since the departure of the excellent companion of your life, for whom I really mourned bitterly, I have not, out of my own family, felt a blow like the death of my friend General Stewart of Garth, the late Governor of St. Lucia. Last July he wrote me a very long letter, with an account of his island, and his plans for improving it. In the "North Briton" of to-day you may read the annals of a brave, good man, whose memory is dear to me: whoever wrote this sketch is master of his subject, makes no blunders, nor

does by any means exaggerate. The real General Stewart was very different from the apparent one; no greater proof of the power of genuine worth and useful talents could exist than the universal respect paid to his virtues in this frivolous, Frenchified period,—when manner and appearance are everything,—and his commanding this universal esteem under the disadvantages of a very plain exterior and ungraceful utterance.

I must now conclude, without telling you of two most welcome guests, who have accidentally met here, from different countries, to pay me what I suppose they consider as a last visit. Of these I could say much; but at present can only say that I am much and truly yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LVIII.

TO MRS. HOOK, LEAMINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE.

Edinburgh, 1st March, 1830.

My dear Friend,

I should have answered your questions before I acknowledged the intended favour—for I really account it such—of sending me Mr. Forster's Vindication of the Christian Religion, and exposure of the errors of the Mahometan Faith.* What is said in this vindication, and what is quoted from others of the

* "Mahometanism Unveiled." By the Rev. C. B. Forster, B.D., Chaplain to the Bishop of Limerick. 2 vols.—(1829.)

most pious and learned individuals who have perused the work, has much excited my interest in it. I have gathered from a diligent perusal of an article in the Quarterly Review, a little further insight into the nature of the work.

Far from joining those fools who "rush in where angels fear to tread," I never had the desire to be wise beyond what is written. At the sametime, though I approached the Oracles of Truth with deep and habitual reverence, and with full conviction that the Charter of our salvation contained everything that was necessary for unlearned Christians, in this preparatory state, to know, I never doubted that those who believed what they understood, and revered what they did not, would have clearer light vouchsafed to them hereafter. Metaphysics were quite beyond me; the only book of the kind that I ever read was "Butler's Analogy;" that, indeed, I studied many years since with the greatest attention, and, I hope, not without profit. I was much urged, by an admirer of his style, to read Gibbon, the only infidel work I ever looked into. For real history the style appeared to me too brilliant and ornate; I did not get through one half of the first volume, feeling continual disgust and irritation at the sneering insinuations of an author "willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike," at the vitals of Christianity. I had always a very painful feeling of the pretence afforded to avowed infidels, and to many that were not so, but were mere triflers with truth, by the wide diffusion of palpable darkness over those extensive regions in Asia and part of Europe, where Islamism, and a far more debased system

of idolatry, appeared to mere human view so rooted, so inflexible. Often have I been tempted to cry—

“ When shall truth the veil remove,
When shall light the scene improve?”

And it grieved me to think what a pretext this deep dark cloud afforded to infidel writers and talkers, the great misleaders of youth, who held unlimited sway in Edinburgh when I came to reside here twenty years ago.

The first relief that my mind received from this painful feeling for injured truth was from Bishop Heber's Journal of his travels in India, which, with all its other attractions, affords abundant proof of the great work of Christianizing India having happily begun, and of the probability of its sure though slow progress hereafter. It appears, from his statement, that the proud Mahometans there, have their hearts more indurated against the truth than the gentler Hindoos; no doubt from a kind of spiritual pride in that kind of distorted Theism which they have borrowed and disfigured with their own fables. But in this work of Mr. Forster's I shall have pleasure in seeing what I have long wished—a successful attempt to “justify the ways of God to man.”

Why did you not tell me of your nephew Gilbert Mathison's Travels in South America? They are excellent, and make me know more than all I have heard and read of that country. Let me hear from you soon, my dear friend; and believe me, always, your affectionate

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LIX.

TO MISS MERCER, CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

Edinburgh, 17th March, 1830.

My dear Miss Mercer,

Age, Ossian says, is dark and unlovely. Not always, I hope; but I find one of its most unlovely results is the reluctance one feels to write even to those most loved and esteemed. I could scarcely believe that so kind and satisfactory a letter as your last should remain so long unanswered; but I may say with poor Leyden,—

“My soul is sad, for I have heard,
The steps of the departing year.”

Among others whom I little thought to outlive are General Stewart of Garth, my worthy and most primitive and original friend, Mrs. Hall, and Miss Bannerman, with all her true piety, strong attachments, pure and fervent eloquence, high talents, and unbending, often unwelcome sincerity. All of these have lately gone. The General I should most likely never have seen again; but of the other long attached and faithful friends I feel a daily want.

My spirit was much refreshed by Margaret Fletcher's marriage. Independent as she was both in mind and circumstances, I could never suppose her making a marriage in any one sense inferior. John Davy* I have known for many years; I saw him

* John Davy, Esq., M.D., brother to the late Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart.

often when he studied in Edinburgh. In saying that I think him worthy of her, I pay him the highest possible compliment.

Now, I am going to introduce to you a lady, a sort of Scoto-American, Miss Harriet Douglas, whom you must like and esteem ; though her manners are abundantly Transatlantic, yet a more candid, sincere, and pure-minded person does not exist ; she is really made of generosity and good nature, and artless as a child. She will interest you by telling you about us and Edinburgh ; and she will tell you better than I can, the tragical fate of her mother, who came over to see her last year, and died immediately on her arrival at Liverpool. The eldest daughter, who accompanied her, has decidedly consumptive symptoms, and has been ordered to Clifton. You are too deeply read in that chapter of calamity, and can tell Miss D. how her patient should be treated. You like to do good, and here you can do it essentially to the wealthy poor, this being a case which wealth cannot reach. My son's best regards attend you, and the sincere love of your affectionate

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LX.

TO MRS. HOOK, CLARENDON SQUARE, LEAMINGTON.

Edinburgh, 29th March, 1830.

My dear Friend,

I reproached myself much for being so long in answering your last letter, and thanking you for your

most acceptable present, I wished to peruse it hastily, to tell you what I thought of it ; but I can no longer write at night, and am oppressed with visitors in the morning. I have, however, a sad and urgent call upon all my sympathy in the loss of your kind, generous, and talented brother,* the dearest on earth to you, except your own children and Eliza. This must have been an unexpected blow ; yet the same powerful Arm which has supported you under the greatest of all possible calamities, will yet, I trust, be stretched forth to aid you under this new and deep affliction. One bereavement, indeed, prepares for another. We look forward with horror and anguish to the very possibility of events which appear to us altogether insupportable : they come ; we suffer much indeed ; but the Power that inflicts the wound strengthens us, first to endure, and then to submit. We thus have a dear-bought lesson of patience and humility : we find we must learn to live without those whom we thought it impossible to live without,—that we have still cares and duties remaining,—and that, by mourning to excess for the departed, we should injure the living, and destroy whatever portion of strength and capacity remained to us. Where our earthly props sink under us we are driven for refuge to a Friend of whom death cannot deprive us, whose compassions fail not, and whose tender mercies are above all his other works.

I know not how it is with you, but I am quite aware that I myself leaned too fondly on this world,

* The late Sir Robert Townshend Farquhar, Bart.

and was engrossed by cares and hopes and fears about my family, that really filled up all my mind, and took the place of what was infinitely more important to them and to me ;—I feel, in short, that all those severe chastisements were necessary to bring a wandering mind home to the great purpose for which we exist. We never have a deep and lasting impression of what our Saviour suffered for us till we drink of the wholesome, though bitter draught, allotted to us.

I hope this fine weather, and the sympathy you feel in each other's sorrow, will bring down our dear Eliza to you. Do let me know, as soon as you can, how you have been enabled to bear this heavy loss. Your brother's life was happy and honourable; he lived respected and beloved in the very sunshine of prosperity; and few have had so much enjoyment of life. He did not live to see the darkened evening of life clouded, as it often is, by sickness and sorrow. Tell me much of him, and of the nature of his last illness. I can no more. God bless and support you, prays your affectionate friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXI.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 22d May, 1830.

My dear Friend,

You speak of a long letter and two books: I have got one book and no letter.

I saw a lady the other day lately returned from

England, where she had seen Mrs. F., on her return from Paris. I was agreeably surprised to find that she was not so charmed with the Parisians as I thought she would be. The men appeared to her noisy and flippant, and, what is certainly very different from the old regime, negligent towards the women ; as for the young ladies, they have nothing for it but modesty and silence, and must, by no means, consider themselves as parts of the company.

The clerical culprits from the west country are here ; but it appears that if the General Assembly meddle with them at all, they will treat them tenderly. Dr. Johnson held an opinion (from which I should not incline to differ much) that such of the clergy as are deficient in morals, do less injury to religion than those who inculcate erroneous tenets, because the evil of the first terminates in themselves, and is even here punished by the contempt and abhorrence of mankind ; whereas a man that opens a new source of error, and is a zealot in proselytising others, has followers and admirers. I agree, too, with the majestic Moralist, that people think too highly of the erroneous opinions of well-meaning persons, because opinion is certainly the source of action. What I complain of now is, that in taste, morals, and I fear to say religion, there seems to be no fixed standard. There are now published so many new books, which every one must read and talk of, that the old sound divines and the English classics are neglected and forgotten. I can never persuade myself that the mind is not weakened by this wide and shallow diffusion.

I have just parted with one of the few remaining

friends of my early days. This is Mrs. Likely, a childless widow, older than myself, but still alive to everything that touches the heart and awakens the imagination; one who will die in due time, but will never grow old, or, by any means, worldly. She sets out to-morrow for Banff. You could hardly believe how sorry I am for her departure. She has worked a worsted scarf in the Grant tartan for me, as a parting gift. I am, dear friend, yours, affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXII.

TO MRS HOOK.

Edinburgh, 14th June, 1830.

My very dear Friend,

Do not think unkindly of me that I did not, as I ought and meant to do, write immediately on receipt of poor dear Georgiana's letter. The delicacy of your frame, the difficult task in which you had been engaged, and the interruption of your pursuits, aggravating physical suffering,—all hung heavy on my mind. Of my sympathy with your illness, you could not doubt for a moment; and you have, in a still more trying crisis, experienced how far beyond expectation God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. I therefore resolved, instead of mourning to you over an evil under which I found you were enabled to behave with admirable patience and equanimity, to use my best endeavours to amuse and occupy your mind. Sir Charles Forbes readily franks for me, and therefore I resolved,

as I could command (I mean cover) two sheets, that I would, as the king did to Johnny Armstrong, "write a large letter, and seal it with my hand;" which letter was to be critical, biographical, or playful, as the present time suggested,—anything, in short, that might amuse the languor of confinement. But my time has of late been crowded with events and changes fatal to leisure, and to the fulfilment of my intention; I have had friends from Northumberland and the Highlands, staying and going: the whole of my town friends have gone to the country, and paid their customary visits before their departure.

Perhaps I have not told you how I spend my day. It is, or rather they are, very monotonous, and I go out to visit very rarely; indeed I cannot afford it: sedan-chairs, my usual conveyance, would soon find their way to the bottom of my little charity purse. At this time of year, I wake as usual very early, and read something not too interesting till six or seven o'clock,—then slumber for an hour. I can redeem a little time for the best purpose, but am always dressed and at the breakfast-table by nine, to accommodate my son. We read the Bible only, before breakfast; afterwards I have a sacred half hour. Then I begin a letter, or write two or three pages in a manuscript, which I shall leave behind me.* Afterwards come dependants. Could you dream of my having dependants, who have been all my life standing on the edge of the gulph of poverty without falling in; and this not because I had much worldly prudence, but

* See note subjoined to Letter of 23d December, 1823.

because I made stern self-denial, and what Miss Edgeworth calls civil courage, serve me instead. Well, but my dependants want a letter to some one, or advice, or a governess's place ; and my protégés have turned out so well that I have constant applications for such persons. I will not lead you through this gallery of humble though often meritorious characters, but proceed to my visitors, premising that I receive them free from the embarrassment of household cares ; for my young relation, Mary Maccoll, who lives with me, takes all that weight off me *con amore*, being happy to aid me in return for my attention to a motherless family, and the care I have taken to cultivate a clear, strong understanding. Well then, many people come if the sun shines, because the day is good ; and if it does not, because particular persons wish to see me alone on various pretences, some of which would amuse you, if I had leisure to explain them : there are a very few who have no motive but pure good will. Among all interruptions I make shift to begin a long letter, or finish a short one, and to read a book. My son seldom comes from his office till past five ; and I spend in good days an hour in the garden, where my visitors join me in occupying a long seat. Then dinner at five, or a little past it ; which is followed by that period betwixt dinner and tea, when I can never apply to anything, and which would be drowsily wasted in languid half slumber if I had not taught Mary chess, of which, though no good player, I am very fond. Thus I prevent the sleep that would prevent my scanty share of rest at night. Tea is my only nectar, and never fails to refresh and invigorate me.

In the evening I knit, and Mary reads to me, and perhaps I read to her by turns, for the sake of commenting. While my son goes to his office, two or three people sometimes drink tea and coffee with me. This is a sketch of the routine of our quiet life.

The two books which have most contributed to interest me of late are Bishop Heber's *Indian Journal*, and the *Life of Sir Thomas Munro*. The latter I knew personally; his sister, Mrs. Erskine, brought him to see me. He was by no means a drawing-room gentleman; but then he was something better. I knew Sir Thomas much better in his letters: very charming they were, and now form the gems of this publication. I had read, along with his sister, a series of them for thirty years. I do not think she showed them to above two or three persons besides out of her own family; not that she preferred me to many others, but that she thought no one else so thoroughly understood or appreciated them. I was pleased with the manly simplicity and purity of the style, and its occasional playfulness, and gratified by the views which the letters opened of the interior of India, such only as a gifted mind, communicating with another of the highest class, could afford. I would have a myrtle and a palm planted by the grave of the Bishop, and overshadow that of the Governor with an oak and a laurel. I rejoice in seeing all his relatives brightening in his fame. There is a new edition publishing, which I hope will contain more of his incomparable letters.

I must break off. Let Georgiana tell me how your convalescence proceeds: I grieve you should so much

resemble me in suffering ; and must only add that I am, with truth and affection, yours ever,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXIII.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 19th August, 1830.

My dear Friend,

I do not like to write a short letter, being, like other old women, addicted to prosing, and very willing, like Dogberry, to bestow all my tediousness on my friends. To-day, however, I am much restricted, having been worn out with a succession of morning visitors.

Hurried as I am, I must tell you what happened to me yesterday. You must know I was induced to go, with Rosa Ilderton and Mary, to a public place. We had two or three more with us ; and enjoyed it much, though, from first to last, there might have been four hundred people there at least. That you may not be alarmed for my matronal decorum, I must tell that this was a show of fruits and flowers, exhibited by the gardeners in the Hopetoun Rooms. Ample and splendidly furnished, these rooms are the admiration of all strangers ; and gay and beautiful they looked, with a vast profusion of flowers disposed in the most fanciful forms imaginable ;—it was, on the whole, a happy combination of artificial splendour and natural beauty. I had no bonnet, but a very respectable cap ; and, as I walked in from my sedan-chair, I was surprised to see another lady with exactly such

crutches, and precisely such a shawl as my own. I looked with much interest at my fellow-cripple, which interest she seemed to reciprocate. She took her place in another room, equally large and splendid, and as gaily decorated as the one in which I was placed, but so open that I had a full view of it, and of her sitting a little behind me, with the very fellow-shawl to mine. Amidst all the flush of bloom before me, I often withdrew my attention to regard this withered flower with still-increasing interest; the more so, as that every time I turned to look, her eyes met mine, and at length, I thought, with a known and familiar expression; till, at last, I remarked it to those around me, and that I thought she would like to be introduced to me when the show was over. I thought, too, I had seen her somewhere; her figure was as ample as my own: but I comforted myself that I had a better face, hers being almost ugly. I rose at length, and so did she,—but I saw her no more.

Think of my mortification at having the laugh of the whole house against me on coming home. There was no such room, and no such lady; large folding doors of looking-glass gave back the room as if it had been another, and the reflection of my own figure had deceived me. When I had been talking of this other lady, they imagined it all playfulness, and never thought of the deception. This could scarcely have happened had I been familiar, like other people, with my own countenance; but I have actually not looked in a mirror for more than two years at least.

You are really the grandest of grandmothers. How people can spare love enough for such a wide distri-

bution puzzles me : it is really virtuous in me neither to envy you your wide-spreading progeny, nor those youthful looks of which every one tells me.

Pray do enforce my last request to your son William. It is only about a fine young man, well brought up and well disposed, who merely wants

“ A brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil.”

Now with regard to going westward, I am more unwieldy and awkward in my motions, more nervous and timorous than when I saw you last, and less inclined to exhibit my infirmities : however, see you once more I must ; but more of this hereafter. I am, my dear old friend, very much yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXIV.

TO MISS HARRIET DOUGLAS, PLACE VENDOME, PARIS.


Brae House, 1st September, 1831.

My dear Harriet,

The cherishing of kindly affections for those whom I knew in friendship and good intentions to be genuine, has ever been to me a cordial,—a source of consolation in my darkest hours. Those ties which the heart makes I never allow to be broken, even where my judgment does not entirely coincide with my affection. Sincerity and rectitude of intention,—what may be called moral worth,—is all I look for ; for if we examine with even somewhat less than Christian humility, we shall be aware of so many defects, that we

shall be very indulgent to those of our fellow-creatures in whom we find the better qualities of our nature to preponderate. All this relates not to you. As you well know, I am on no ceremony in telling you my mind in what relates to your opinions or actions. I wish you knew the comfort I derive from this kindly indulgence and constancy of attachment.

I had much in my head to write to you from Stirlingshire, where I passed some weeks this autumn ; but having, it seems, too good an opinion of your taste, it never occurred to me that you would be panting in Paris, while Switzerland, with all its pure streams and glorious mountains, was open to receive you ; and so I made myself believe you were uncivil in not telling me where to direct to you. I had been very solitary for some days after my return here ; people were out of town, the weather was bad, and the important tidings of my return had not spread abroad. This forenoon more people came than I expected,—the room filled apace, and a Mr. Douglas was announced. Guess my surprise when I found this was the individual “brother William” whom I supposed busied, with his usual good nature, helping you up some Alpine acclivity. I was very glad to see him, and he was very frank, and gave a very satisfactory account of you all. I was the more reconciled to your stay in Paris, as he assures me that your sister wishes to remain there, and it has hitherto agreed with her. Yet how you did without your brother William, or how he existed without you, I cannot well imagine ; he stays in town to-day to wait for a Parisian letter which he expects. Why should



I tell you of his plans, when he will so soon inform you. I conceive you to have lived of late in a Transatlantic coterie, which would be one of the attractions that confine you to Paris.

I must tell you of the F * * * * s, in whom, I know, you are interested. In the first place, a good grand-aunt left a small estate to Angus; he was about to set out for Italy to improve his talent for sculpture, when a melancholy change in the family has made him very properly give up the plan. His brother, Miles, whom I think you did not know, died suddenly last week. He was very handsome, extremely agreeable, with a constant flow of good humour, and so much of youth in his joyous and animated countenance, as would have made you wonder how so much life could die. But all this happy flow of good looks and good spirits has been fading away, from the influence of disease, for nearly two years past. Yet hope lingered on; he really seemed better when he was suddenly taken off. His mother and Mary hurried down, but did not arrive in time to see him. His widow, a niece of the Duke of Argyll, is a person of much sense and feeling, and, though in general reserved, has that deeply concentrated affection which belongs to strong and thinking minds. I can believe her truly inconsolable; she lived for him, and devoted every hour and every thought to him. I know, too, how this anxious watching over what we are in dread to lose, endears the sufferer. Twice within a few weeks, lately, she was forced to leave the object of all this watchful tenderness; once to attend the death-bed of her brother, and since that of her mother. Death-beds have become

familiar to her. It is a great comfort to know that she has a deep sense of religion. I never was so sorry for one of whom I knew so little by personal acquaintance. Dear Harriet! do not let the deceitful world blind you to your true happiness! When diminished health or exhausted spirits throw all the transitory splendours of life into deep and solemn shade, you will find how unavailable all our pursuits are, which do not terminate in aspirations after a state of permanent felicity. Think and read what may lead your mind beyond this theatre of life where the curtain falls so suddenly. With kind remembrances to your brother and sister, I am, very truly, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXV.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 13th November, 1830.

My dear Friend,

I have had a kind of inkphobia for a fortnight past or more, for which I am angry at myself, thinking it a very heartless thing. I made myself believe it was quite necessary that I should finish a set of wine-rubbers this year, and entered so much into the petty spirit of this trivial industry, that I made it a pretext for leaving valuable letters from estimable friends unanswered. Now a letter is all the expression of gratitude I have to give to those to whom I owe much in various ways; and I begin to reproach myself for neglecting to give my little all where I ought.

One very long and very well-meant letter I can never answer, for I shall never know whence it came ; it consisted of eight closely-written pages. The purport was, to suggest that I lived too much in and for the world, and to offer wholesome advice with regard to my spiritual concerns. Conscience, that makes cowards of us all, told me, in a loud whisper, that all this was very right, and I was very wrong, forbidding me, at the sametime to criticise my unseen monitress, who, I believe, is no other than the authoress of the little volume which I send you as a curiosity. Robert Miller, the bookseller, told me this last was written by a lady whose name he was forbid to tell, looking at the sametime very willing to be urged to disclose it : I told him he was very right to keep the secret.

The said Miller amused me the other day with an account of an interview he had with the clerical retinue of the ex-royal family of France. He had formerly known the king's Confessor here, but had not a distinct notion of his added dignities, further than that he was Archbishop of Rheims. He called at Holyrood, and found a whole conclave of the priesthood. The prelate, after the kindest possible welcome, presented him to the Duke d'Angoulême's confessor, then to the Duchess's, then to the guardian of the Duchess of Berri's conscience. The Archbishop was seated, and the rest, with due humility, stood in his presence till he bid them be seated. Miller watched their mode of expression, to modulate his own by it. One asked if his Eminence wished for more air ; upon which Miller asked if his Eminence had walked out much since his arrival. He is, it seems, a cardinal—the

first of those princes of the church who has been in Scotland since the memorable days of Cardinal Beaton. It is now rumoured that the Ex-Dey of Algiers is coming to Edinburgh: if so, he may address the ex-king in a manner that I thought still more applicable to Bonaparte's arrival among the shadowy sovereigns of ancient days:—"All they shall speak and say, Art thou also become weak as we—art thou become like one of us?" What a solemn and awful passage this is, in the fourteenth of Isaiah!—One grows dizzy in looking at this whirl of alteration.

My passion is to see the Duchess of Angoulême. I have for many years cherished a mournful admiration of that long enduring heroine of calamity. I revere her piety, and honour her deep and undisguised filial affection. The Whigs here, taking up the tone of the French, whom they delight to glorify, say that she has an unpleasant expression of countenance,—quite a scowl. I tell them she rises in my estimation by not concealing that virtuous indignation, the impression of which on her firm and noble mind must be indelible.

I have been reading in successive Quarterly Reviews, first, a Polynesian article of a very comfortable description, which I recommend to your perusal; then a discussion—I cannot call it a criticism—on "Butler's Analogy," which pleased, and, I hope, instructed me. Next, I lighted on a prize, of which, till very lately, I did not know the existence; indeed, it is not long since these letters from Mrs. Carter to Mrs. Montagu were published; they carry on, unintentionally, a series of autobiography most instructive and delightful. Mrs.

Carter truly exemplified the maxim, that to be good is to be happy. Happy she certainly was beyond the race of women ; she had several attached brothers and sisters, whose characters and understandings were of the superior class, and who found in her the sagest of councillors and warmest of friends ; while their worldly interests were, in many instances, advanced by the influence which the extent of her acquirements and talents, and the excellence of her character, had among many powerful and distinguished friends. It was not the least of her high privileges that she appears, through life, to have been moving in an atmosphere of worth, elegance, and piety. Miss Fanshawe says, in one of her letters to me, written soon after the death of this venerated person, that she appears to her to have been half an angel and half a sage ; differing from most of her sex, in having laid down a plan in the outset of life to which she adhered steadily to the end ; writing Greek in the face of the world without compunction, never losing a friend, and never making an enemy.

In the course of reading which is thus opened to you, you meet with much to confute a vulgar error, of which malignity and envy are the parents,—that of supposing that people are idle, useless, and vicious, in proportion as birth, wealth, and education give them advantages over others. Where there is not a deep foundation of principle, there is no doubt that the snares of the world lie thicker in their path than in that of persons in humbler life ; but supposing these restraints to exist, such characters have more extensive powers of doing good in every sense, while the

good taste and elegance, which add grace to their manners and sentiments, impress upon the young mind the beauty of holiness, through that medium of refinement which early culture renders so attractive. We hear much of the vices of the great; and right it is that they should be peculiarly stigmatized, as implying the abuse of so many advantages. Of the virtues of individuals in that rank of life we hear much less; virtue and piety being, in their very nature, quiet and unobtrusive.

Were I to live as long as my sister-in-law, Mrs. Stuart, I might go by the railroad to breakfast with you, and return here to dinner. This respectable antiquity departed last week, after a life prolonged to a hundred years and seven months: she paid very dearly the penalty of longevity, having suffered constant pain for five years; but I hope she has not suffered in vain. Pray that my storm-beat vessel may attain, even before the curtain falls, the harbour of peace. Yours, most affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXVI.

TO MRS. HOOK, CLARENDON SQUARE, LEAMINGTON.

Edinburgh, 27th November, 1830.

My dear Friend,

With all its increasing infirmities, and even with the accumulated sorrows of my peculiar lot, I do not find age so dark and unlovely as the Celtic bard seems to consider it. However imperfectly my

labour has been performed, we may consider it nearly concluded; and even though my cup of sorrow has been brimful, the bitter ingredient of shame has not mingled with it. On all those who were near and dear to me I can look back with approbation, and may tenderly cherish unspotted memories, fond recollections, and the hopes that terminate not here. I feel myself, certainly not landed, but in a harbour from whence I am not likely to be blown out by new tempests. I am most thankful for having thus far preserved to me the use of my faculties; my ever-waking imagination will, I hope, prevent the tranquillity that has succeeded a stormy life from sinking into apathy,—the worst symptom of growing indolence. I feel a greater reluctance than formerly to write, which I regret, because I always find myself the better of what warms my heart, and calls forth some degree of mental energy, as I only write to friends whom I love, or to some to whom I hope my writing may be, in some way, serviceable.

I began this letter three days ago, and meant to go leisurely on, and make you acquainted with the friends, the books, the objects of various kinds that occupy me, saying with Madame Maintenon, “We shall see a pretty old age, if old age can be pretty.”

My deep sympathy with the forlorn royalties at Holyrood,* as far as they are concerned, has quite effaced my anti-Gallican prejudices, which I own to be very strong. In the great volume of Whig incon-

* Holyrood Palace, near Edinburgh, had become the residence of Charles X. and the French Royal Family, after the Revolution of 1830.

sistencies, one of the most extraordinary chapters is that which relates to the Roman Catholic religion, which is, in their view, a very good thing in Ireland; where it has ever been the parent of disasters, massacres, and hatred; and an excellent thing in England, where the light of the Reformation shines on the eyes that are wilfully shut against it. Yet in France, where it is the national religion, and where millions have never heard of any other, it is odious, despicable, and most abhorrent to reason and philosophy, especially as it is professed by Charles X., and the pure-minded and long suffering Dauphiness,* whose piety I revere, and whose dignified conduct I greatly admire: in short, I love her for all those qualities for which the French disliked and calumniated her. I should have despised her if she could have smiled on the murderers of her parents, or degraded herself by any association with the females, equivocal at best, that shared their guilty fortunes. How could she, with a mind of firmness and a heart of feeling, be gay, or even cheerful, in that glittering Pandemonium,—for such Paris must appear to her? In her agonised mind the light of youthful cheerfulness was early extinguished to revive no more: a character of such depth and strength was incomprehensible to a light and frivolous people. With all his faults, and with all his hatred to her family, the clear-headed Usurper knew better than any of his subjects the power and extent of her character, when he said she was the only man of her family. I think Pope's fine address to Lord Oxford

* The Duchess of Angoulême.

in the Tower might apply to the Duchess, merely varying the name:—

“ Even I,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fear to tell that *Angoulême* is she.”

I often receive game from my old friends in the Highlands, but last week three of the most beautiful snow-white ptarmigans came; they had already thrown off their summer dress, and were milk-white, with the exception of rich scarlet eyebrows. I could not think of eating the beauties myself, and immediately destined them for the Duchess, lodging them in a slight little basket, and sending them with a Highland porter, with orders merely to hand them in to the servant and come away; which was done. Here, to the best of my memory, is the accompanying note:—
“ Mrs. Grant, who has ever regarded the Duchess of Angoulême with the deepest respect and admiration, hopes that Her Royal Highness will do her the honour to accept a few mountain birds, which are here accounted rare; and that she may be excused for the humble expression of a sentiment deep felt, and long cherished.” I received a polite acknowledgment next day. These royalties walk about the streets, and lounge in a certain bookseller's shop. This person is a favourite, the king having known him thirty years since, when he was at Holyrood. I hear a great deal about them, and all I hear is in their favour.

I am very diligent in the perusal of your friend the Bishop of Limerick's admirable book. I began in the middle, finding much attraction in the deep humility and saint-like purity of Howe. I am now reading

Scougall, and feel inclined to say with Milton, "That strain I heard was of a higher mood." Cudworth, which concludes the collection, I have not begun. I think these republications are a due tribute to memories that cannot perish, and tend to perpetuate the benefit which the last generation derived from these witnesses to divine truth. I have not proceeded very far yet, but have met with nothing on the most momentous of subjects more clear, forcible, and impressive. I must conclude in a hurry, with my love to Georgiana, and all grateful reverence to the worthy prelate to whom I am so much obliged. Adieu, dear friend : I am, hastily, but very truly, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXVII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 17th December, 1830.

My dear Friend,

I have been longer in writing to you than I intended; but my time has been engrossed and my spirits depressed by the most painful of occupations—writing letters of condolence, such as they are, to real mourners, and of advice to some that greatly need it.

There is a great outcry against the Duke of Wellington for declaring there should be no reform of Parliament during his ministry. No wonder; there is something so fallacious in all the proceedings of the opposite party, as his bitter experience may testify in

the Irish affair, where, under pretence of religious equality, they only grasped at political power. This, no doubt, the Duke understood; but on the principle of removing a long-lasting bone of contention, which afforded a pretext of disturbance to turbulent spirits, he granted the fatal boon. To him it proved the envenomed robe of Alcides, poisoning his peace and withering his laurels. He foresaw that granting reform to tumult and clamour would have the same effect: like Hardyknute,—

“*Stoutly* stept he east the wa’,
And *stoutly* stept he west;
Full sixty years he now had seen,
Wi’ scarce seven years of rest.”

And stoutly he stood up in Parliament to declare that he would not promise what he could not possibly perform. The present Whig ministers, to use a Scotch phrase, will find their sin in their punishment. Thirty long years, much more indeed, have they encouraged their agents and followers to inflame the minds of the lower classes with discontent; the flame they have taken such pains to kindle has now broken out, and it will be their business—no easy or pleasant one—to extinguish it. And now, when on this eminence, far above the stagnant atmosphere of their old associates, they breathe the “pure and serene air” of which Milton speaks, they will see their duty clearly, and discover that their own safety, as well as that of the country, depends on their undoing all they have done, and, in short, doing everything which they blamed in others. They have little to fear from the Tories, who stand safely on the shore seeing them struggle in the

tempest, not knowing to which of the saints they will turn. It is their own followers and admirers, disappointed and irritated as they must soon be, that they have to dread : they will be like Actæon—pursued, and finally destroyed by his hounds. I find myself first growing political and then classical, —in short, going far out of the way. Truth is, except to my own family, my lips have been hermetically sealed since these overturns began.

Your right reverend friend's gift has been a perfect treasure to me ; but that pleasure has been suspended for a week past by a new source of enjoyment—the perusal of Bishop Sandford's lately published life.* This truly humble man had no self ; he lived in a purer element : I greatly wish your prelate† saw this beautiful relic of a real saint. It was at the house of Lady Apreece, the mother-in-law of your friend Lady Davy, that I first met Bishop Sandford, one of the most truly spiritual-minded persons I have ever known. He was withal a finished gentleman, both in manners and feelings, and an elegant and, I believe, as far as languages go, a profound scholar, quite in the Oxford manner ; for there he spent his happiest years. His disposition was ever happy ; but in his later years it required all the support of lively faith, and the tender care of an affectionate family, to drag him through “ that long disease, his life,” which one might almost say was prolonged by miracle. We took much to each other, often met, and continued to visit till his increased home avocations and my family distress put

* Bishop of Edinburgh, in the Episcopal Church of Scotland.

† The late Dr. Jebb, Bishop of Limerick, then residing at Leamington.

such visits nearly, though not entirely, at an end. I always held the Bishop high : he was no great talker, yet by the aid of delicacy and good taste had the happiest manner I have ever met with of leading conversation to serious subjects, with an ease and grace peculiar to himself.

I am interrupted, and must send this off immediately without waiting to say anything of the Bishop of Limerick's most gratifying letter, except that it has arrived, and that I shall duly attend to it. How fortunate that such a blessing should reach me when most needed. I remain, dear friend, affectionately yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXVIII.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, New-Year's-Day, 1831.

Once more, my dear friend, I address to you my affectionate wishes with the opening year for a continuance of the many blessings that surround you,—blessings so meekly borne and so kindly shared that it can scarcely be considered as presumption to regard them as a prelude to more complete and permanent felicity. This annual *revet* to the long strong bonds of amity by which we have been connected had always something of more than common interest ; but when we both draw near the closing scene of our lengthened pilgrimage it assumes an additional importance, before

which the common interests of this present existence sink into insignificance. The awful futurity before us can never be long absent from our thoughts. Pray for me often and earnestly ; my faith is weak and wavering. Tell my dear Mrs. Brown that my letters to you are all to be shared with her, and that from a warm and grateful heart I send her all the benisons of the season. With many such to you and yours, I am, yours, most affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXIX.

TO DR. FRANCIS BOOTT, GOWER STREET, LONDON.

Brae House, Edinburgh,
21st February, 1831.

My dear Sir,

I should have sooner acknowledged the pleasure which your letter afforded me, but my eyes were weakened to that degree that I was obliged to give up writing, with the exception of brief scraps to acknowledge epistolary kindness ; but I cannot send a brief scrap to you, especially as I well know your friendship to be an evergreen. With an increasing family here, and so many relations in America, I am well aware of the calls that both the old world and the new must have upon a mind that vibrates, like yours, to every touch that calls forth sympathy. This is very unfit in this unsentimental age of calculation ; but the night draweth near when no man can work ; and for the short time that remains I shall cherish

those feelings and attachments, which have borne me over the evils of life, and still flourish on the graves of the lovely and beloved. In some nervous heavy hours of indisposition I feel as if I had survived everybody and everything worth living for, and were nearly alone in a changed world, where my remaining friends are, by absence and distance, dead to me. But when the sun breaks out, and even now, when the snowdrop and hepatica appear, and my unwearied son, whose virtuous and domestic habits are my greatest earthly consolation, returns, I feel amused and renovated. Of the graves in view from my windows,* I say with Young,—

“Are angels there? slumbers, rak'd up in dust,
Celestial fire?”

I presume you can add the rest from memory.

* * * * *

Now, having abundantly saddened myself and you, I will throw a parting sunbeam, “with farewell sweet,” over my conclusion, remembering your affectionate admiration of poor James Gray and his “Sabbath in the Highlands.” What a history was his! What a dupe, what a slave he was to his own imagination, and to the designs of others: nobody ever joined so much integrity with so much imprudence. Pope’s life was a long disease; Gray’s a long blunder. Providence particularly watches over people unqualified to take care of themselves: in Gray’s case, “though the coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home.” His

* Four of Mrs. Grant’s daughters, Mary, Isabella, Anne, and Moore, were interred in the West Church burying-ground, opposite to Brae House.

affairs were sinking into perfect ruin, and nothing left to him but a good black coat, and orders in the English Church, which an Irish bishop, captivated with his learning, had bestowed. Well ; he carried his black coat, his orders, his energy and simplicity, to England, not omitting his Greek and enthusiasm, and went straightforward, unIntroduced, to an Indian director, on whom may my benediction rest. This discerning worthy immediately appointed him a chaplain in Bombay, with a thousand a-year, and he was sent up the country to a dismal sandy waste, where his wife soon died. Even there he was appreciated : one of the native princes had committed a crime which our people did not feel competent to punish with death, but they deposed him and confined him to his palace. His son, then eleven years old, is to be designed and educated as his successor ; and Gray is appointed tutor and guardian to this princely family. He is in a perfect flame of devout enthusiasm, and thinks he shall convert the whole district : perhaps he may ; but, in the meantime, I see him mentioned with high veneration in Mrs. Elwood's Travels in Cutch.*

Give my love to your two dear Marys. I am glad to hear of you all, but I never doubt your affection when I do not. Why should I, who have a clear title to it ? And you must just love on for the little time that remains to your faithful friend,

ANNE GRANT.

* Mr. Gray, who had formerly been one of the Masters of the High School, Edinburgh, died not long afterwards, in India.

LETTER LXX.

TO MRS. BROWN.

Edinburgh, 12th April, 1831.

My dear old Friend,

You are so happy and so busy at home, and moreover making such good use, in a higher sense, of the remaining sands in your ebbing glass, that it is a bold request to ask even a short relinquishment of such pleasing duties, to visit one that has so few attractions to hold out. But knowing so well as you do the bereaved state and infirmities of one whom you have loved so long—so well, will, I am sure, be an inducement to you to come. One like me, to whom habit and necessity have made the acting of a part familiar, finds abundance of time to struggle with sad recollections, without oppressing one's friends with them. You will see me, as you have ever done,—thankful for the solitary blessing that remains, for tolerable health, and for the power of entering into the enjoyments of others. This letter is a *mark of respect*; one of friendship is unnecessary, all my letters to your sister, who heard from me lately, being equally meant for your perusal, when leisure serves. As ordinary people say of their dinners—I wish they were better for your sake. Adieu, dear friend, with kind regards to your numerous progeny, I remain yours, very truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXI.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Brae House, Edinburgh,
5th May, 1831.

My dear Friend,

Though I know not when or how this letter will reach you, I must, in the meantime, relieve my own mind by answering your welcome and emphatic scrap, and thanking you for the enclosure. I could not have supposed that at my own eleventh hour, any public event could have taken such entire possession of my mind. The King, by this dissolution, has opened a door to faction and sedition, such as brought "the grey discrowned head" of a higher and purer character to the block. The attacks on the altar are sure forerunners of those on the throne ; and, what betwixt sectaries, Catholics, and the enemies of all religion, there is a formidable band of enemies at present in array. Unless the aristocracy erect, as they ought to do for their own sakes, a bulwark against the evil spirit that has gone forth among the lower classes, our mad imitation of the French will be complete.

I am just reviving from a most oppressive cold. I had begun this letter a fortnight since, but the indolence of age, aided by severe indisposition, stopped my career ; and besides, I thought it was right to wait till my faithful Sir Charles Forbes, ever true to Church and King, should be re-elected. I wish I could bring you here by some magical power, were it but for an

hour : I am sure you would like my house, with its large shadowing trees and wealth of spring-flowers in front ; the close vicinity of the castle, frowning down on the beautiful and graceful chapel of St. John's ; and the rich show of blossoms in my sloping garden at the west end of the house. This residence of mine is like a rural oasis, which some propitious dryad seems to have protected, with all its shade and verdure, from the encroachments of the mere mortal dwellings of stone and mortar which surround it.

A lady has lately made me a present of a finely-bound copy of Moore's *Life of Lord Byron*, with which I have been by turns amused, disgusted, and delighted. What sound sense, what a sparkle of wit, with what detestable profligacy, and what lamentable misery of mind—despising the world, yet living on its breath. Moore's morality, all along, seems somewhat lax ; and he evidently encouraged, if he did not create, the hatred to authority, and the democratic spirit which added bitterness to all his noble friend's other mortifications. I see no person, however naturally amiable, tainted with this evil spirit without growing generally discontented and disagreeable. I, however, find hope where others find fear : the shameless outrages of the mob will, I think, create a salutary alarm among the middle classes. I know some already who yield to the conviction that nothing can equal the horrors of mob government. There will, I suppose, be a great struggle ; and if the aristocracy desert themselves, they deserve the worst that can happen to them. Pray let me hear something of dear Eliza, of Lady Charlotte, and of Lady D. I condole with you on

the loss of your pleasant neighbours, but hope they will return with robin-redbreast. Adieu, dear friend : yours, with cordial affection,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXII.

TO MISS MERCER, CLIFTON.

Edinburgh, 31st October, 1831.

My dear Miss Mercer,

Age will at length assert its power, however we may resist it. My eyes and my memory are by no means what they were, but my heart is neither shrunk into littleness, nor chilled into selfishness : while I can love, and be beloved by a chosen few, and have the bread that never failed me, and some small portion of that peace which passeth understanding, I shall not, with all my bereavements, murmur or think myself forsaken because the loved and lamented are happier than I could make them.

I have indeed been much longer than I could wish in answering a letter from you, which I received with much pleasure. In the course of last summer a most severe influenza was very prevalent here ; it attacked me with great violence, attended with such a degree of fever, that my recovery was thought very doubtful. I am thankful to say, however, that I did recover rapidly and completely. The doctor prescribed change of air and the country : I thought the air of my own house very pure, and my own garden very rural, and had little wish to quit either. My son, however,

decided for me. He had, in visiting a friend near Stirling, discovered a most desirable place of abode, which, under the musical name of Blawlowan,* possessed many advantages of comfort, convenience, and desirable neighbours, and such a combination of the grander and softer features of ever-lovely nature in the mountain, with waving woods and sheltering rocks that rose behind, defending our abode from every rugged blast, and the fresh verdure of the literally flowery meadows before the house. I cannot convey, in words, the least idea of the quiet and sheltered beauty of the scenery where we dwelt. We had very pleasant lodgings for ourselves and a servant: ourselves includes a young cousin, who lives with me, and my son. We had also a guest's room most agreeably filled for the five or six weeks that we remained there. I do not know that I have for years past enjoyed anything so much as the serenity, soft air, and constant sunshine that prevailed all the time we were absent: of mere weather, Italy could show nothing finer. The Airthrie springs, which are powerful, and begin to be much frequented, were within a mile of us; and the villages, thickly planted in that rich and beautiful district, have such an air of peace and plenty, besides perfect neatness, and an embellishment of plants and flowers, as you would delight in as much as I did.

I wish I could give you as comfortable an account of all our mutual friends as I have done of my own rejuvenescence. Mrs. C.'s health is much broken up,

* The situation of Blawlowan is particularly sheltered, and the air remarkably soft and mild, qualities implied in its name.

and her cheerful spirits lowered by many vexations, as well as by the successive loss of two sisters. Her young relation proves to be a conceited youth, anxious for distinction, and full of spiritual vanity : it would tire you to hear of his absurdities. What I still more regret is, that Mrs. L. has embraced that absurd system of belief in modern miracles and prophecies. This really looks like midsummer madness ; but one of its worst results is, that it loosens the ties of affection and even of kindred. Those who are once enlisted among these fanatics give their whole hearts to them and them only ; and to this infatuation every social affection is sacrificed, and gives way to an indifference to all that was formerly most dear. A folio sheet would not hold half the absurdities and follies one hears and sees arising from this morbid passion for novelty and for superiority to their fellow-Christians.*

Of Mrs. F. you wish to hear ; she is still confined by her dutiful attentions to an aunt of ninety, to whom she owes a great debt of gratitude. She came down to Scotland to see her son, but did not find him alive. Mrs. M. F. has conducted herself admirably during his long illness of three years : never was wife more attached. Death has been to her frequent and familiar as to me ; within a short period she attended the death-bed of her brother, of her mother, and of her husband ! I am, dear Miss Mercer, with sincere attachment, always yours,

ANNE GRANT.

* Alluding to what was termed the Row-heresy, then prevalent in the west of Scotland.

LETTER LXXIII.

TO MRS. BROWN.

Edinburgh, 18th December, 1831.

I have read your letter, my dear old friend, with deep and tender feelings, and cannot for a moment delay telling you how precious I esteem it, knowing how much it must have cost you to write it in your present state of health.* Your letter brought back an overpowering rush of recollections of your unwearied kindness to me at times when I appeared so little worthy of it, by, what might be supposed, my alienation, when the world, my snare and my support, called forth all the faculties that should have been otherwise directed. Yet their Heavenly Father saw fit to chasten me by taking into his own care those for whom I watched through sleepless nights, and thought and acted through restless days. But it is all mercy.

I am comforted to hear that you are cheerful and active, as far as possible, under your circumstances. This is duty: existence supported by views like yours is a blessing. We have a long eternity before us, and there is a great likelihood that we shall see our friends, and be known as we were known, in a future state. But precious to our friends is the time we remain with them; and, at the price of some protracted suffering, we should patiently wait the period of parting

* Mrs. Brown was at this time suffering from a lingering illness, to which she and her friends anticipated a fatal termination, which was realized by her death not long afterwards.

with them. Your excellent mother did not sit still, in her last days, inviting languor to take possession of the enfeebled frame : she well understood that different minds require different aliments ; and occupied part of her last days in looking over some passages of history that had given her pleasure formerly,—one of the enjoyments suited to her enlarged masculine powers. But though well aware that the end of time was approaching to her, that was not with her the time of hurried preparation : her lamp had been long since supplied with “odorous oil ;” her views were clear and strong :—

“Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new.”

Often have I sheltered my own perhaps inordinate love of knowledge, behind this recollection of your sainted mother. I am deeply sensible, my dear friend, that your essential and unwearied friendship for me did not stop on this side the grave ; that you were anxiously waiting for the time when God would be gracious to me ; and that no human being had so deep an interest in my eternal welfare. Of all this I have felt, and still more feel, the incalculable value.

I am glad to hear you walk out. I will write what I have to say further to your sister ; and can only say now,—

“Wilt thou, when parting, cast a shred
Of thy rich mantle o’er my head?”

Farewell for the present : you are never out of my mind ; and if your sister says I have not tired you, I will write to you soon again. Yours, most gratefully,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXIV.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 26th January, 1832.

My dear Friend,

The only thing I have to tell you that can give you any pleasure is, that this old elastic frame of mine, which always rises from a crush like trodden camomile, is perfectly restored to all its functions.* God has ever dealt mercifully with me, and in no instance more so than in enabling me to submit without murmuring to all his dispensations, even when my heart-strings were torn in a manner to which all mere bodily suffering sinks in comparison.

“To hope the best is pious, brave, and wise,
And may itself procure what it presumes.”

I always hoped against hope, till the extinguisher of all mere earthly hope laid his cold hand upon me and forbid me to cherish delusion any longer.

Have I not filled half a page about myself, and this while we are standing on an isthmus between the cholera and the unblest Reform Bill. This last I consider as the greatest evil of the two. I was always angry at Jeffrey's politics; yet I know so much good of his private character, that I am sorry for his own sake to see him launching forth firebrands and arrows, and saying, “Am I not in sport?”† He is no money-

* Alluding to a late fall on the floor of her own room.

† Mr. Jeffrey was at this time Lord Advocate for Scotland, and had a seat in Parliament, as member for a Scotch burgh.

lover, and is kind-hearted, and a most generous relation ; and, moreover, his talents, though in some respects misapplied, help to keep up our national credit for genius. Of late so many of our stars have set, none others rising to supply their place, that the sky seems darkened. Some of those, however, shed a malign light while they lasted : but one remains, of unequalled brightness, shedding sweet influence,

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

I am glad, indeed, to hear of your dear Walter's gracious state of mind ; and trust that the leisure and tranquillity in which he must now find it his duty to indulge, and the serenity indicated by your account of his mind, will, in God's good time, produce an improvement in his general health. Give my love to him, and say I think of him very often. I sincerely sympathize with you in the privation you are about to sustain in the departure of neighbours so justly admired and revered as the Bishop of Limerick and Mr. Forster. Yours has been an enviable privilege : cultivated intellect, kindness, and perfect sincerity afford of themselves such a mental feast, so much food for the understanding and the heart, that there is nothing of entertainment comparable to it. But "that strain you heard was of a higher mood." How will you be able to endure chit-chat, or tolerate prosing, after this ? You will be like Madame de Sevigné, delighted when your every-day guests leave you. I should, in my ordinary state of mind, have deemed it presumption to make even you the medium of my gratitude and good wishes ; but my modesty has melted

away before encouragement. Say, therefore, for me whatever you think will best express the respect and veneration I feel for your excellent Bishop, not omitting his friend. Dr. Morehead, of St. Paul's Chapel here, has begged the loan of the Bishop's volume, and is highly satisfied with its doctrines, austere as the man of the world may think them. Adieu, dear friend. Yours, affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXV.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 23d February, 1832.

My dear Friend,

This forenoon I had appropriated to writing a letter to your sister, but it evaporated in the way most of mine do—in hearing requests, and giving very painful, because unsatisfactory, answers to people not in the least interesting, who give me credit for influence I never pretended to have.

My morning, however, was not wholly lost. A very frequent and very agreeable visitor, Margaret Steven, came to communicate to me a long letter from Rome, from our friend Miss Gibson. Johnny Armstrong said to King James, on being refused the pardon he so earnestly solicited, “that it was needless to seek warm water under cold ice.” Not so Miss G.; under her external ice there is much warm water to be found, much kindness of heart, much

general benevolence, and particular attachment, and, best of all, sound genuine religious principle. Now, however, a letter from Rome is to me but as a letter from London: I have listened with interest to so many animated tourists, and read with more than common attention so many eloquent descriptions, that I begin to think I know more of Italy than some who have traversed it.

People, I believe, in some instances, affect the ease they do not feel while this calamity, the cholera, hovers over us, which I do by no means consider as a slight and passing evil; yet, I consider it as an evil that will be productive of much good. One has been tempted, of late, to cry, "Why sleeps the thunder?" But it sleeps no longer, and seems impelled by the red right arm of Divine wrath to awake a guilty nation to a sense of their danger, hereafter, by the impending calamity. We have, as yet, been gently dealt with here, in proportion to the number of our population; and of the small number attacked, several have recovered. But it appears to me great presumption to indulge so much as people do in speculation and conjecture about a disease so evidently a peculiar infliction, and different from all other modes of suffering hitherto known. We should all endeavour to retain and cherish the awful views of judgment and eternity which this calamity impresses on the mind. There is a certain quiet solemnity in every countenance, that shows the feeling to be general, and, I trust, beneficial.

This letter goes by a clerical nephew of my lost

friend, General Stewart. I am, with much affection to Mrs. Brown, yours ever,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXVI.

TO MISS HARRIET DOUGLAS (OF NEW YORK), AT NAPLES.

Bræ House, 26th February, 1832.

My dear Harriet,

I am now becoming such a decided antiquity, that I think of and speak to younger people, such as I care for, as if I were their grandmother, and am so entirely stationary that people in constant motion appear to me like the streamers of a northern sky, of whom Burns says so finely,—

“Across the lift, they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours lost and won.”

If you were anything more than half a Scotchwoman, you would not lose the point of this fine passage, for then you would know that the “lift” signifies the sky. Broad Scotch, I mean Scotch not as a provincial but national tongue, has been, as it were, vernacular to me, so early did I study and delight in it. Among a thousand and one reasons I have for my admiration of Sir Walter Scott, a principal one is, that his charming Doric is to me so redolent of youth and innocent enjoyment, that it seems to arrest the course of time, and restore my rustic enjoyments among the peasantry of Cart-side (in Renfrewshire), who, by the by, were Covenanters, admirable psalm-singers, deeply learned in Scripture, and so like Sir Walter's characters, that

I seem to meet some of them in every page. What am I the better of all this? Much; for, while the fair lights of memory cheer my approach towards the dark valley, they combine, with some higher principles, to ward off the chill of age and selfishness, calculation and political economy.

Sometime ago I forwarded, by a friend, a letter directed for you at St. Cloud, and shall be much disappointed if you have not got it. All I recollect of it is that it was written from the heart, in the spirit of the truest sympathy, well knowing that, since the death of your dear sister, you must be in that state of mind in which both affluence and liberty lose all their charms, and the sick heart hovers in vain over the loved and lost, whom darkness and the shadow of death have for the present hidden from our eyes. "The liberal heart deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things it shall stand;"—I felt very much gratified by your kindness to Norval Douglas, as it appeared in your letter to Mrs. Brown. These acts of generosity, flowing from the heart, have the effect which Milton avows to be the lofty passport of his writings,—“To justify the ways of God to man”—to silence the murmurs against Providence, which are muttered, if not uttered, by silly, discontented people, who are not aware how much truly good people consider themselves as recipients of wealth, destined, in various ways, to benefit others. Nobody knows better than I do the pleasure of giving on a small scale, and I never repine at not being able to do more, perfectly satisfied with doing my utmost.

You begin to wonder I have not begun to speak of

the cholera ; nothing so terrible yet as your yellow fever, yet still it is an affliction calculated to alarm the careless, and awake the wicked to a sense of their tremendous responsibility. The philosophers of the day talk profanely and foolishly of " checks to population ;" here is a very efficient check from a quarter they are not much accustomed to consider or look up to,—a quarter which confounds the wise, and by these severe lessons, teaches us how vain are all these speculations that seem to assert an arrogant independence of a controlling Providence. Edinburgh is not so gay as it has been in former seasons ; the rich feast less, and the poor fast less than they did. Supplying our fellow-creatures with comforts at the price of a self-denial beneficial to the children of luxury, seems a pervading sentiment. This disorder has hitherto shown a respect for the aristocracy which, in the present day, is quite unfashionable, since society, like the King of the Antipodes in the farce, has taken to walking with its feet up and its head down. For my own part, I claim some merit, plebeian as I am, for the respect I have for my patrician superiors. Judge, then, when elegance, high-mindedness, and manners polished but gentle, have such an influence over me, with what reverential sympathy I regard the royal exiles at Holyrood, your old acquaintances. The Dauphiness appears, to my mind's eye, all sanctity and meek dignity. I like her precisely for the qualities of mind and peculiarities of manner which made her so much disliked in France ; for the dignity that prevented her from stooping to conciliate those whom she must have despised ; for the purity that

shrunk from base contamination ; for " the strong antipathy of good to bad " which exists in every strong and well-principled mind ; for the spotless life, and the deep, long-cherished sorrows that exalt and ennoble the soul made perfect through suffering. Her unparalleled trials have so far separated her from her fellow-beings, that what would be innocent playfulness in another, would be degrading levity in her ; her purified spirit is elevated above this world of dark, delusive shadows, and daily approaches nearer to the prize of her high calling. Far from being satisfied with myself, I feel the excellence of others, even in humble life, so far superior to my own feeble efforts, that I could at times see nothing but clouds and darkness before me,—were I not, in some degree, supported by the deep reverence I feel for those who live on earth that life to which I feebly endeavour to aspire. I love and revere the people of God, and that is some comfort to my depressed mind. A busy, imaginative mind that takes deep interest in so many things and persons, is ill fitted for that quiet meditation which ripens souls for immortality. All this I do not merely say, but deeply feel.

Now that I have been, like a good Catholic, scourging myself, though not so intensely as a very good Catholic should, I must, before I lay down the rod, give you a touch of the same wholesome discipline. The partial seclusion of the last winter in Paris, while attending your late sister, and the near view of that awful change to which we are all so fast approaching, has, I trust, had its effect in convincing you of the emptiness of mere amusement and the degradation of mind

when it is purchased at the expense of associating with persons of lax religious principle, however fascinating their manners or brilliant their abilities. Now, I well know that the style and manners of such people leave a stain wherever they touch. I entreat you for the future to consider yourself as a mortal in many temporal instances, highly favoured, for which you owe the deepest and humblest gratitude. Endeavour to consider it, too, as bought with a price beyond all human calculation; keep, therefore, your garments unspotted from the world. To visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, is part of the divine injunction which I need not press on you. I hope you are quite aware of this—that I should care very little for a place in a heart preoccupied by such society as I have now adverted to. Think what fellowship can your blessed Redeemer have with his avowed enemies. This is a solemn subject, on which I have more to say than this letter would include. Of your sincerity, good feelings, and good intentions, I think highly; and what is best of all, I think you have a just and humble sense of deficiency regarding your highest duties. Does any one else speak so plainly to you on this subject? And what possible motive can I have to wear out my eyes and harass my feelings for one that I may never more see, except the wish to promote your peace in this world, and strengthen for the next the hope that looks beyond its bounds?

The last persons I saw in whom I suppose you interested, were Sir Robert Liston,—at ninety, calm, cheerful, and in full possession of his faculties. Angus

Fletcher continues to live with him, and is a great favourite. Another interesting person who inquires for you, is Miss Mackenzie, daughter of the venerable "Man of Feeling;" they have met with a cordial for their sorrows, in the return of their brother, Holt, from India, with an ample fortune, and a heart overflowing with affection to his remaining family. He was for many years Territorial Secretary—one of the most important offices in India, to which he has so entirely devoted himself, that he gave up society and all its allurements, for hard-working duties beneficial to others, and in the long run to himself. Now I beg you will not undervalue this effort in writing to you. I am pretty sure I shall never write so long a letter, so take good care of it, were it but as a specimen of excellent penmanship. I wish you to acquire a taste for solid reading,—Letters and Memoirs of eminent persons. I am, for the twentieth time, engaged with Madame de Sevigné, that soul of tenderness and purity, of truth and piety. Madame Genlis' vanity and pretension I cannot endure. Now, attend to all I have said, and write soon and distinctly to your very sincere friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 12th March, 1832.

My dear Friend,

I think there is little room to hope that your truly

excellent son-in-law* can much longer resist the disorder that has been so long making ceaseless depredations on a life so valuable. There was something very engaging in that alacrity to please or serve others, and that constant flow of good-humour, that threw a pleasant light over his sterling worth. The breaking of a tie so strong and so tender as that by which he and his wife were united must cost a dreadful pang. She may be said to have had a long preparation; but watching over the object nearest the heart, with long and sore anxiety, only endears it the more, and increases the sense of desolation when that engrossing object is gone. No one, certainly, has stronger motives for resignation when the blow does come: she may look back with gratitude on many years of such happiness as very few attain to in this perishing world; and she has seen the life so precious prolonged almost beyond hope, through long suffering and infirmity.

The feeling of the vanity of all earthly things, and a dissatisfaction with myself,—a state of mind which I am not willing to speak of, though often liable to it of late, perhaps ultimately for my good,—has made me go in search of some new reading. I had looked over the *Natural History of Enthusiasm* before, but am now engaged in a diligent reperusal; and am thankful to find my mind not less equal than formerly to a work that requires such profound attention to do justice to its deep yet clear arguments. My attention has been also engaged by a voluminous *Life of Bishop Heber*, published by his widow, and containing his

* The late John Maccall, Esq. of Ibrox Hill.

early travels on the Continent, and many of his letters, several of them addressed to persons formerly known to me,—Sir R. H. Inglis, for instance: they all possess considerable interest, indicate most laudable toryism, and something still better,—an earnest desire to fulfil faithfully his ministerial duties. One likes to learn the opinions of a mind so clear and upright upon the passing events, and to know something more of the group of worthies with whom he was associated, among whom Thornton makes a principal. Like other men of genius and benevolence, he seemed to have enough to do to live within bounds; owning, at the sametime, that his income was very good, more than he was entitled to expect: he comforts himself, however, that, as they have no children, they may do very well. In the ninth year of their marriage a child appeared; and nothing could equal their joy except their grief at the loss of this precious child, barely a year old. I believe that they had two since.

How hard it is that when I just begin to be in the humour of writing my eyes force me to leave off. Tell Mrs. Brown I think of her very often, and always before I go to sleep. Offer my kind love to her. Would that I resembled her! With the utmost affection and esteem, I am, yours, very truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO MRS. HOOK, LEAMINGTON.

Edinburgh, 16th April, 1832. ✓

My dear Friend,

I did not write to you for sometime past, because I thought you would be so much engaged with the dear branches of your family now about you.

I write to you at present with a heavy heart, the recent death of a much-valued friend, Mrs. Brown, having severed a tie which has subsisted above fifty years without a shade of difference. The deeper and more frequent were my afflictions the warmer was her sympathy, and the more anxious her endeavours to soothe and alleviate what could not be cured. Her husband, who had been called many years since from her solicitous tenderness, was a man of virtue, and of talents, with the finest taste and the kindest heart, and of manly sincerity and independence of mind. His warm attachment to me was very gratifying to his excellent wife, to whose sainted spirit I would fain pay a due tribute of applause were I to indulge my own feelings. How blest have I been, among many sorrows, to have been tenderly allied to so much genuine unalloyed worth. What would wealth and distinction have been to me without those rich cordials of pious and fervent friendship, "sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of heaven?" I should never have known how rich I was in treasures of true love, had I been prosperous as the world accounts prosperity.

* * * * *

I wish you to read some beautiful verses in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine, under the title of A Poet's dying Hymn. Here Mrs. Hemans excels her inexhaustible and inimitable self. I should place this effusion next to, perhaps above her fine lines beginning, "Restore the dead, thou sea !" Her crown of amaranth is wreathed with cypress. Sir Walter Scott and she have been to me the fabled fountain of youth : I drink and feel renovated. But time presses, and only permits me to say, that I am, to you and yours, a faithful and affectionate friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXIX.

TO MRS. FRANCIS BOOTT, LONDON.

Brae House, Edinburgh,
25th April, 1832.

My dear Mrs. Boott,

Though rather worn out by a long letter to the Doctor, I must chat for a little with you. I am glad to hear that you and your family have enjoyed so much health and comfort since you have resided in London. My quiet has been at present somewhat disturbed by a necessary evil,—that of preparing to remove to another house, a better perhaps than this ; but here I was prepared to live and die. Sheltered by trees older than myself in front, and with ground below where the beauties of spring are blooming in the fairest flowers of the season, while a large

garden at the end of the house, now rich in blossom, has always afforded me a safe place to move about in after my feeble manner, and a sheltered seat ;—O that you saw what I am about to leave ! But I know it is right to go, and would be foolish to stay ; but my affections cling close, not only to my few surviving friends, but to unanimated objects that have given me pleasure.

I am sure, my dear Mrs. Boott, that you will not undervalue a trifling and very commonplace gift,—a couple of frocks, or what will make them, for dear little Isabella. What would I not give her if I could afford it ! Hannah, the pious and grateful mother, when she sent her dedicated son to the Temple, brought him up, we are told in the chapter which relates those tender incidents, a “ little coat ” every year. So will I deal with this beloved creature, to whom my heart clings as if I had known her. I saw a motto on a little snuff-box that took my fancy,—“ The gift is small, but love is all ; ” all, indeed, that makes earth supportable, all that we hope for in Heaven.

You will receive this letter from my son, whose reserved manner hides a true and warm heart, and who inherits warm regard for you and yours. God bless you, your children, and their father : I have no stronger expression of love and truth. Adieu, dear friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXX.

TO MISS H. JACKSON, BOSTON, AMERICA.

Edinburgh, 26th April, 1832.

My dear Friend,

While so many of those very dear to us both, have through pangs fled to felicity, I take it for granted that you feel as I do,—clinging faster to the remaining ties, when so many have been broken. It is impossible to judge what human beings can or cannot bear. I think I have seldom seen an instance of attachment stronger than that which subsisted betwixt Sir Robert* and Lady Liston. When she died it was the general opinion that he would not outlive her a month. Dotingly fond he was of her ; but being a person of great composure and equanimity, he was calm and resigned, and contrived an occupation for himself, which seems to engross and even to console him. Travelling through Italy, he was struck with something in the architecture of a tomb, in that land of classic elegance : this model lived in his memory till the loss of his beloved partner suggested to him the design of commemorating, in a structure nearly resembling it, the spot where his ashes should be mingled with hers. The place of her final rest is opposite to Millburn, within two or three miles distance, near an old church, in a romantic and beautiful spot, where the broom blooms bonny, and crimson heather marks the wilder features of Scottish

* The late Right Hon. Sir Robert Liston, for many years British Ambassador at Constantinople.

landscape. Now those birks and braes, that shed beauty round the last dwellings of mortality, are unfortunately contrasted with a village, which, I grieve to say, is, like most of our Scotch villages, dirty and ill-regulated. This unpleasant object stands on a little eminence which slopes down to the spot hallowed by the remains so dear to the good old knight. Well, he wished to improve this slovenly village, and make it a pleasant object to passengers ; and having once begun this beneficial process, it has become quite a passion with him. He has made a road through the village, built a pretty school-house and some neat cottages, and laid out a lawn, with many other matters, useful and ornamental. The natives are catching the infection of elegance, having been rather lazy than poor, and are planting shrubs and flowers daily. The rejuvenescence of the good Ambassador appears incredible : he has had agreeable parties visiting him, including Mrs. Hemans, her sons, and other visitors, for two months ; and he often dines in town and goes out the same evening. To crown all, he is gone up to London to dine with the King and his fellow-knights, having entered on his ninetieth year. Mr. Henry Mackenzie, who died some months ago, was nearly coeval with him.

There has lately arisen here much dissension in families, in consequence of a new religious sect, who pretend to inspiration and to the power of working miracles. Their source of inspiration appears to me to be spiritual pride, and the greatest miracles they work those of deluding some persons who had credit for common sense to adopt their absurdities. I be-

lieve they are not hypocritical, but they are pharisaical, and look down upon us all as publicans and sinners. Their absurdities are without end; they are sure of the commencement of the Millennium at the end of fourteen years. What is singular is, that many of the new converts to this ascetic sect are of those who were lately the gayest of the gay.

I regret the dissolution of parliament for depriving me of franks, as well as for many other reasons. I have no charity for those reckless innovators. There is a very awkward verse or two, which have been much ridiculed in our venerable translation of the Psalms:—

“ A man was famous, and was had
In estimation,
According as he lifted up
His axe thick trees upon.”

Such are our reformers, hacking and hewing at the noble edifice which has for a thousand years been growing up till it has become the wonder of the world. When they finish their unhallowed labours they may erect a tomb over its relics, and inscribe on it the famous epitaph,—

“ I was well—I would be better—and here I am.”

Why should I stain my paper with vile politics? No, let me rather convey my good wishes (having nothing else to send) to the friends who remember me. I hope ere long to have a daughter-in-law who loves me very much; but this cannot be immediately. Everything you say interests me: write then amply, dear friend, to yours, very cordially,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXI.

TO MRS. IZETT.

Brae House, 1st May, 1832.

My dear Friend,

I send you two volumes of Mrs. Carter's Letters to Miss Talbot; I have not the first series, but these have far more interest. I knew Mrs. C. personally, and can tell much of her when I see you. Miss Talbot, who was born after her father's death, had beauty, genius, and manners unequalled for grace and sweetness; but, being the child of sorrow, and baptized in tears, had, as generally happens in such cases, a very delicate constitution. Richardson made her and Mrs. Carter known to each other. Mrs. Carter was first known to the world by her translation from the Greek of Epictetus: her habitual headaches were the consequence of early and severe study. Keep the book by you, and read it at leisure. I am, very much yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

10, Coates Crescent, Edinburgh,
23d May, 1832.

My dear Friend,

I have just bid adieu to Brae House, and you

cannot imagine what the divorce has cost me; it was as large as I should wish, and its respectable air and its size were quite suited to me; it had only one fault, being too like myself—too old and unfashionable.

Well, here I am in a house much finer, much larger, nearly new, and in a fashionable part of the town, yet bewildered, and not feeling at home by any means. This is wrong; the house suits my son, and I shall like it by and by: everybody else is delighted with it.*

I send you a little spark from a lambent flame that you might imagine age had extinguished. I sent it anonymously to the young Duc de Bordeaux, and am quite amused with the conjectures at Holyrood about the author. I am, dear friend, yours, affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

* The intended marriage of Mrs. Grant's son, with whom she was to continue to live, had at this time rendered a change of house necessary; and so cheerfully did Mrs. Grant acquiesce in the plan of removal, that it was not till he read her Manuscript Letters, while preparing these volumes for the press, that he became aware how much she really regretted leaving Brae House and its garden, in which she used to pass many hours in summer, often receiving her forenoon visitors under a favourite pear-tree, now enclosed in a garden behind Rutland Street. The new Free Church of St. George's parish, has lately been erected on part of the ground which then formed the shrubbery and offices in front of Brae House.—(1845.)

LINES SENT TO THE YOUNG DUC DE BORDEAUX, THEN
RESIDING AT HOLYROOD HOUSE.

"The expectation and rose of the fair state."—*Hamlet*.

I.

O were I but a Scottish boy,
To roam o'er Scotia's hills of wind,
To share the Shepherd's simple joy,
And trust to bosoms true and kind.

II.

To view those splendid scenes no more,
Where treason lurks with murd'rous guile,
And virtue lives but to deplore
The guilt that lurks beneath a smile:

III.

O shield me in your shelt'ring arms,
Ye dryads of yon ancient wood,
And soothe my soul with nature's charms,
Where naiads pour the mountain flood.

IV.

Amidst those peaceful scenes be mine
To muse in solitude profound;
And trace with awe the hand divine,
That rais'd those rocky barriers round.

V.

A spark still lingers in my breast,
That yet, perhaps, may burst in flame,
Could I sustain the high behest
I owe to an illustrious name.

VI.

Could I, like British Alfred, rise,
Through paths obscure to glory's height.
The brave, the worthy, and the wise
Record and bless his deeds of might.

VII.

My spirit kindles at his name,
No words his just renown can paint;
Conspicuous in the rolls of fame
As Patriot, Hero, King, and Saint.

VIII.

He struck his harp; the warbling wire
 Responded sweet to themes divine;
 A monarch's voice, a seraph's fire,
 Did with those hallowed notes combine.

IX.

From Dalecarlia's dusky mine
 Gustavus burst indignant forth,
 To claim his rightful crown and shine
 The star and glory of the North.

X.

O who could rest in shades obscure,
 Last of a long time-honoured line,
 While names so sacred and so pure,
 Inspiring emulation, shine.

XI.

High from his bright ethereal sphere
 The sainted Lewis looking down,
 Methinks I see in vision clear,
 Pointing my way to reach a crown!

 LETTER LXXXIII.

TO MRS. IZETT.

10, Coates Crescent, 26th June.

My dear Friend,

Do not come to see me just now, for I know by your silence that you have been very unwell. So have I; but you could do *me* no good, and might hurt your cold—so everything is called that we cannot exactly name. We sensitive people, though doomed in the hour of actual suffering “to smart and agonize at every pore,” have a compensation assigned to us in an elasticity of spirit that rises to our aid when nature seems to be unequal to the contest. This is like aiming at fine reasoning, and thereby wandering into

absurdity. It is better to conclude at once that the God who formed us, infinitely wise, and unspeakably merciful in his dealings with the creatures whom he has appointed to be perfected through suffering here, and saved through faith in a Redeemer hereafter—has so constituted them that their faculties and feelings, their sufferings and enjoyments, are so balanced and adjusted that they do not, on the whole, diminish their appointed portion of good in this world, nor obstruct their way to a better.

I have lately received intelligence of the death of my respected friend, Sir William Grant, the late Master of the Rolls, one of the most valuable characters that benefited society by his conduct and example, and who was to me more than a brother. To him I was proud of being obliged, though I was not at liberty to say so while he lived. He indeed—

“Sank to rest
By all his country's wishes blest.”

Even the rancour of party never attacked his spotless name.

Give my best regards to your best friend, and tell him or your niece to send a line by the post to say how you are. Affectionately yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXIV.

TO HER SON, AT THE REV. DR. MACKAY'S, DUNOON.

Edinburgh, 24th July, 1832.

My dear John,

I depended on hearing from you whenever you arrived at your present abode. I confess that my extreme solicitude was unreasonable, yet it was to such excess that it affected me in every possible way. I trust my gratitude will be as deep as my anxieties were. I think your Highland excursion with your reverend friend must have had a balmy influence over your mind;—such beautiful scenery, inhabited by such pure and gentle spirits, does not often occur: the primitive manners and modest enjoyment of abundance you describe in the family you visited reminds me of what I have heard of Switzerland, before it was spoilt by the English travellers. Your secluded minister will find his heart warmed, and his mind occupied, when he begins to be well known and beloved by his parishioners, and gets a deserving mate—that first of worldly blessings.

I am most anxious to know whether you bathe. Does the sea agree with you? do you occupy your mind with a cheerful and grateful view of the prospects before you? do you comprehend the force of that maxim—"To enjoy is to obey?" Persevere in prayer, and let it be the prayer of faith. This temporary indisposition is, in all probability, appointed not merely as a correction, but as a trial of your trust and

dependance on Him who is all-powerful and all-merciful. Be patient, and cherish a humble trust in the promises that never deceived. The heart-sickness of hope delayed is a human weakness which the Divine compassion only can remove : that must be diligently sought. The short hourly supplication recommended by Bishop Taylor is easy ; but beware of supposing merit in our weak endeavours.

We have just heard an account of your good Doctor's austerity which I do not entirely credit ; namely, that he has revived the strictness of ancient discipline by excommunicating all the parties engaged in the late riots at Dunoon. I have, however, a version of my own, according to which your Reverend friend gave them a reproof of wholesome bitterness proportioned to the crime, but reserved excommunication for still graver offences. I can only add my kind regards to the Doctor and his mate, and the unnecessary assurance that you are the dearest thing on earth to

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXV.

TO HER SON, AT DUNOON.

Edinburgh, 29th July, 1832.

My dear Son,

I have followed all your steps, and enjoyed all your enjoyments. Be humble, be patient, be thankful for intervals of improved health, and hope humbly for more !—

"To hope the best is pious, brave, and wise,
And may itself procure what it presumes."

I know Dr. W. of Glasgow a little, and know him to be all you describe. You will observe that though we of the intellectual city profess to be, and perhaps are, better bred, and more refined, our western friends have more cordiality of manner, and are better informed, than any set of merely commercial people in the world. News I have little, and that of a mixed complexion: the best is, that Dr. Morehead has just got an excellent rectory in Yorkshire,—seven hundred a-year, with a comfortable, well-disposed peasantry, and most desirable neighbours.

I was not surprised to hear of poor Maconochie's departure, for I saw death in his face when he called last; and he complained that he was much worse than usual. How calmly might we look forward to our last hours were our lives as pure and our faith as firm as his. Never was a frail child of humanity more free from all guile, malice, and hypocrisy; his benevolence was pained at hearing any one blamed, however justly.

I must tell you of the most delightful Americans I ever saw, who have been like a sunbeam to me. It is years since I have had so much pleasure in talking to strangers, such an exertion having lately become a task to me. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Gray* are people whom you would really delight in: you love sound sense, in which they both excel. Mrs. G. is very beautiful, and has enthusiasm too, but it is of a refined and gentle kind: they are, both, intellectual and

* Of Boston, New England.

well-informed,—not a shadow of Yankee-land about them in language or manners.

God bless you, my dear son : I am going to sleep in my chair, but shall first put up a petition for you, my all and my only.

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 19th September, 1832.

My dear Friend,

After thanking you for your letter, for which I became unreasonably impatient, I can only bestow my *tediousness* upon you, being lost in a dense cloud of stupidity ever since my son's departure for the Continent. All this is unreasonable and unthankful ; and it would save you the trouble of blaming me if you did but know how much I blamed myself. I think my son must have had some presentiment of this depression, for, when going away, he earnestly begged that I would go to the country in his absence, and pointed out a pleasant place on the sea-shore, near Queensferry, that had struck his fancy. I was going to take it, but found it preoccupied. We have, therefore, arranged to go to-morrow to Innerleithen, a quiet vale in a pastoral country, surrounded with low grassy hills, and divided by the Tweed throughout its course. I may, perhaps, on its banks share the feeling of Bowles, when he said,—

"The murmurs of thy wand'ring wave below,
Seem to my ear the pity of a friend."

Innerleithen, 24th September.

Here I am, very much pleased with the aspect of everything round me, and more particularly with the sun, for diffusing so much heat and splendour on me, and on the Tweed, now much increased in the romantic interest it has long possessed.

I am almost ashamed, after boasting so much of the beauties and advantages of Blawlowan last year, to tell you that I find here a retreat better than the best. You must not laugh, nor even smile at me as a determined optimist: there are not many ancient optimists, and very few to whom the disposition to be pleased was so necessary as to a mind tried by successive sorrows like mine. It is a cordial afforded in pity to a deeply-wounded mind.

I am quite at a loss how to describe this place; the general aspect of it is already known to you. I must first tell you how we took a maid, and travelling wardrobe and library, and alighted at a very good inn here at two o'clock. Mary Maccoll then walked out in search of lodgings, and quickly found one beyond our hopes, in a good new house, most agreeably situated, over which presides a very pretty lady-like person,—so much so that I was ashamed to speak of accommodations to one so much genteeler than myself, though without the least assumption. This is a widely-scattered village, containing many good houses, but all at a respectable distance from each other: the whole aspect of the place is peaceful and cheerful, and almost as pretty as the landlady of our house, who, I presume,

is a good manager, for she has half a dozen children, not at all so noisy as mice, and a husband equally quiet, and such rooms as you might envy at a watering-place. This is not a valley, nor a plain, nor a flat of any kind; it is a large circular space, finely undulated, partially wooded; and divided by the Tweed. It is enclosed by a circle of the finest formed green hills imaginable, which we should call high if they were not on all sides surmounted by mountains that look down, in barren dignity, on their green slopes and their thousands of sheep; for you are to know that this is a sheep country, though there is much tillage and planting around, and much of that improvement going on so fatal to broomy braes and whinny banks. I fancy you are by this time satisfied with my shadowy uncertain picture of Innerleithen.

I suppose that your attention is still much devoted to your amiable son-in-law, whose countenance always gave me the idea of animated benevolence, and constitutional happiness. One is apt to consider serenity and cheerfulness inseparable from health: that was not the case with him, however. Paley's Theology has been to me a treasure of instruction and delight: the concluding chapter on the Goodness of God is invaluable, especially where he speaks of the alleviations afforded to those who suffer under the most painful diseases, and the compensation of delight which results from the first interval of ease. My imperfect recollection injures the subject; but on lately reading his life by his son, his faith and patience appeared more exalted when I found that this testimony to the Divine goodness, in affording support, was written in the few

intervals of ease afforded during a dreadful disorder, which proved fatal not long after. I am, as ever, yours, most affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXVII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 28th November, 1832.

My dear Friend,

I have lately returned home, after being, for some weeks, sequestered in a kind of Patmos that was much to my taste in its sober autumnal dress. What between the many families I have had commerce with, and an endless cousinship of Grants and Stewarts on both sides, I can hardly go anywhere without meeting many to whom I am known. In Tweeddale alone I am an entire stranger; and I arrived at Innerleithen as at some foreign village, unheeded and unknown. I had my very companionable young cousin with me; and my friend, Miss Gordon, joined me in two days after. Mary, and I, and our handmaid, alighted at the inn, ordered dinner, and, whenever it was over, Mary walked out, and, entering the best house she saw, asked for lodgings, and got very good ones. We sat down directly to tea with all the home-like ease imaginable, and liked everything and everybody that we saw about us.

Be it known that Innerleithen is a watering-place of growing reputation, with two salubrious springs of various qualities, which, having never tasted, I cannot

describe. The principal inn calls itself St. Ronan's; and the mistress, in common parlance, is called Meg Dods, and seems to inherit the virtues of that mirror of landladies, for she never suffers riot, or the excess that leads to it, in her house. We lived in the librarian's house, dignified by the name of Marmion Place. We owed our tranquillity entirely to the season having closed, many that know me having left the place the day before I arrived. Innerleithen is literally a dale, a distinguished part of pastoral Tweeddale, where you are soothed by the musical murmurs of the Tweed, and the softer flow of the Leithen. The country is completely pastoral: you are almost entirely encircled by green hills that slope easily—I am almost tempted to say gracefully—to the plain; and those hills are white over with sheep. Then beyond these green hills rises an outer circle of brown picturesque

“Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds delight to rest.”

Everything had begun to look sober and autumnal; but while

“A brownest horror shaded all the woods,
A hoarser murmur sounded from the floods;”

for then the pride of our country was approaching to death. Much has been said of Sir Walter Scott's genius, and of the virtues of his spotless life; but you must have known him personally to appreciate the charm of his simplicity of manners, his ever good-humour, and that sound sense and genuine truth,—that unostentatious, yet ever-waking benevolence. Then, in his conversation he never dazzled, but al-

ways delighted you; it was always original, yet the sense of it was for the time lost in the easy quietness of his manner, consistent, at the sametime, with perfect good breeding. He seemed always more disposed to please and amuse than to shine: you met him with the impression that you ought to look up to him, but, ere you were aware, you find yourself on even ground with him, and wondered afterwards to find you had been so perfectly at your ease.

My son has just returned from the Continent; he went there to meet some friends, and was nearly tempted to proceed to Rome with them, but was overtaken at Florence by letters from home, indicating an absolute necessity for his return by the time of the opening of the courts here.

I have many questions to ask you, but the sun is sinking, and I do not write with candlelight. I have just enough remaining of daylight to tell you that we were all delighted with your friends, the Miss Wards; and that I am indeed yours, unchangeably,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 17th January, 1833.

My dear kind friend,

Among many things which I have to regret, in these troublous times, is the loss of my good friend Sir Charles Forbes's kind offices in franking my letters; he often went so far as to write to my corres-

pondents to address their letters to me under his cover. I am only lamenting a lost privilege, and the loss of a faithful and honourable friend to the good cause which he so long supported, and not by any means making an apology for that postage which I know you will gladly pay, to hear good tidings of the friend so long endeared to you by so many sorrows and much suffering, which, in this world of trial, are the true seals of friendship. And now, my dear friend, where shall my congratulations begin or end for all the blessings poured out upon you? I do not doubt of the ardour of your pious gratitude; but I too am grateful for you, and take pleasure in thinking over the many blessings that are clustering round you. The chief of these I consider being the mother of a son so faithfully devoted to his Master's service,—so able and so willing to impress truths the most solemn and sublime with the efficacy of deep feeling and thorough conviction upon his hearers. I trust his doctrine will have the effect of turning many to righteousness; and that what comes so evidently from his own heart will be followed with a blessing, and reach the hearts of many others.

Your residence at the Lakes last season, I think, must have exceeded all you expected from it: besides all the pleasures of fine scenery, you must have enjoyed the most refined of luxuries—those of intellect—in a higher degree than you could have met with anywhere else,—so quiet, pure, and unmingled with the froth and feculence, as Dr. Young calls it, of artificial, that is, fashionable life. I am not sure that you were aware of what a personage you had among you in Tom Hamilton: such is his familiar appellation here. He

is a witty, ingenious, and high-talented Tory : his brother, Sir William, is a Whig, but a most amiable and respectable one,—deeply learned, unworldly, and both humble and high-minded. As for Tom Hamilton, the resources of his mind, the brilliancy of his wit, and the play of his fancy, are quite uncommon. “Cyril Thornton” is certainly a work of great ability, though by no means what I should have expected from him.

How do the living portraits of the unequalled monarch, in his own department, the lamented Sir Walter, throw other writers into unapproachable distance. What an object to contemplate was his spotless life, the mild lustre of his virtues, and chastened splendour of his genius ! His death, in nobleness of sentiment and uprightness of purpose, was worthy of his life, yet grievous to those who loved him. Poor Byron ! how different a person would he have been, had his heart been opened and softened towards others of his fellow-creatures as it was to that great and good man, whom he revered and loved ; but it was with an exclusive love : surrounded, as he was, with all that could corrupt his morals and harden his heart, he thought of him as the only good and virtuous man.

I may truly say that “death’s dread dart is ever in my sight.” Every second day brings an intimation of some person younger than myself summoned to their grave,—some, alas ! in the bloom of youth, and others in the prime of manhood. Under these impressions, I think of our meeting here, next year, as a pleasing dream : if my lengthened life should be mercifully prolonged till then, it will be a much-valued

cordial to my decline. I speak of the extension of life as a merciful boon, hoping that I shall be enabled to use it as I ought,—to prepare for that state of existence where, through the merits of my Redeemer, I may hope to meet those whose memory is so dear to me.

I wish to know whether you have read Southey's "Colloquies," and how you like them. But here comes sober evening grey, so grey that I can go on no longer, only to send my love to dear Eliza, the same to Georgiana, and thanks to Mr. Davidson for his visit. Farewell, dear friend: I will go on to dream of our meeting in Coates Crescent. Yours, unalterably,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO MISS HARRIET DOUGLAS, NEW YORK.

Edinburgh, 26th January, 1833.

Many thanks, dear Harriet, for the animated and interesting Journal of your late voyage across the Atlantic, which forms a good lesson to show how the ennui of a cabin, and the terrors of a wintry passage, with all its storms and sufferings, may be not only combated, but conquered by the happy exercise of active benevolence. When you actually do love your neighbour as yourself, you open a wide field of pleasant and beneficial feelings and sympathies that reward themselves. How limited, in comparison, must be the enjoyments of the heartless individual who sits like a

spider in the midst of its web, surrounded with its own circle of selfish cares, where charity begins and ends at home, amidst the chill of kindly feelings. There is always something pleasant to remember after this kindly intercourse with one's fellow-creatures, shut up in what Johnson would call the same prison. The picture of your sister, Mrs. Monroe, and her children, and the tenderness of your meeting, is pleasing; her family will be to you a perpetual source of homefelt satisfaction.

Though I were both able and willing to enlighten you in regard to the fierce politics of the day with all their folly and all their rancour, I do not think it would much amuse, and not at all improve you.

We are lost in admiration of the Dutch King's heroic firmness against the French. I think it is a kind of grateful feeling towards the Dutch colonists at Albany, who cherished my childhood with so much kindness, that leads me to be partial to Holland and its King. By the by, there is a Dutch lady in New York who was my playmate in childhood, whom you may chance to meet in society. Mrs. Hamilton, the widow of your distinguished General Hamilton, better known to me as "Betsy Schuyler." There were three sisters: Angelica, elegant and dignified, whom I used to look up to with great awe as a fine lady, and such in after life she proved; I had a letter from her twenty years since, introducing one of her countrymen. Then there was Betsy, good-natured and unpretending; and Margaret, very pretty, and a kind of wicked wit. I have a sort of pleasure in referring to this gossip of early days. I never forget one of those

once familiarly known to me, and would not like to be forgotten by them.

It is time I should proceed to a more interesting theme. You wish to know what I think of Mr. Lovett's sermons ; * I can assure you that I read them with a reverential admiration, and a deep and awful sense of the weighty truths so powerfully enforced in them. What comes so evidently from the heart of the speaker, seems likely to reach the heart of the hearer, and, with the Divine blessing, to leave a lasting impression. I have lent them to some of my friends, whom I thought most likely to comprehend and appreciate them. One, a gentleman not only of great piety, but of a cultivated taste, says they are not only fervid and powerful as devotional discourses, but show a considerable degree of talent in the composition. I think they must have had the happiest effect on your mind, coming, as they did, when suffering made it more open to conviction. You will, in consequence, I hope, lose all relish for the conversation of godless people, however witty or however fashionable. I hope you will convince others by going stedfastly on in the good path you have chosen, that it is not the mere ebullition of an ardent temperament that influences you, but a deep sense of the need you have of direction from above. I am at a loss to know what has become of your brother George ; wherever he is, I hope he cherishes the principles he has adopted, and acts upon them. Believe me, very truly, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

* Sermons by the Rev. Mr. Lovett of Paris, a friend of Miss Douglas, who had attended his church during her residence in Paris.

LETTER XC.

TO MISS H. JACKSON, BOSTON, AMERICA.

Edinburgh, 10th April, 1833.

My dear Friend,

I very much wish that my last letter may have arrived safe ; for such is the failing of my once good memory that I cannot recollect when, or by whom, I sent it. I was very much concerned for your nephew's loss of his wife, knowing how entirely domestic his habits are, and how accomplished and companionable a partner he found in her. It is an aggravation of this misfortune to have lost his little girls at the age when children usually begin to be pleasant and intelligent ; it must have been like a renewal of deep and recent grief. I have quite old-fashioned Scotch feelings about such matters ; that is, I am not very indulgent to widows marrying again, especially if they have children. But with a man the whole system of life is broken up if he loses a beloved wife : he has none of the petty occupations with which a woman's time and thoughts are filled up ; and his housekeeper, though in perfect innocence, obtains an undue sway over him, and the decline of life seems dark and cheerless. I would have every man marry again, after the full tribute of sorrow has been paid. There is a singular circumstance which I and much wiser people have sometimes observed in second marriages ; that a man having (as I have known) a most excellent wife, of whose merits he seemed quite sensible, was, not-

withstanding, full master of his house, and ruled absolutely ; but afterwards marrying a woman in manners and understanding very inferior, seemed far more led (I would almost say ruled) by her than by her more deserving predecessor. I suppose the weaker vessels are fonder of power, and use more little arts to obtain it, than the class of superior minds, who know their due and ask no more.

It is time to tell you of my son's marriage, which took place in London three weeks ago.* I have rational grounds for supposing that my young people's happiness will be lasting. They have known each other so well and so long : she looks up to her husband as a person of worth and acquirements ; and he does ample justice to her pure and delicate mind, which, from the retirement in which she was brought up, is untainted by the world. I languished for a daughter, and have found one who has loved me from childhood : I feel such a calm, such a sense of safety, now that my son's happiness is secured ; I have not for a long time been so tranquil.

* * * * *

Indeed, all we poor old-fashioned Tories are not a little disturbed by these ill-boding reforms ; an absolute king could not alarm you more than those enemies of the Church, the throne, and the aristocracy do us. It seems a prevailing opinion that a new republic is much better than an old broken-down monarchy, with all its forms and none of its essentials. There was a

* Mr. J. P. Grant was married in March, 1833, to Miss Margaret Steven, daughter of the late M. Steven, Esq. of Polmadie, Renfrewshire.

time that America was to us what Moab was to the Israelites,—a place where our people, much in need of washing, went for shelter: but matters are so changed now, that our best people, and those we are most reluctant to part with, are attracted by the boundless space and endless capabilities of America. The very interesting pair from whom you will receive this are of that number. The Rev. Mr. Urquhart was brought up to our Church, and from his learning, principles, and abilities, was considered as a most promising youth, and likely to adorn his profession; but the parish in his own country, on which he set his heart, was bestowed on another not more deserving. He had long a great partiality for your new world, which the unsettled state of matters here rather increased; and has taken a resolution, though his friends and relations here are numerous and respectable, to preach the Gospel to the inhabitants of some of those new cities which are daily rising in your fertile wilderness.

One word of Mrs. Trollope. Sixty years ago, I think that the back settlers of America spoke pretty much as she describes them; but there has been a great time to improve since, and I can hardly think they are still so uncouth. Differing widely from her in general, in one particular I am of an opposite way of thinking entirely: I am a great friend to early marriages; and when people cannot immediately arrive at all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious housekeeping, I think their boarding till their affairs admit of setting up perfectly amiable. How much is affection curbed in this country, and how much happiness delayed by the ambition for style!

Write soon, my dear friend. I feel your friendship as a valued relic of those that are gone where I must soon follow. I am yours, with much regard and esteem,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCI.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Innerleithen, 27th August, 1833.

My dear Friend,

I have seldom been so long without acknowledging a letter of yours ; but you must make allowance for a social and versatile person engrossed by the gaieties of a watering-place, and making a very large figure daily at the Pump-room ! Seriously, my infirmities seem daily increasing. When I was here, last year, I used to move about a good deal on my wooden supporters, and to have a chair with me to sit down when I grew tired. *Now*, though I have a garden under the window, and every possible inducement to go out, I am so unwieldy, from my increased bulk, that I move with difficulty and some danger. We have my favourite, Rosa Ilderton, with us, of whom my daughter is as fond as myself.

We came here just the day the Border sports began, which produced a gay scene of rural exercises and festivity, lasting two days, and attended by many carriages of one kind or another. I suppose you will easily dispense with the details even of the silver arrow of the victor. I did not go out of doors, nor

was that any act of self-denial, for the very pretty enclosure where those amusements were conducted lay just below one of our windows. My gratification lay in seeing so many decent, happy-looking people. The peasantry of this truly pastoral country are so well conducted, and have so much the cheerful look of health and the comforts of life, that it is a pleasure to see them in their best attire, cheered by the presence of their liberal and indulgent landlords. There were many people at the Wells, of whom we knew nothing, though several friends, civil and military, called on us on the festal days; and after the interruption of the bad weather many somebodies have appeared, and claimed acquaintance with us.

But I must now tell you of my travels. I had always a foolish, romantic wish to see the Yarrow, which, notwithstanding, I thought most unlikely that I should. We were, however, persuaded one day lately to go to its parent stream, St. Mary's Lake, where all was a bright and solemn solitude; for never was day more sunny and mountains more heathery and treeless: a few scattered birches about the lake were a rest to the eye. Returning, we thought proper to call at Altrive to visit my old acquaintance the Ettrick Shepherd; and I was there, to my great annoyance, driven through the individual Yarrow that I had dreamt of so long: the bottom ought to have been smooth gravel, but it proved such great stones as produced a concussion not very suitable to my shattered frame; yet I was glad we went. Altrive is just such a place as you fancy for the abode of a gentle shepherd; the house quite comfortable-looking,

—better than you would expect,—sheltered by a few tall trees, and standing on a most pastoral, indeed very pretty knowe, with a very extensive view; a comely crop, beginning to look yellow, below, and the Yarrow nearly circling round it; a useful garden, not without flowers, nor wholly without weeds, and rather more thistles blooming on the brae than you would have tolerated. But the shepherd has little of that “retired leisure that in trim gardens takes his pleasure;” consequently the place looks as if it had been made on purpose for him. He is an inveterate fisher, and the Yarrow is inexhaustible. He sees more company than any gentleman in the country, not a few from England, and many from Glasgow. We had a cordial invitation to stay dinner, but my purpose to see him and his comely sensible-looking wife, was sufficiently answered by this call.

You will wonder, and perhaps lament, to see the things of time make such a lively impression on one so near the brink of “a dread eternity so surely mine;” yet, believe me, I seem to take a farewell glance at such objects, for certainly the late attacks of illness which I have had are warnings not to be neglected. I know I have your prayers: God grant that they may prove effectual. Adieu, dear faithful friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCII.

TO MRS. IZETT.

Innerleithen, 29th August, 1833.

My dear Friend,

This rainy day encourages me to write, from the impossibility of doing anything else, but still more from having heard that you continued much indisposed. I have been haunted with a vision of you ever since. When the change which breaks off all earthly ties draws so near to me in particular, why should I be so desirous of being remembered and even regretted?—

“On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.”

This may be, certainly is, obscure to the eye, but not so to the heart, which acknowledges the meaning it conveys. I have as great reason to be satisfied as it is possible for a person who has lived so long, and outlived so many and so much; I have had so much to suffer that I know not how I should have borne it if I had not had so much to do. The power by which those sufferings were inflicted no doubt prescribed the remedy. It was, like most remedies, not palatable, but it proved effectual: difficulties of various kinds rose in succession, but I was always enabled to conquer them; and to a mind the least energetic there is an enjoyment in conquering difficulties. I have now no

care of any kind ; every hope is fulfilled, every wish is anticipated. But with this there is a sense of insignificance : strenuously endeavouring all my life to serve, or at least to please, I feel as if I could now do neither. My health is generally good, yet my infirmities increase daily ; I walk with much greater difficulty than formerly ; and, owing to my incapacity to take exercise, I have grown large and unwieldy.

When I think of you, which I do right often, I also think of Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Hancock ;—the first, all ethereal spirit, the mind seeming about to work its way through the attenuated tenement ; while Mrs. Hancock, all health, tranquillity, and sound common sense, had all useful faculties securely shrouded in an ample covering of solid though animated clay. The consequence was, you remember, that Mrs. V. was called “soul,” and Mrs. H. “body.” You have certainly all the appearance of a soul that over-animates its clay ; while I look like one not over-burdened with thought unless about my dinner : yet you are not so far all soul as to be quite detached from terrestrial objects, and can descend quietly from the higher flights of the mind to attend to Mr. Izett having a comfortable dinner ; while I, with all my superabundant breadth and rotundity, can be at times wafted on the wings of imagination “beyond the visible diurnal sphere.”

We have taken advantage of the late fine weather to see as much of the neighbourhood of this beautiful district as possible ; and Abbotsford has been included in our excursions. But I must first tell you that I have a nephew, Peter Stuart, a worthy, warm-hearted,

honourable man, who has a considerable mercantile establishment in Malta, where he resided many years. He came here for a few days, and contrived somehow to get a barouche, and insisted on our going with him to Melrose and Abbotsford. It is now thirteen years since I paid a short visit there, and I was then so engrossed by the presiding genius of the place, that I had little attention to give to details, having only a general notion that there was much of what was curious and characteristic of the owner. With all this previous knowledge I was overawed on entering it. I viewed the outside as I would a mausoleum consecrated to virtue and genius; it is so utterly unlike any other place or building, that I shall not attempt a description: of the contents within I feel equally inadequate to give you an idea. I have seen fine and great houses, but prefer the sight of this to them all: there is no porter's lodge, no extensive lawn, none of the appurtenances of a fine mansion; but the spirit of the owner seems to live and move: everything speaks to the mind and to the heart. Numberless memorials of the brave, the wise, and good, call up the past, and evince the regard with which that great mind cherished the memory of the illustrious dead. All the furniture bears the stamp of antiquity; everything you see suggests some new train of thought,—more especially the pictures, which are not many but select, each having its distinct history. Among those, I took a deep interest in a recent one of Miss Anne Scott. Few families exhibit such instances of two individuals nearly at the sametime falling victims to duty: the father died in the cause of honour and integrity; the

daughter in the no less sacred one of filial duty, which, with her, absorbed every other feeling. She lived only for her father, to watch over him with the tenderest solicitude, and to screen him from unfeeling intrusion : for this alone she lived, and died when her task was finished :—

“ Farewell blest spirits; vain the praise we give,
The praise you sought from lips immortal flows;
Farewell those virtues which deserve to live,—
Deserve a nobler bliss than life bestows! ”

Rainy weather and perfect leisure have made me very liberal of my tediousness to you : it is all I have to give. With every good wish to your kind and constant mate, believe me, yours cordially,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCIII.

TO MRS. DOUGLAS CRUGER (FORMERLY MISS HARRIET DOUGLAS), NEW YORK.

Edinburgh, 9th October, 1833.

My dear Mrs. Cruger,

How glad I was to hear of your marriage,* I cannot easily say. It was a thing I had long wished for, and more particularly that it should be with one of your own country. I have a kind of instinctive liking to Mr. Cruger; I call it instinctive, because I know too little of him to have any rational ground for my

* Miss Douglas had been married some months previously to Henry Cruger, Esq., an eminent member of the American bar.

predilection. If this kind of sympathy from liking the same person had not existed previously, his pleasant and very gentlemanlike epistle would have propitiated me. I received it when I was at Innerleithen, pretty much in Eve's state, when "the thoughts of death had dyed her cheeks with pale." I had, in the country, a severe illness, and, though perfectly well since I came to town, have been a good deal shaken by it. I have seen several Americans lately, chiefly Bostonians, all interesting, as being branches from the Lowell family, with whom I was very intimate. When I first came to Edinburgh they were here, and their society was my greatest enjoyment at the time, and we have never ceased since to correspond. The world has never spoiled me, as I see it does many, in leaving faint traces of earlier days. The names of a Schuyler or Cuyler warm my heart to this day, and I like Mr. Cruger the better for his connection with people still endeared to me, though "'tis sixty years since" I was cheered by their notice, and indebted to their kindness.

I have from early life had much connection with the army, and been well known to some of the best parts of it. Considering the life of gay variety which they lead, I have observed with some surprise, that when they retire from the service, there are none who live more quietly, as if tranquillity was their first wish. As Macbeth says of having "supped full of horrors," they seem to have supped full of excitement, and various scenes and various society, and seek in the calm and balm of peace what that great deceiver, the World, never afforded them. Now, I should not

be surprised, but rather pleased, to hear that after you have seen so much and so many, and laid in such an ample stock of reminiscence, you should acquire a taste for "retired leisure, that in trim gardens takes its pleasure." The feverish hurry of thought, ever seeking what it can never find, is an enemy to simple and natural enjoyments. Now that you have, I trust, a comfortable and cordial home, every bird that sings, and every flower that blows, will detain your attention in a different way from what it would have done, if, instead of fully enjoying the simple natural pleasures, your mind was occupied with the next public amusement; for are not all amusements now public, and is not a rage for notoriety the bane of domestic happiness? You will no longer have that "craving void, left aching in your heart," which mere amusement can never supply; you will have a determined aim in view to please one whose fate is, by the tenderest ties, linked with your own. You will, I know, excuse this, considering that it may perhaps prove the concluding lecture.

I wish I had any tidings to tell worthy your attention. Edinburgh is not likely to be gay this winter, though we have set out with races graced by many of our "Corinthian pillars," as Burke distinguished the nobility. I like to see these magnates fill their appropriate spheres, throwing lustre and refinement over society, if it were but to be a counterbalance to mere wealth. I must now stop, but not without sending my best respects to him whom I have constituted the guardian of your earthly happiness. Consider how little I know of Mr. Cruger, and make me better ac-

quainted with him. Pray tell me soon that you excuse all this, from your ever faithful,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCIV.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 29th January, 1834.

My very dear Friend,

When I wrote to you last I committed a great fault, and was most impatient to repair it; indeed, the recollection has made me uneasy every day since. I mean the undue flippancy—I could almost say bitterness—with which I mentioned a friend of yours, and, I believe, thinking back on the past, a very amiable person.

Your new friend, Mrs. Forster, I know to be the daughter of the wise and pious Henry Thornton, and of one of the most elegant and distinguished women I ever beheld, whose worth and piety were pre-eminent. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton visited Edinburgh, with their daughter, many years since. Miss Thornton, a fine girl, well educated, but quite unspoilt, much of my Anne's age (and what an age of innocence and truth that was), carried a charm about her that had attraction indescribable: it was not wit, it was not beauty; something far more valuable than these. She and Anne, in their native sweetness and untainted simplicity, seemed to meet like creatures of another world, and to feel delight in each other's society from similarity of principles and feelings.

The Thorntons were hurried out of town, and I never saw them more, but retained much reverence for him, and still think of her as something unearthly. Do tell me if Mrs. Forster was the very young girl I speak of that came with her parents to Edinburgh many years ago. I often saw and greatly approved the young, pure-minded Sir Robert and Lady Inglis ; I thought them sweet, artless young creatures, earnestly desirous to improve themselves and each other : but when I heard of them making the young Thorntons "the children of their souls," I loved them with no common love, and have done so ever since. He has walked steadily in a straight and open path : no matter about his reward ; if it comes not now it will come hereafter.

Yes, I have read Mr. Hamilton's Travels in the United States, and think the book invaluable to the Americans ; he administers exactly the medicine they require, and he will be abused for it : it will, however, do good here, and there, and everywhere. Have you read Dr. Chalmers's splendid, and, I greatly fear, last speech ? He was three hours on his feet, and has been ever since very ill : I hear he is now better. He is too credulous, and has too much genius to be rational about daily matters, but he is perfectly disinterested, and without guile, malice, or hypocrisy ; therefore, I love him with all his romance and tiresome political economy : I hate the depopulating cold-hearted name of that science, if it be one. Write to me very soon. I am impatient to hear of your niece ; and am truly and cordially yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCV.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 17th April, 1834.

Now, my dear friend, your kind letter, and its valuable enclosure, have given me so many interesting topics of discussion, while franks are to me unattainable, that I must cram all my usual tediousness into narrow bounds, that we may meet, as usual, on topics most interesting to us both.

I am highly pleased with both the spirit and execution of Walter's sermon. It appears to me closely reasoned, and as having the sound doctrine it contains so founded on reason, and fortified by Scripture authority, that even he who runs may read to profit. The late daring attacks by the enemies of the Church will, I hope, call forth much zeal for the truth, and lead many hitherto careless persons to think more deeply on the most important of all concerns. I am grieved, yet not afraid of this ungodly war with everything that is sacred and venerable: surely the wrath of man shall praise Him, and the remainder of wrath shall He restrain. The worst times for the Church that we read of were the latter years of Charles the Second; yet what distinguished ornaments of the Church and witnesses of the truth were raised up at the time when popery, profligacy, and infidelity seemed to triumph. The best account I have seen of those eminent saints is in the Memoirs of Evelyn, which it always does me good to read.

Have you been reading Crabbe's Life, which has interested us all very much? One cannot know enough about Burke: what a guardian angel he proved to the nation. There are two individuals who have adorned and benefited our country, whom it is a pleasure to trace into the very recesses of private life: there are no discoveries to make;—all is so fair, so clear, so honourable—the milk of human kindness flows forth so abundantly. I speak of Edmund Burke and Walter Scott. How delightful it is to find those diamonds without a flaw. It seems to me unnatural to find those excellent of the earth, on whom the most precious gifts of intellect are bestowed, deficient in moral virtues. Alas, for poor Lord Byron!—he had such a thorough conviction of Sir Walter's being all and more than he seemed, that he used to say, if he found half a dozen more such characters it would light up his mind with a belief of human virtue. How painful it is to think of what he was and what he might have been.

I think this letter, betwixt prosing and gossiping, tastes strongly of fourscore. I know well you cannot regard me more than you have ever done; but I trust you will venerate me more when I have entered on a year that has *memento mori* so deeply written on it. My son and his wife are very careful of me, and do all they can to soften the sense of increasing infirmity; and I trust it is good for them to have a duty to perform. Now do not stand on a frank when you see me so hardened on that head; but I shall manage better next time. What a strange antiquity you will think me when you see me next, for you see I take it

for granted that you will find me still alive ; meanwhile tell Georgiana how glad I shall be to see her and you : in heart, however, you will find unaltered your faithful friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCVI.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 22d April, 1834.

My dear Friend,

I have been longing to write to you again, and feel still an apprehension that you are giving way to those assumptions of superior attainments in piety in others, which we find scarcely compatible with that humility which is the very foundation of real Christianity. I do by no means admire ladies carrying the Bible in their reticules, or rejecting as superfluous the light which the wise and good, who are now reaping the fruit of their labours in a blessed immortality, have endeavoured to throw over the Scriptures. Those who think themselves all-sufficient to comprehend what so many holy men have approached with reverential fear, and given perhaps a lifetime to elucidate, with the assistance of that Divine Spirit for which they earnestly implored, and this independence of our ancient guides, as thinking the Scriptures all-sufficient, is a mere deception for rejecting the lights by which the Christian world has been hitherto directed. Those persons are as dependant upon their own teachers, and receive their dictates more implicitly than ever we did

those of the holy men whom we had been taught to look up to as spiritual guides. To have the Scriptures laid up in the heart, and influencing the heart and conduct, would be just as well as carrying them about : neither Lady Rachel Russell nor Hannah More, nor any other of those illustrious women that did honour to Christianity and their country, ever carried about a Bible as a spell to protect them, or as a Catholic relic.

I think I could, by means of a most retentive memory, produce as much Scripture, and apply it as readily, as any of those will-worshippers. But in this respect I keep myself continually in check, well knowing that this acquaintance with Scripture, and ready application of it, is no proof of an advance in grace beyond, or at all equal to, many others, but is perhaps a mere effort of memory, for the effects of which I am responsible according to the use I make of it, which I greatly fear has not been commensurate to my knowledge. I say what I think to you under a dread of doing wrong ; but I can only tell you in sincerity what my own habits of thinking and feeling have been, both with regard to religious concerns, and to matters merely of taste and talent. My father was a very pious man ; but his views of religion, and indeed all his other views, were severe and gloomy : this was matter of temperament, aggravated by indifferent health. I was early and deeply impressed with my own deficiencies both in faith and practice ; and may truly say that I was deeply humbled in consequence. I looked up with reverence to every creature that appeared to me more zealous and earnest than myself

in devotion, and lived in a state of self-accusing terror that was really pitiable. But I then had, and still have, a hope that I shall know that my Redeemer liveth, before I go hence and be no more seen. Yet I am grieved to find in some high professors, and in those who are rather boldly termed advanced Christians, such inconsistencies, such a want of candour and charity, as makes me at a loss how to estimate these professions. This produces a painful distrust both of myself and others: I accuse myself of having less reverence for high professors than formerly, and considering some of them as self-righteous and uncharitable; while I find others who have walked softly under the same fears and doubts as myself more constant and upright. I think that the hostility now shown to the Church, and to religion itself, should have the good effect of making all Christians tremble for the ark, which is attacked on all sides, and by none more than separatists, who set up a higher standard of morals and piety, not very consistent with the bitterness with which they regard the National Church.

I find you have been staying at Jordanhill. What pleasant circuits you may make among your good and affectionate children. The flourishing state of every branch of your family is a subject of gratulation to me and many others certainly; yet when I hear it spoken of, I always say that the moderation with which it is borne is the circumstance that ought to be most gratifying to your friends. Be sure to remind your granddaughter Isabella how I have liked her from infancy; and tell her I am not only glad but vain of the distinction she has attained in the eyes of

another of at least equally good taste,—who, I hope, will find in the fruit all that the blossom promised. I am, dear friend, yours affectionately,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCVII.

TO MISS H. JACKSON, BOSTON, AMERICA.

Edinburgh, 22d June, 1834.

My dear Friend,

A letter from you, which has lingered long on its way, has, at length, reached me. Two, which I certainly sent, one by Liverpool, the other by one of your countrymen, must, I think, have reached you before now. But my present anxiety is about your dear nephew, of whom we have daily expected to hear for sometime, and for whose prolonged silence I am at the utmost loss to account.

* * * * *

Now, after I have spoken so much of these worthies, who are truly originals, standing on high ground, it remains to speak of one original in a very different way, who interests me, and will interest you, more than any of them,—my own Margaret,* whom I have known from childhood, though not so well as her two sisters, who were a little older, and had lived more with me. Margaret is four-and-twenty; but I think of her as only fifteen, her innocence of heart

* Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. P. Grant, formerly Miss Margaret Steven.

and newness to the world having preserved the fresh simplicity of that age. She has a very good, though not highly-cultivated understanding, a fine natural disposition, and very warm affections. With talents and understanding, innocence and integrity, that render her daily more valuable and estimable, the qualities of her mind are unfolding, like a flower in sunshine. You wish to know and hear of her appearance. She has a good figure, tall, and well-made, what one would call genteel-looking; eyes and mouth very good, with a fresh complexion, and a profusion of chestnut hair; without the air of fashion or of the world, but with a kind of simple elegance; modest and shy, and with an originality that speaks of mind. You would scarcely call her a fine woman; but she is very near that, and even in her looks daily improving. She has a taste in dress correct and simple, like herself, but no passion for it; consistent elegance, of a quiet and chastened kind, about her house and furniture, seems more her object. She is certainly a fine creature; and finer in my eyes for her unworldly habits of thinking and judging. Living so long in safe seclusion, the world has no dangerous charms for her. I think I need not add that I am fond of this new daughter; wanting, as much I did, something to love that had affection and principle, and had loved me much and early.

For some weeks past it appeared as if the wine of life was on the lees, and the period drew near that so few of us can meet without apprehension, whatever may be our experience of Divine mercy and reliance on the highest proof of it. I am much better now, and thankful for being so; there are still some to

whom I think I can be useful while I remain. I am anxious to hear something of Mrs. Horace Gray; where she is, and how: my now failing memory represents my short intercourse with her as if some bright vision from a better world had come, with two attendant cherubs, to look in upon me, and, vanishing, left a train of light behind. Do tell me of her. Your truly attached,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCVIII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Bellahouston, near Glasgow,
14th August, 1834.

My dear and constant Friend,

I admire much the habits of the people of Kam-schatka, who are separated from their friends for half a year, or much more, by the climate. When they do meet, the visitor sits down, and never ceases talking till every incident and feeling since they parted has been recounted; after which the person visited begins a detail of the same kind. Now, I had prepared my narrative when I had a hope of meeting you in Edinburgh; and I supposed us, like those sentimental savages, narrating all the few joys and many sorrows that had occurred in the interval. We that have pens, and very busy ones, have anticipated much, but still much remains.

I shall check this overflowing of the heart to tell you, after thanking you for a long, connected letter, full of clear, distinct intelligence, that I am at Bella-

houston, the beautiful residence of my son's brother-in-law, two or three miles below Glasgow, on the south side of the Clyde. My having power to make out a land-journey of fifty miles in one day has surprised every one, and myself most of all. I usually see a great many strangers in Edinburgh at this time of year; but while I am here, the object of unbounded care and kindness, and have my son and his pretty wife with me, I escape people that come merely to look at me when I am no longer worth looking at. Think, too, of the leisure I looked for here, and find,—having a garden-chair, a fine library, and the owner of it a most amiable person, making a study of all that can gratify me.

In answer to your question I have read the highly-revered Bishop of Limerick's Life and Correspondence with Mr. Knox, and had much pleasure in tracing the footsteps of such a real saint. He seems to live in his letters: those from England brought back to memory many loved characters whom death has made sacred,—the Thorntons, and others who, like them, live to honour their Maker.

I shall now tell you of the acquisition I have made in my old kind friend, Mrs. Henry Erskine, who has come to live near me, in Edinburgh, which will be a blessing to me while I *do* live. The divided paths of life have separated us long: you know she was the sister of her fellow-mind, Sir Thomas Munro. But I cannot cram so much worth, genius, and true generosity into a corner. Being much fatigued, I can only add, that I am truly, tenderly, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER XCIX.

TO MRS. SMITH, IBROX HILL.*

Bellahouston, 15th August.

My dear Friend,

I was disappointed to hear from my son, who called for you yesterday, that you were still confined to your room. I hope the radiance of this day does not shine for you in vain, but that you will be able to go a little out to enjoy it. I have been out for some hours; but though I had not, my constant wish to communicate my overflowing delight in Mrs. Hannah More's Life, and my high enjoyment of all the good company to which she has introduced me, would oppress me unless I gave vent to it. After reading most of the first volume, I readily agree with you that she led a happier life than any one I ever heard of. All that elegant luxury afforded she enjoyed, without the care, anxiety, and expense that their owners find unavoidable: she luxuriated in the highest intellectual pleasures, and drank them from the purest sources,—living as she did with the wise, the worthy, the witty, and the elegant, the learned, the pious, philosophers and saints. Of the praise that flows from the heart, no queen or princess ever received more to the last day of her protracted though not painless existence, during which she survived so many friends, who were

* Mrs. Smith was then on a visit to her daughter at Ibrox Hill, in the immediate vicinity of Bellahouston, and daily intercourse was kept up between the two friends, either by personal meetings or by writing.

the light and ornament of the age in which she lived. You and I shall here meet with lessons for our fast-approaching hour from those who, after long teaching us how to live, gave us the still more impressive lesson how to die. May these lessons be blest to us, to whom so much light and knowledge are given.

I am tempted to invent a new epithet for one of Mrs. More's most active and efficient talents. I would call it *hallowed wit*, sanctified by the use she made of it: the shafts which she launched against vice and folly would neither have flown so far, nor pierced so deep, without being thus feathered. To be sure, when the sons of light were gathered together, Horace Walpole came also among them; her indulgence for him was merely a spot upon a vestal's robe. I regard this wonderful woman—blest in life, and doubly blest in death—with a mixture of awe and admiration. In one instance only I could assert a competition,—namely, in the dread of being thought much better than I am, which has haunted me all my life.

I fear the enclosed letter from America will disturb and puzzle more than entertain you; I send it as a kind of literary curiosity,—the renewal of an intercourse suspended for sixty-five years. But your servant waits. Adieu!

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER C.

TO MRS. SMITH, IBROX HILL.

Bellahouston, 28th August.

My dear Friend,

I do not remember being so agreeably surprised by a note as by yours yesterday. I have been enabled to keep for many years so free of the faculty, that when a doctor is called to one of our years I take an alarm. It was kind in you to tell me how much better you were.

I was sorry and ashamed to find the fourth volume of Hannah More's Life here. I had hastily finished, and I thought sent it down to you three or four days since. This omission is one of the yellow leaves that show the failure of a faculty I once possessed in no common degree. I think of your ability to walk as an advantage you possess over me ; but to-day, when, encircling the hill, I sat in my garden-chair reading in the open air, more persons than I regretted that you were not with me, enjoying a day so sweet and spring-like. May our decay prove as calm and serene, if it be the Divine will ! How much have we to be thankful for in thus meeting each other, and being enabled to enjoy, as it were together, the precious remains of that incomparable woman, who was not only the faithful and highly successful servant of her Lord, while here diligently busied with her labours of love ; but, living in her works while Christianity and the English language endure, will be a source of pure

delight and improvement to succeeding generations. I felt an odd sensation, as if it brought me near her whose memory is so precious, from the little circumstance of finding that my late friend, Mr. Hatsell, had left a mourning-ring to Hannah More, as he did to me. This is a hastily-written note; but I well know everything that comes from me will be welcome. Adieu, for the present.

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CI.

TO MISS H. JACKSON, BOSTON, AMERICA.

Bellahouston, near Glasgow,
20th October, 1834.

My dear Friend,

I hope you have before now received a letter from my daughter-in-law, acknowledging a present (a much-valued one) you were kind enough to send her, which I consider as a token of the love, strong as death, which you have so long cherished for one who I may say was deserving of it, and loved you very much.* I am now in wintry and unpromising weather, and, under the pressure of a serious cold, preparing to leave this place, where I have passed three of the most agreeable months which have fallen to my lot for many clouded, and some stormy years. This very desirable residence lies on a considerable eminence, within three miles of Glasgow, on which we look down,

* Mrs. Grant's late daughter, Mary.

and have indeed a most extensive and varied view on every side : the ornamental planting, with as much of a natural appearance as possible, is surrounded with an extensive and fertile country. It belongs to Mr. Steven, my son's brother-in-law, whom I regard with a kind of maternal tenderness, having known him from childhood as one of the most candid and upright, as well as the most gentle and amiable of human beings. He and I have ever been on the most pleasant and companionable footing ; and he, as well as his two excellent sisters, who vie with him in every possible attention to my comfort and gratification, seem much pleased with the occurrences that have lengthened my visit. It was thought somewhat hazardous, on account of my many infirmities, to bring me so far ; but this truly rural life has agreed very well with me, being much in the open air and in motion,—they having an excellent garden-chair, in which I was drawn about the grounds every day till now that all begins to look wintry. We were in full preparation for returning to Edinburgh above three weeks since, when my son had occasion to go to London ; he took his wife with him, and I agreed to stay here till their return, which is expected to-morrow.

You are no stranger to the long and true friendship which has subsisted between Mrs. Smith of Jordanhill and myself. We were born in the same year, and our acquaintance, which soon ripened into friendship, continued from that day to this without interruption or abatement. Her only daughter, a person of pleasing manners and an elegant mind, was married to a worthy and wealthy man, who appreciated her value, and felt

grateful for her patient attention during a long, lingering illness. They were childless, and all his relations were rich ; so he left her a jointure unheard-of among private gentlemen here. Her mother, whose health has been for sometime precarious, was on a visit to a favourite son, who is most happily married : whenever she heard of my arrival she came over to her daughter's dwelling, which is embellished with much taste, and stands at the foot of this eminence. There she remained two months, either coming or writing to me almost every day : our intercourse, though so near the narrow house appointed for all living, has been very pleasant, and I hope not unprofitable. Some weeks ago she felt weaker, and retired to her own house in town. It was not expected that she would ever write again ; but I have got a most characteristic note this morning, which I am going, in the fulness of my heart, to enclose to you ; pray take great care of it, for it may prove to be the last relic of a dying saint : send it back to me if I live another year. I hope you will value the enclosure as a proof of true good will ; and believe me always, very truly, yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CII.

TO MISS H. JACKSON, BOSTON, AMERICA.

Edinburgh, 18th March, 1835.

My dear Friend,

I have been much too long in acknowledging the

favour of your kind letter, and the accompanying number of your American Review, which always entertains me. You could not suppose it possible that at my age, and after being visited with so deep a portion of personal sorrows, I should allow my mind to be much disturbed with politics ; yet so it was, not only because some highly-esteemed individuals were deeply concerned in the late contest, but that all the fabric, which the wisdom, virtue, and piety of our and your ancestors had been for a thousand years building up, seemed tottering to its foundation. My hopes were never extinguished, though my indignation was much more excited than it ought to be when a more permanent state of existence is near in prospect : but it was really difficult for feeble humanity to restrain its indignant feelings, when our moral and religious populace, of which we were once so proud, showed such depravity.* I know you will have some indulgence for my patriotic feelings, however useless and ill-timed they may be. The contest has been severe, yet the throne and the altar, under the Divine protection, still stand firm, while the rage and disappointment of the demagogues waste themselves in unavailing abuse.

I have perhaps wearied you with the expression of feelings too strong to be repressed, yet one additional favour I will ask of you, taking for granted that you have entered into my feelings. Read, what you will easily get among intelligent friends, the last number of the Quarterly Review, now carried on by the highly-talented John Lockhart, with the frequent assistance

* Alluding to the disgraceful riots that had taken place in Scotland at certain elections for Parliament.

of Southey and others. You will there find the last breathing of a dying sage,* redolent with the light of truth, and rich in that prophetic spirit which is often given to the wise and good as they are about to pass through the gates of immortality. Pray attend to his noble justification of the ways of Providence, when his friend indicates his regret that he, and such as he, had so sparing a portion of this world's goods. How just, how acquiescent, and how true it is, that they to whom nature has given so many high and pure sources of enjoyment, ought not to repine while the high enjoyment of intellectual pleasures, and the delight which the fair face of nature affords to the mind of genius, in all its native purity, are so peculiarly their own. Coleridge was, like Moses, forbid to enter into the promised land; but, from a Pisgah of his own, he saw it in clear vision.

I had a most affecting letter lately from Mr. Horace Gray; but he had not, at that time, received one I wrote to him on hearing of his irreparable loss. I hope he has got that letter, as it contained a proof of the effect produced on my mind by what I am tempted to call the enchantment of his departed wife's character: anything so pure, so bright, so heavenly, I have rarely met with; and she seemed to have such a kindly feeling towards me, that there was no resisting its influence. "How shall a man love God, whom he hath not seen, if he love not his brother, whom he hath seen?" How deeply, how tenderly, does this speak to the heart. If we cannot ascend to the foun-

* "The Remains of S. T. Coleridge."—Reviewed in the Quarterly Review for February, 1835.

tain of perfection in this cloudy state of existence, we at least show love in delighting in those in whom the Divine image is most apparent and most unsullied. I am, as I have long been, dear friend, gratefully and cordially yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CIII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 13th April, 1835.

My dear Friend,

Your last letter contained so uncomfortable an account of your health, and that of dear Walter, that I begin to grow impatient to hear better accounts of you both.

There is something very solemn in finding one's self on this side of eighty,* a period that so few attain, and which it appears to me almost miraculous that I should have attained, considering my long warfare with calamity. Deaths come so fast upon me, that I have no leisure to wipe my eyes before there comes another demand upon my sympathy. Sympathy I call it, as it is not for the departed, but for the survivors that I mourn. It is little more than a fortnight since one of the most amiable and useful persons I have ever known, with the exception of her incomparable mother, was called to her reward by a sudden and, I think, easy death. This was Miss Mackenzie, daughter of

* Mrs. Grant had completed her eightieth year on 21st Feb. 1835.

Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling." In her youth she had beauty of a peculiarly elegant kind, perfect good breeding, fine taste, and gentle manners. Her mother, whose friend, companion, and chief comfort she was, outlived her but a week.

I grieve to tell you that my daughter-in-law, my dear Margaret, has been for sometime in a delicate state of health that it would be distressing for me to witness though she had been less dear and less deserving; she looks thin and pale, and seems fading like a flower. I do not apologise for asking your sympathy in this great affliction. Alas! I cannot see to the end of it. I am, dear friend, your affectionate and attached

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CIV.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 27th May, 1835.

My dear Friend,

In alluding to the present state of public affairs, I fear that I do a very wrong thing, very unsuitable to my time of life, and to that meek submission with which it is our duty to await the issues of Providence; but fate (I hope not an evil one) constrains me. I make up in frankness to you, and one other person, for my reserve *here*; for the most ordinary discourse is not free from the poison of party spirit. I feel myself like the weak yet good old man Eli, when he went out in his feeble and infirm old age, and sat at

the gate of the city to watch for tidings of the Ark of the Lord while threatened by the Philistines. I have the same eager solicitude about the Ark of our safety—the same terror lest as a punishment for our many sins we may be forsaken; yet I feel more inclined, like Milton, “to bate no jot of heart or hope.”

I have just had visitors, very pleasant ones, the next thing to seeing yourself, Lady Townshend Farquhar, and her husband, Mr. Thomas Hamilton;—she looking all good-humour, like a person willing to please and be pleased, while Mr. Hamilton's manliness and dignity, and the soul that animates his countenance, at once arrest attention and command admiration. As they entered the room another very interesting couple left it,—Mr. and Mrs. Walker. Mr W. is a person of large fortune, and has lately bought an extensive Highland estate. He is, as the sailors say, a regular-built Conservative, and has just returned from the Inverness-shire election, where he voted against our friend Mr. Grant of Glenmoriston, who appeared as the representative of Charles Grant.* I should have been very sorry for his own sake that Glenmoriston had succeeded. He is beloved and esteemed by every one, and justly accounted the very *beau ideal* of a respectable country gentleman; judicious in his conduct, and amiable in his social and domestic relations,—living in a region of beauty, in the midst of devoted adherents, and surrounded by a large family, to whom he and their mother are setting the best possible example: and he

* Now Lord Glenelg, formerly Member for Inverness-shire.

now wishes, from a kind of romantic friendship for C. G., to leave all this for the struggles of politics. Charles Grant I really loved as a person of congenial feelings, and of a pure, elegant mind, deeply imbued with piety and wisdom. As Lord Glenelg, following O'Connell's train, I cannot recognise my old friend.

Alas! for Mrs. Hemans,—the pure and ever fertile genius that is now extinguished in death, relieved, I might well say, from the evils of a life where her feelings were too often wounded, and her heart oppressed with care. How it grieved me to see her fine genius degraded, and her spirits worn out with the drudgery of furnishing poems to newspapers, and all the periodicals. The last strains of that angelic harp appeared in Blackwood's Magazine; they must have been composed a few days before her death. The first part is called "Despondency;" the last, "Aspiration."

This letter will probably be conveyed to you by Mr. Henry Stuart,* a favourite kinsman of mine, from Argyllshire, who thinks of visiting Leamington to consult your eminent physician. Should his health permit him to see you, you will be much pleased with his original powerful conversation. A strong, clear, and cultivated understanding, a very warm heart, and a high honourable spirit, have made him from childhood very dear to me. Believe me gratefully, kindly, always yours,

ANNE GRANT.

* Youngest son of the late D. Stuart, Esq. of Ballachelish, Argyllshire, and since deceased.

LETTER CV.

TO MRS. DOUGLAS CRUGER, NEW YORK.

Edinburgh, 13th June, 1835.

My dear Mrs. D. C.,

I can hardly hope that this will find you returned from your enchanting prairies. I rather think you will luxuriate in all their peaceful beauty, till driven home by the first frosts; for how can a town be endured after this gay romance and perfect freedom from modes and the irksome forms of civilised life, and enjoying the negligence of nature wild and free. I never had violent animal spirits, and, at the earliest age, was not given to frisk and curvet as many young people do. But then I had a great deal more of quiet enjoyment; I was deeply sensible of everything beautiful either in the external aspect of nature, or in the fairest specimens of moral beauty. I found always something to love and to admire. This deep sense of the beautiful and the excellent was like moisture to a plant, keeping up something like a fresh vegetation. Yet, in my progress through life, I have often seen those whose exuberant spirits threw such an appearance of gaiety over the morning of life, become grave and careworn whenever the dull realities of life engrossed their attention, where there was neither feeling nor fancy to gild their way among the thorns that are inevitable. I have, in a manner, wandered into something very like self-commendation, in trying to account for a certain youthfulness of mind that seems uncon-

querable, and is the more remarkable, as the period of reflection and thoughtfulness commenced with me earlier than with others of my age.

I began this letter to-day, and find myself most agreeably interrupted by one from yourself, overflowing, as usual, with kindness, and accompanied with proofs that I am never long absent from your thoughts. I have been particularly struck myself, and observed with some exultation to others, your very delicate and gratifying attention in sending me the dear little Yellow birds that I have coveted so long in vain. How could you possibly find out my long-cherished wish for these charmers? I do not remember ever to have mentioned this wish to you; but I have often said to young men returning to America, when they wished to know what they could do to gratify me there, that they could do nothing better than send me these birds; for till I came from America to Scotland, I had never been without one. I suppose they thought I could not be in earnest in such a childish request. You have no notion of my delight when I found the birds I had so long dreamt of had come with Mr. Russell. He called, but with a lamentable tale of a treacherous cat that had insinuated her paw into the cage during the voyage and killed one of the pets. Had they been Birds of Paradise, they could not have been more welcome to me. I counted the hours till the survivor should arrive; but it was more than a fortnight, and it got a deal of rain in the track-boat. I was amused to see with how much impatience my son and his wife waited his arrival. He came at last, with a languor about him that did not promise well; he was

evidently sick, and so was I from an eager desire for his preservation, but, to the mortification of the whole family, he died on the third day. I know you will sympathize with my sorrow. I once had a guilty desire of concealing my loss to save your disappointment; but that would have been scarcely right.

By the by, there is one of your gentle Americans here, who seems to possess a fine and well cultivated mind. Your females are all softness and decorum, as far as I have seen them. She is a clergyman's widow;—her husband, whose name was Brewen, I knew a little when he was here, many years ago. He appeared a person of a pure and elegant, though not very powerful mind. I was very partial to him, because I understood that, though heir to an easy fortune, he had chosen the Church as his profession. Any person who does so conscientiously, cannot contemplate an easy or very tranquil life,—his vigilance must be undiminished and his labours incessant. His were too much, I suppose, for a frame indicating uncommon delicacy, united with beauty of countenance almost feminine. His widow is also a pretty little woman, cultivated and intellectual; she has two beautiful little girls, seven and nine years old,—one the image of her very bonny father, for that is the word that suited him. Mrs. Brewen has elegant manners as well as deep piety; yet, considering the obscure though very good people among whom she lives, I am agreeably surprised to find that her acquaintance is sought by people of rank and fashion. I do not think she had any high introductions, but has attracted notice as a very pious and somewhat talented

stranger. I fear I tire you with the minuteness of my details about your countrywoman, but I wished to draw your attention to an object equally important,—I mean the deep spirit of piety which seems to be awakened among our people of rank, which spreads fast, and produces such beneficial effects, that the reproach of idleness, dissipation, and undue contempt for inferiors, which were too justly attributed to our aristocracy, are fading away fast, and we are likely to see these favoured children of fortune illuminate, with the most benign rays of humble love and meek piety, the sphere in which they move. I remember when the late Dr. Gregory was exceedingly, indeed dangerously ill, about the time that Bonaparte's star grew pale, somebody wished to tell him of the victory of Leipsic, "I am glad," said he, "that I did not die yesterday." Thus, instead of repining at all the evils that "flesh is heir to," in prolonged life, I should rather rejoice to have remained to see the beginning of this happy change, which seems intended to be progressive.

The book which you sent me was most acceptable. "The Winter in the West" is written with ease and spirit—is very original, and like to freeze us all, by bringing your bitter winters so near us in imagination. But how the author makes my heart ache with the too resembling pictures of my poor, dear Indians; for whom I feel a melancholy but unextinguishable kindness! I admired the Chief who wished so much to share his free and unencumbered life with his friend. I have, in early life, met with some who have been prisoners with them, who seemed to regret that mode of life. I was just going to mention, when I

was interrupted, the similarity that exists on both sides the great water. We talk of your apathy, your national vanity, and, above all, your utilitarianism, your little apprehension of the ludicrous, &c. ; but, when a live American comes among us, we feel as if it were kindred blood stirring, and treat him with warm kindness. On your side, again, there is not even a novel written without some reflection on the English, their pride, their artificial manners, and all the traits that are the necessary faults resulting from over-refinement. Yet one of us goes among you, and if tolerably and properly introduced, he is sure to be well received, and even caressed. Now, this is as it ought to be.

You gratify me much by your quotation from the sermon, as proving that you attend seriously to what will be all in all, when the pursuits and vanities of life shall be as nothing. Keep your mind awake and open to these awful truths. Meditate on them at night, and lift up your heart in the morning, and let not the many mercies bestowed on you be as snares to entangle the immortal spirit. How awful it is to leave all we love and enjoy on earth to enter upon an unknown state, which, without firm faith and perfect reliance on the all-sufficient atonement of our blessed Saviour, must be misery unspeakable. My children send their kindest regards to you and Mr. Cruger. Tell your brother that I feel pleasure in thinking of the better part he has chosen, living, as he does, under the law of love. Write to me ; it gives me pleasure, and does you good. Adieu, most kindly, says your very true friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CVI.

TO MRS. DOUGLAS CRUGER, NEW YORK.

Edinburgh, 24th June, 1835.

My dear Mrs. Cruger;

The whole intention of this is to express my deep regret at having, in a late letter, used such undue harshness in speaking of the lady best known to us as Fanny Kemble. I formed a hasty judgment of her character and talents, from reading a criticism on her "Journal in America," in which all the most repulsive points of her writings are brought out in full array, without producing one instance of good feeling or good taste, or of any strong indication of good principle, that so frequently occur in her Journal. All this penitence of mine has been produced merely by reading half of the first volume; yet I hope it is a repentance not to be repented of. But, lest you think me too amiable in my penitence, as I was too severe in my censure, I must add that I still think it a very injudicious publication. I am willing to allow the errors are all upon the surface, and accompanied with many compensating qualities. The Journal was well enough to write, but by no means to publish without much pruning and softening. After all, one must admire her capacity. She is indeed talented and judicious in her estimate of characters,—those of Lord Byron and Sir Walter particularly. I have always considered it a matter of thankfulness that there was nothing of the *nil admirari* about me. The

delight I have always found in paying the heart's tribute to distinguished excellence has been to me a soother of many sorrows; and the tribute that Miss Kemble pays to our admired minstrel, so evidently cordial and sincere, fell upon my ear like the sweetest music. I was much pleased, too, with her strictures on the character of Hamlet, which has so much puzzled myself as well as so many others. I like, too, her capacity for sitting still and exercising her needle. You know of old how partial I am to that little weapon, which soothes the mind with a sense of employment, without in the least impeding the course of thought. What this observer says of the outward appearance of your ladies, their style of dress, &c., appears to me a very fair criticism. I do not so much care how many dollars a bonnet may cost,—extravagance in the long run cures itself,—but I cannot reconcile this love of frippery with sound sense or any cultivation of mind. The great fault of your nation is, their preference of France to the land from whence they originated, and from whence they derived so much of all they most justly value. I hope you never put on a bonnet that costs above twenty dollars; I think I would even grudge you so much. I admire the strong common sense with which Miss Kemble laughs at your pretension to complete equality. What a reflection on the wisdom of the great Creator, whose works, though equal in wisdom, are replete with inequality! But this is too foolish to talk of.

You will observe that our sweetest singer* has sung

* Mrs. Hemans.

her last ; if you see " Blackwood's Magazine," you will there find her parting strains, produced a few days before her death. She finds now, I trust, that peace in heaven that was withheld on earth ; her sorrows are closed, and she now joins the hallelujahs of the blest ! Adieu, dear Harriet, and believe me yours, very truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CVII.

TO MRS. IZETT.

Elie, Fifeshire,
14th August, 1835.

My dear Friend,

I am not quite aware who wrote last : my memory, which has long been faithful and comprehensive beyond most others, begins to fail me about daily occurrences. But I think it scarcely possible that I did not tell you of the great enjoyment I had in the beauty and soft tranquillity of that enchanting place, Aberdour, where, in a most desirable abode near the sea-side, we lately spent some weeks, surrounded with all the vernal delights that Milton speaks of. I could not have believed, without seeing them, that so many lofty trees, and so many of the tenderest plants, that we consider as requiring shelter and no common care, could thrive even to luxuriance so near the sea, which, however, appears there merely in the form of a beautiful bay, with sheltering rocks on each side. I will not tire you with a description of the garden, though worthy

of Alcinous, nor of the shrubbery in which I took so much pleasure, sitting a part of every forenoon in it; but I must have you to admire the arbutus, which abounds there, growing very tall, and loaded with clustering berries. The pretty house which we occupied, and the charming grounds which surround it, belong now to Miss Henderson, the late Baronet's sister. Our friends have taken it till September.

Now, you must come down with me to Elie, where my son had engaged for us the house of the Hon. Mrs. Bruce, a sister of Lord Rollo, whose husband inherited an estate in the neighbourhood, which, I fear, he contrived to spend before he died. This large convenient house, standing close to the sea-side, is as much to my taste as if I had built it myself; there is nothing of paltry pretension about it, but much substantial comfort. The only ornaments are very respectable ones, in the form of a great number of family pictures—Bruces not a few. Sir William Bruce of Kinross at this moment seems to regard me with complacency. Of the brave and the fair there are others of an earlier date, as their plated armour, and the antique dress of the belles, bear witness. I assure you I look up to those "shades of the dead" with no small respect. We have a very fine sea-view here, ornamented on the opposite side by Tantallon Castle and the Bass. My son tells me he never saw me before in a place where I did not know any one. He and his wife are uneasy lest time should hang heavy on me; as if I did not knit, and read, and write, besides thinking; they are so possessed with this notion that they have sent for a lady and her brother

for my sole amusement. They find a great enjoyment themselves in riding and walking about, the neighbourhood being full of seats of old renown, with fine ornamented grounds and gardens.

Though I have now told you everything that I have seen, I would not advise you to emulate me, not being, I fear, equal to any such great exertion: you are merely to say how you are, where you are, and what you are reading. I have here two volumes of Coleridge's Table-talk: I am glad to find that his nephew is also his son-in-law. Jane Coleridge was in every respect so fine a creature that other people, as well as myself, were quite at a loss to think of a fitting marriage for her: she was brought up in the kindly dwelling of Southey, where nothing but good was to be learned. I shall long to know where you are, for I am indeed, dear friend, affectionately yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CVIII.

TO MISS H. JACKSON, BOSTON, AMERICA.

Elie, Fifeshire, 10th Sept. 1835.

My dear Friend,

I have now two very kind letters from you to acknowledge. I had heard of your severe indisposition, and dreaded what I was next to hear: I will not say how much I was relieved by seeing your handwriting again.

When I wrote to you before, I referred you to the Quarterly Review for some criticisms that I should

have been glad to have made myself: I again refer you to the last one, where you will see a very judicious and well-written critique on Miss Fanny Kemble's "Journal in America," which, I am sure, you will find interesting. In old surly Gifford's time, I suppose its bitterness made this Review very unpalatable to Americans. But he now sleeps with his fathers, and more benignant stars have the ascendant over it,—Southey, always good and amiable, and Lockhart, whose severe criticisms in early days are much tempered by his riper judgment, and the sweet influence of his father-in-law, Sir Walter, in whom all the elements were so kindly mixed, that nothing but the gall seemed wanting.

By the by, I have seen lately an account of a visit which Washington Irving paid, many years ago, to Sir Walter Scott, which amused me much, and was very characteristic. You see the man in all his delightful simplicity of manners and sweetness of temper; he does not endeavour to dazzle or surprise his far-travelled guest with brilliant sallies or with wonderful anecdotes; he receives him in his ordinary dress, recognising him as a kindred mind, with whom he had been long familiar, and who, he well knew, had travelled over his comprehensive mind too well to feel himself a stranger. How pleasant to witness the quiet familiar intercourse of two persons so intuitively intimate, and so utterly free from all desire of exhibition.

I would escape from speaking of myself, by asking you to tell me of your dear nephew, who, I hope, is by this time arrived in Persia. I gave him a few

lines to Mrs. M'Neill, with whom I always exchanged an annual letter, she being the dear friend of my beloved Moore : she was married seven years ago to Mr. John M'Neill,* a younger son of Colonsay, one of our island lairds, who was attached to our embassy. They were both at Colonsay in summer, when he, who is a great favourite at the Persian court, was hastily summoned to act as secretary to the ambassador we have sent out, who, it is thought, will return directly to England, and leave Mr. M'Neill as chargé d'affaires in his place. I think, in his travels, your nephew will scarcely meet with such a person so princely in external appearance, and of so accomplished a mind. Your friend who brought your letter did not arrive till we left town. Any one who brings a line from America is considered as the bearer of an olive leaf, and treated accordingly. A young countryman of yours, of the name of Preston, came to Edinburgh several years ago : he was of a striking appearance, with an intensely animated countenance, a refined taste, and most cultivated mind—really high talent. I thought he would be soon and much distinguished, but could never hear of him till very lately ; and now I find he is a Member of Congress. He will distinguish himself. Farewell, dear friend,

ANNE GRANT.

* Sir John M'Neill, G.C.B., late British Minister at the Court of Persia.

LETTER CIX.

TO MRS. DOUGLAS CRUGER, NEW YORK.

Edinburgh, 6th December, 1835.

My dear Harriet,

There is a vulgar English proverb which says, "No one can go to Heaven on a feather-bed." On this text I mean to preach a long sermon to you hereafter. But I will at present proceed to comply with your request to know what I think of that equality which is so much boasted of on your side of the Atlantic, and so much cried up at-present on ours. Human wisdom "ever discountenanced, and like folly seems," when compared with the Divine. Now, if equality were desirable, possible, or suited to creatures whom their Maker intended for happiness either in this world, or the next, if they did not throw away or trample upon the offered gift,—it would undoubtedly have been bestowed on this highly-favoured race for whom such lavish gifts were given, when the incarnate God bled and suffered, to save them, with all their sins, from the misery of the apostate angels. If the Judge and dispenser of wisdom and felicity did not consult our happiness, by making us all equally strong, equally ingenious, and equally handsome; and, if we are dissatisfied with the order of Providence in distributing its gifts so unequally, we shall, at last, most resemble the Assyrians who set about building the Tower of Babel, in order to look into Heaven. But the wisdom that is from above checked the rash and daring design

in a manner that was, as all the measures of infinite wisdom appear in the end, of much good to His poor creatures :—

..... " Ask, then, why oaks are made
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or, ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove? "

Again, observe,—

" How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine! "

One more proof, a conclusive one, of this self-evident truth, is this, that all these people who admire equality, unconsciously acknowledge the superiority of others ; else why are they invariably led by demagogues,—seldom people of superior moral worth, but to whose mental superiority they bow implicitly? And why do they so, unless they feel a superiority,—perhaps only superior cunning, or superior impudence, but still they bow to it, and hate and depress all real claims to excellence. An evident, irresistible claim has no chance among those *equals*, such as God, in his wisdom, never created, but man, in his gross and ignorant presumption, has imagined.

I was going on to write a great deal of what I fear you will think treason, of that triumphant democracy by which you are overruled. But some letters from you, which your cousin, Lady Abercromby, sent in last night, have turned my thoughts into quite a different channel. Your husband appears to me in a new and very favourable light in the manner in which he appears to woo you to cultivate your best interests, and share with him the purest, most peaceful, and

most rational enjoyments. There is a charm in that old hereditary domain of yours, inhabited by innocent beings, who look up to you as benefactors and guides. We have all perused the excellent sketch of your country residence, greatly to be preferred for being so far from town. Your life has hitherto been too public for tranquillity or solid improvement. If you, followed and sought after as you are, creating insensibly a crowd of dependants, and an acquaintance too numerous for selection or cordial intimacy, were to remain in any of the beautiful villas near New York, your notoriety and easy good-nature would draw a town atmosphere around you, subversive of the very intention of retirement. Then your Ballston and Saratoga springs, and such places, are just dissipation prolonged and varied. I was going to express my sincere admiration of Mr. Cruger's plans and sentiments: but admiration is not the suitable phrase. Approbation, very warm approbation, is more applicable to the calm, sound sense, free from all flourish of finery, that is expressed in a plan without ambition or parade, that only aims at "the sober certainty of waking bliss." His idea with regard to a clergy, really and entirely such, not dependant on sordid shifts for a comfortable subsistence, or liable to be displaced at the caprice of their hearers, is just what it ought to be. How thankful you ought to be for having the happiness of your life placed in such judicious hands. You may now be tired of novelty and change; Europe has nothing left to show you, and, when you have seen New Orleans, I think you will have exhausted America. I can easily suppose you

both to have room for honest pride and exultation in the astonishing progress which your active and persevering country has made in taming the wilderness, and joining distant places by such roads as our ancestors never dreamt of. You are an astonishing people altogether, attempting everything, and succeeding in all that you attempt. Talking of the favourite theme, equality, I think there is a singular parity of intellect among your people. I have known a great many Americans from all but the southern provinces, and I never met but once with an American fool. There is a greater variety of character among us, more eccentricity, more people above, and more below par, and often a greater flow of animal spirits, such as your own; but I think no people equal yours in the steady pursuit of whatever is useful or profitable. Refinement comes soon enough, often too soon for enjoyment, which is signified by the homely proverb of "people being more nice than wise." You have had ample opportunities of reading both sides of the leaf; and when you give yourself time to reflect upon those stores that you have accumulated in your varied travels, you will, with the help of your guide and best friend, form a more just estimate of the world you look back on than you have yet done. By the by, lest I forget, I must tell you there is some mistake about the person in America you speak of as being nearly related, or niece to the Duke of Argyll. If such a connexion existed, the date must have been very far back. We have been quite unable to trace it, though some particular circumstances have led us to know more of that family than any other of the

same rank, except the Duke of Gordon's. Your countryman, Willis, has been fortunate in giving some lively and, I think, very resembling sketches of that amiable family in his "Pencilings by the Way." I can see nothing offensive in these sketches, nor do I think the noble family and their guests would be displeased at what is rather laudatory than otherwise. The Duchess of Gordon has so much sanctity, and purity of heart and life, that she is looked up to as a model of all that is good. The Duke is a kind, warm-hearted person, who would wish to make every one happy in his presence. I cannot see the harm of a traveller's telling his impressions of what he saw. Why else do people travel? But in giving an account of what passed between him and that original genius, John Wilson, he mentioned one thing, not favourable, of Lockhart's severity of censure. John Wilson, with his usual good-nature, softened down Willis's remarks. The paragraph, however, gave mortal offence to Lockhart, who has avenged himself by a bitter critique upon the sketcher. The sketches, however, are so vivid, and have such an air of reality, that I am much entertained by them.

What a wide and astonishing world your Journal of your late American tour, so wonderful and yet so true, has opened to my imagination, which Washington Irving had before taught to wander through the wild magnificence of prairies, presenting such a crowd of new ideas to the mind's eye. I think it must have eased and gratified your mind to pour out its fulness for my entertainment. I have heedfully followed your steps, and I hope not unprofitably, for you have open-

ed such extensive views of the Divine goodness, and the folly and futility of the Malthusian doctrines, limiting the powers of Him "whose Temple is all space" to provide for the creatures he has made, while we see these beautiful and fertile wilds opening an ample home not only to the natives of your splendid country, but to the overplus of our crowded population.

I am glad to find you so familiar with the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," of which I have been a great admirer. It gratifies me, as indicating an improved taste in reading. Your guide, philosopher, and friend will be useful to you in this respect, as in others. Miss Sedgwick's writings I have before admired, and have some of them in my possession. "Home" is beautifully written, and fills the mind with fair images of humble worth, lighted up with intelligence, and regulated by judicious management. This is very fine in theory, and, I doubt not, justified by many examples. But still, the alpha and omega of her doctrine rests upon that smooth shaven equality which never did, and never will exist for any length of time among human society. It is such a beautiful fabric to contemplate, that one is grieved to find it fallacious:—

"Alas, my friend! it will not, cannot last,
This fairy charm that cheats our youthful eyes."

He who knew our nature, and showed it in its sinless infirmities, has bequeathed a prophecy to us, including a promise: "The poor you have with you always." It is wisely ordered, so that we always have fresh incitements to the works of charity and the labours of love,—labours which amply reward themselves, by keeping the heart open to every sweet and genial in-

fluence, and increasing our gratitude to the great Giver of all, who has afforded us the means and the will to bestow.

There is a set of zealous ladies in Glasgow whose prudence and humanity do not seem equal to their piety, who have let loose their anti-slavery agents among you, not warned by the mischief that has resulted both to masters and slaves in the West Indies, from their interference. There seems a passion prevalent just now for gathering fruit before it is ripe. Everything that is permanently good is brought about by a gradual process; and a rash fool may kindle a fire that fifty wise people cannot extinguish. These reformers have certainly set a dangerous stone a-rolling—a freedom bordering on license has been brought into view that is rather alarming.

I think your great enthusiasm for your military President* seems a good deal cooled down. We have been all much amused with the broad burlesque of Major Downing, which is certainly carried on with a considerable degree of humour. Your sister, Mrs. Monroe, will not lament her husband's being kept out of the strife of politics, which is likely to run very high on the ensuing occasion. Judging by the materials of which our present House of Commons is composed, I do not think very highly of popular election, in which it appears to me that a noisy demagogue will in most cases have the advantage of a man of sense and worth, by flattering the prejudices of the multitude. You cannot have such liberal draughts from the

* General Jackson.

cup of liberty without tasting some of its froth and feculence. I wonder what makes me so political; unless it be that I am ambitious, like Milton, to "justify the ways of God to man," by considering the imperfection of all human institutions as a solemn lesson to humble us, and teach us to look for perfection only in that higher and holier state to which all our aspirations should tend. I cannot help being amused by the dilemma to which those amiable persons, your "old Hickory" and Louis Philippe, have brought themselves. I think your old gentleman should tell the other that he will make an ample apology to him the moment the debt to America is paid.

Your Journal delights not a little my young people, who commission me to send many compliments to yourself and Mr. Cruger. Pray consider this letter as a great effort; and give me satisfaction, and let me know that you are no longer "a perturbed spirit," which will greatly tranquillize that of your true friend,

ANNE GRANT.

I have again read Miss Sedgwick's "Home" with increased admiration; it is very fine.

LETTER CX.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 13th December, 1835.

My dear Friend,

We returned here from Fifeshire early in November, and soon after our arrival my dear Margaret

appeared affected with a cold, not in the least alarming, but on the fourth day she became very ill; indeed the physician first dreaded inflammation, but the pain has abated. She is patience itself; her eldest sister has remained in the house watching over her ever since. I have, I fear, omitted to tell you what pure-minded, benevolent, and unsophisticated creatures my new connexions are, and how studious they are of all that relates to my comfort.

I have been thinking much lately of poor Mrs. Hemans, that sweet singer of Britain, now for ever silent. In the "Contemplation of a Girl's School at Evening Prayer," she clothes many fine and hallowed images in the rich melody of her own peculiar language, and is led on by her own perception and sad experience, to anticipate that state of trial and suffering to which the better and the gentler sex seem predestined; looking forward, from the serene purity of their evening devotions, to the pains and cares that are the sad inheritance of even the most virtuous and excellent females, in the performance of many painful duties, and the disappointment of many tender and sanguine hopes. There is one line, dictated no doubt by her personal and peculiar feelings, which opens a volume of those evils too deep, too delicate, for exposure, for which earth affords no remedy:—

"'Tis to make idols, and to find them clay."

There is not a line in the English language more full of deep and sad meaning. I was very desirous that Mrs. Hemans should be my guest when she visited Edinburgh some years ago; but she had engagements

that would not admit of the indulgence of this wish : I could do very little for her, but that little she over-appreciated. Her real and well-judging patroness was that admirable and excellent person, Lady Cunliffe, whose sudden death lately deprived her friends of a model of all that was good and amiable, being always ready to extend that indulgence to others that she did not need herself. She wrote to me that Mrs. Hemans spoke warmly of what she called my maternal feelings and conduct to her. How much I love and reverence Sir Robert Peel for his generous kindness to her son, who certainly is one of the finest boys I ever saw, full of taste and good feeling, with a most prepossessing appearance.

You have probably heard that Mrs. M. is married again. I am a true Scotchwoman, and, consequently, averse to second marriages of widows ; though I own this to be very illiberal, having known of worthy and exemplary persons—Lady Rachel Russell for instance—contracting such.

I read this day a short but most affecting poem of Wordsworth's, occasioned by poor Hogg's death, in which he alludes to many fallen stars,—Sir Walter, that wonderful Coleridge, and other bright names, which can never be extinguished, though now departed from our sight. I was just in a mood to feel all those reminiscences to the utmost, for I had been engaged in reading the agonizing details which the unequalled Duchess of Angoulême has given of the sufferings of the Royal Family in the Temple, republished, with most interesting notes, by Mr. Croker.

Many things would rush on your recollection when

you heard of the Marchioness of Salisbury's awful exit.* How it carried me back to your beautiful home at Hertingfordbury, and how it diminished worldly splendour in my eyes! I must take leave of you, while matter crowds upon me; for the day is expiring, and I must not venture to write by candlelight. Affectionately yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXI.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, New-Year's-Day, 1836.

My dear Friend,

Once more I address you on the beginning of another year of lengthened trial and extended mercy to us both. Thoroughly as I am convinced that you have long been in a state of calm and confiding preparation for a higher existence, I am always tempted to say, "Live a little longer," from a scarcely-formed wish that you should be the survivor for the few months, were those only allowed, that you are my junior. But all such wishes are not only vain and idle, but perhaps sinful.

We have much to be thankful for in the unimpaired use of our faculties; and though my infirmities forbid the advantage, my health is uncommonly good for my age. You have more to leave behind than I have, and your ties to earth are daily increasing; but I trust

* Lady Salisbury perished in the fire which destroyed Hatfield House, the residence of the Marquis of Salisbury, in Hertfordshire.

my precious things are all treasured up waiting my arrival. Even if the task should be appointed for me, as happened to many of the excellent of the earth, to linger here after the activity of mind and warm interest in life have forsaken us, still, when we cease to enjoy, we shall also cease to suffer : the calm slumber of the now restless imagination, that precedes the extinction of life, is not a thing to be dreaded by ourselves, or deplored by others.

Sir Robert Liston's state is a very singular one ; the extinction of his mental faculties was very sudden, without the least premonition : the beginning of this change showed itself in continually speaking foreign languages, with little or no meaning. He is ninety-two ; and never was a more forlorn or helpless old man. There is, however, a good old lady, the childless widow of a brother, whom Lady Liston was very kind to : she seemed to have retired from the world entirely, and seldom came out of her own room ; but when Sir Robert was thus changed, all her slumbering energies seemed suddenly awakened, and she now manages the family with great propriety, and has over him a most beneficial influence. My dear Margaret's recovery goes on. With best respects to Mrs. Maccall, I bid you cordially farewell.

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 1st March, 1836.

My dear Friend,

I have received your last affectionate letter, which bears too clear evidence of the heart-ache under which it was written. My former letter to you was intended to be consolatory, by calculating, in a manner, the rich reversion remaining to you ; but it is only—

“ When time on memory’s pensive urn
A softer shade of sorrow throws,”

that we find such consolations available.

I am glad to find that one of the sons of your late brother, Sir Thomas, belongs to the Church. One must have auspicious views of such a preference in a person who has all the world before him where to choose, and must consider it at least a sober-minded, if not a heavenly-minded aspiration that leads to such a choice. I have no doubt that now, when the love of so many begins to wax cold, and blows are so often aimed to shake the foundation of that venerable edifice, vulgar minds may think such a connexion less safe and less desirable than formerly. I think very differently. It appears to me, that what is considered by many as the peril of the Church, acts upon its ministers only as a wholesome alarm to awake the watchmen on her walls to a more awful sense of their duty. I certainly ought, at this time of life, to keep my mind in a calmer and more resigned state, not dis-

turbing my own peace of mind when I cannot be of the least service to any one. But when I muse, the fire burneth. I cannot imitate the quietude of the good Bishop, who, when the poor are spoken of, "admits, and leaves them Providence's care."

We have not for sometime met on our neutral ground—literature. I am enjoying Southey's "Life of Cowper." I like both the author and the subject, and am comforted to find the gleams of enjoyment which, now and then, shed such light on the sad path of the melancholy poet. You have not told me what you think of Hannah More's Life. I know no biography from which I derive so much pleasure, not merely in seeing her pursue so calmly and steadily her upward path, but from her intercourse with life bringing us acquainted with so many excellent characters, who shed lustre on the higher ranks, and seem always looking up to this model of cheerful enjoyment as their guide and teacher. It puts one in good humour with the world to meet with so many who have preserved their purity of mind and simplicity of manners amid all its allurements. Hannah's little "Tracts for the Poor" are invaluable, and should be reprinted.

I believe you do not know all the privations under which I labour. But that you may think of me as I am, and be more thankful for your own superior advantages, I will tell you some of them, but not querulously, for I am well aware of all my remaining blessings. In the first place, the lameness under which I have suffered for many years has been so increased by later accidents that I cannot now walk, even with the help

of crutches, without the risk of a fall, which might prove fatal; but then I have the neatest wheeled chair imaginable, and the most devoted, careful, and affectionate son and daughter-in-law. In the next place, I do not hear general conversation, though I still make out pretty well what is said by one or two who sit near me. Now that I have made you sorry, I will administer a little consolation. I have told you that I consider my treasures laid up in heaven. I have a tremulous hope, too often clouded with fear, that the time is drawing near when I may be permitted to rejoin them: but this by no means amounts to assurance: I fear that it is not so easily granted as people say. I shall comfort you also, by telling you what yet remains to me besides the unwearied, tender attention of my own dear children,—MY EYES: witness this epistle. I write less or more every day, being cheered by keeping up my connexion with those whose love has been a cordial to me through many sorrows. I cannot say of my unworn and unwearied eyes, like *Eloisa*,—

“No other task these faded eyes pursue;
To write and weep is all they now can do.”

The fountain of tears seems dried up with me, yet sometimes it gushes forth when something solemn and tender touches “the sacred source of sympathetic woe:” for instance, Cowper’s sonnet to Mrs. Unwin,—“Mary, I want a harp with other strings.” Fifty times and more have I read it, but never with dry eyes. This I do not account among the infirmities of age: the worst infirmity is to feel only for self. My health is such as is very rarely vouchsafed to persons

who have struggled through the vale of life for so long a period, and my spirits are pretty equal. All my former pupils who live within reach of me come often, with filial affection, to visit me; and certain sages, returned from abroad, now and then come to see me as a sybil, or curious antiquity. Farewell! Tell me in your next whether you have read the books I mention. All here join in the kindest regards to you, with your true and affectionate,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXIII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 3d May, 1836.

My dear Friend,

I should not have been so long without acknowledging a letter of yours, announcing two such desirable events as the birth of your grandson, and the proposed marriage, with every auspicious prospect, of your beloved niece. Poor Constance cries in her first agony, when told of the marriage betwixt Lewis and Blanche, to which her son's rights were sacrificed,—“False blood to false blood joined!” But in this instance, you, on the contrary, may say, “True blood to true blood joined!” for certainly never was a lineage of more upright and honourable purity, on either side, than that which the proposed marriage is likely to unite. We hear much of Colonel G., from various quarters, more particularly from some of our young Highland friends, who are officers in his regiment,

and speak of his high qualities as a commander, and engaging manners as a gentleman, in the best sense of that comprehensive epithet.

I have at length read *La Martine's Travels in Palestine* with much pleasure. Being, you know, a great Anti-Gallican, I was not quite willing to be pleased; but all my prejudices melted away before the sunshine of his joyous feelings. Sometimes, indeed, I was startled at the manner in which he eulogises certain Pachas and Emirs, whom you are called to admire for their great abilities and their graceful manners, and who, you are told afterwards with the utmost coolness, committed the most unnatural murders,—killing their brothers and all kindred that stood in their way. There is one class of people whom he describes that appeared to me very interesting, I mean the rural or agricultural monks on Mount Lebanon, whose peaceful and useful lives are divided between the labours of the field and the duties of religion. I think he does not often speak about his wife. I admire the account she gives of her own visit to Jerusalem, and think her style is less French and more masculine and vigorous than his own. I have taken a great fancy to Madame. *La Martine* has rather too many rainbows, which it becomes not me to blame, as I am myself much inclined to see the bright side of objects.

I do not like to speak or think of public matters now; yet one thing gave me pleasure,—the great collection made for the persecuted Irish clergy. I trust that He, whose power and will it is to bring good out of evil, will sanctify their afflictions, and impress upon their minds a deeper sense both of the

high duties incumbent upon them, and of the mercy that thus visits them in their affliction, and, while the hearts of the great and powerful are hardened against them, sends such refreshing showers of bounty from strangers. I would have told you, with some triumph, of the progress that Protestantism is making in France, but am barely able to add that I am, with long-tried true affection, your sincere friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXIV.

TO MISS ANNE DUNBAR.

Seacliff House, near North Berwick,
10th July, 1836.

My dear Bar,

I have just received your affectionate letter, and cannot feel easy till I answer it. Although the cares of life are in a manner past, the languor and chill so common to old age have not yet seized on me. I feel a sort of consolation in cherishing the memory of the departed; and in your case, more particularly, so many of those whom I loved and lost, but trust soon to recover, are blended with yourself, and with the recollections of Laggan, which are fresh, as if only a short time had divided me from it.

Alas! I know you do not mean to flatter me in comparing me with Hannah More; but the comparison makes me feel more deeply my own great inferiority. She was altogether a blessed woman: that powerful masculine intellect of hers, which appeared

to be sanctified to the noblest purposes, did more good than that of any individual we have heard of in our times. Her writings were an unspeakable benefit to the poor; they appeared at a critical time, when the lower classes were infected with French principles, and produced a salutary change, like the healing branch thrown into the infected waters. It is pleasant to think with what reverence and esteem she was considered by the great and the gay, and how justly she was appreciated by the good.

You would wish now to hear something of myself. You know that I was lame for several years, though not so entirely so as I have been of late; but it would be presumption to complain while I enjoy such perfect health, and a blessing which has followed me through a life of many sorrows,—that of kind, excellent, and most exemplary friends, who are themselves all that I wish and hope to be before I am called from this world. I am sure you must have heard me speak of Mrs. Smith of Jordanhill. We were children of the same year; we met, after my return from America, when we were both fifteen years old, and formed a very warm friendship, which neither marriage, distance of place, nor any other circumstance, has changed or affected. The excellent and very superior person to whom she was married, adopted all her feelings, and was ever to me an affectionate friend. Now, when we are both, as it were, hovering on the verge of time, our long attachment seems to have become a part of ourselves; we regularly write to each other every fortnight. O! that I had the same faith, and were as well fitted for the approaching change as she is; but

it is in the same merciful Saviour that we both place our whole trust, though mine seems always tremulous. Through what a fiery trial did our poor friend, Miss Dunbar of Boath, pass before she attained the rest appointed for the weary. Her spirits were really astonishing; a winter journey to Edinburgh, in her state of health, was a fearful undertaking.

My daughter-in-law pleases every one who knows her very much; she had a severe attack of illness, but, I am thankful to say, is now recovering fast. Her brother, Mr. Steven, having let his own place in the west country, lived with his two sisters in Edinburgh last winter, and has taken this beautiful residence for the summer: it is near Tantallon Castle, and opposite to the Bass. Farewell, but not a final farewell, my dear Bar: as long as I think that it will be a satisfaction to your warm affectionate heart, you shall hear from me. Pray for me; and believe me to be, faithfully yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXV.

TO MRS. IZETT.

10, Coates Crescent,
28th September, 1836.

My dear Friend,

If you had not been on all occasions most willing to share your good things with me, I should imagine you had been consoled, in your late seclusion, with some beneficent resolution to attend to the widow and

the fatherless with double care on your recovery. Many thanks for your fruit and other good things: whatever pleasure I have in receiving those tokens of good-will is much augmented by the consciousness of the pleasure you have in giving them. It was very kind in you to recover so soon and so completely, for my sake and that of others. You are in a perpetual state of preparation, no doubt; and to you the appointed hour, that opens the gates of glory to the freed spirit, must be always welcome; but I have a shrinking dread of being the survivor.

I need not ask, for I am sure you had the pleasure—and a great pleasure it is—of reading Hannah More's *Life and Letters*: I read them in a cursory way when I was in the west country two years since; but I might say, as the young prophet did to Elisha, "Alas, master, for it was borrowed!" I am reading the book now from my inexhaustible store, the Signet Library, and have much more enjoyment in reading it over again at perfect leisure, and getting acquainted with her various friends, more especially Sir William Pepys, who appears to have lived surrounded with all the best blessings of this life, and looking forward with assured hope to inherit the promise of the life to come. I think that we ought to be very thankful, when the veil that covers the sanctity of private life is thus removed by death, that by tracing the Correspondence of the excellent of the earth with each other, we find fresh materials to enlarge our charity, strengthen our faith, and confirm our hope. In general, we are not apt to give credit to our superiors in rank for the pious and most exemplary lives that

many of them lead, to which the letters addressed to Hannah More from noble and royal personages bear ample testimony. Certainly, persons born to high station, and exposed in early youth to many temptations, often give too much occasion for moral censure ; and of that we daily hear a great deal. Regular conduct and solid worth among those that should be our examples, is well known only to the circle of their neighbours and dependants ; and their unspotted lives, their piety and beneficence, break out upon us like new and shining lights. Now, it is evident that, beside the pure light diffused from the throne, there were, in the days of George the Third, many in the higher ranks of life who lived in this world as heirs of immortality. Mrs. Boscawen is one of those whose letters and whose character, I greatly admire. It is something remarkable of those highly-talented women Mrs. More and Mrs. Carter, who lived to consecrate those talents to be a blessing and a benefit to their fellow-creatures, that both should, during their whole lives, have been such sufferers from the most wretched health,—that neither of them ever was for a fortnight without pain, yet both of them far exceeded the usual period of human life. Those lamps of intellectual light that illuminate these frail tabernacles of mortality, seem to have been in them a living flame. Farewell. I need hardly say, forget me not.

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXVI.

TO MRS. SMITH.

9, Manor Place, Edinburgh,
7th November, 1836.

My dear, faithful, and constant Friend,

I have, with a kind of solemn pleasure, received now two of your letters. Perhaps it may be too *young* an expression, but it is nevertheless true, that my heart has been writing to you for a fortnight past ; but some occurrences which were very gratifying, and others which were very painful, kept sleep from my eyes and rest from my eyelids. A cold that seemed interminable, and a vigilance that rarely leaves me four hours of sleep, and my son's state of anxiety about his too dear and too delicate wife, of which I, too, had my share,—all this, and the nervousness it occasioned to a shattered frame like mine, will account for what I have mentioned.

This is the wrong side of the tapestry : let us turn with deep humility and gratitude to the brighter side. Margaret, the cause of so much anxious tenderness, I am happy and most thankful to say, is much better. As for my new house, it is the admiration of all beholders. I am very near my son, who, you may believe, is often with me ; and I have in Miss Mackay an excellent and sensible young person for my companion.

I hope you are pleased to see the honours paid to the memory of the gallant and kind-hearted Duke of

Gordon ;* four monuments are erecting in different places to commemorate the heart of friendship and the soul of honour. It is pleasing to look back on the hallowed triumph of the pious Duchess ; he entered into her feelings with a warmth suited to his ardent character, while she "allured to brighter worlds, and led the way." All these honours are not only pleasing testimonies to departed worth, but indications of a happy change of sentiment which I think is fast spreading among "the thinking people," as Cobbet was wont to call them. You are not sorry, I am sure, to see Sir Robert Peel the Rector of the Glasgow University, nor to hear of all the loyal dinners that are making through so many parts of the country.

I was sitting alone one day lately, and the servant announced Mr. Campbell. Looking up, I saw a dejected-looking gentleman : "I should know you," said I, "but cannot be sure." "Campbell, the poet," said he, with a kind of affecting simplicity. Though by no means approving his political principles, my heart warmed to him when I saw this sweet son of song dejected, spiritless, and afflicted. The death of his wife, to whom he was much attached, appears to have sunk him greatly.

I grieve to think you are anxious about your daughter's health,—too anxious, I fear : but not having trod the beginning of your course in a thorny path, you have so long basked in the sunshine of unclouded prosperity, that it would be something out of the usual course of those events which are over-

* George, last Duke of Gordon, who died in 1836.

ruled for our benefit, if the full cup poured out for you should run clear to the bottom. Write to me soon ; and believe me, as ever, affectionately yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXVII.

TO MRS. HOOK.

9, Manor Place (and a very pleasant place it is),
Edinburgh, 10th December, 1836.

My dear Friend,

Nothing but an utter inability to write could have kept me so long from acknowledging the kindness of your most welcome gift, and the affectionate letter which accompanied it. Friendship in your mind is an evergreen on which time seems to have no influence. I feel your unabated affection as a rich cordial, cheering the decays of nature, when the hues, that brightened every object to a longer than common period of existence, seem fading away. Dr. Hook's image seemed powerfully awakened in my mind by the portrait you so kindly sent me : it is certainly very like. I have given the other engraving to my son, having now a domicile of my own, from the walls of which the loved and the lost may look graciously down upon me.

But it is time to tell you that I have nearly recovered from my formidable illness. That a life, already so far prolonged, should have stood this attack, is wonderful, but must be thankfully received, as it is undoubtedly given for some good purpose : the heart

that has bled so often, the mind that has endured so much, may not yet be ripened for immortality. I am, in the meantime, most thankful to be still in possession of my faculties. The extent and tenacity of my memory astonishes myself: every place, every thing, and every person I ever saw, seem to rise in lively portraiture before me. My friends have often urged me to give a sketch of my own varied and agitated life; but when I attempted to arrange my recollections, like the poet's image of fear, I "started at the sound myself had made," calling up, as it did, so many images of sorrow. I wonder whether I am fated to outlive those feelings, which seem to defy the power of time.

I am now to accuse you of a great omission. I always took it for granted that your daughter, with such parents, and so educated, must be a very good, because unspoilt, girl: and how very few girls are unspoilt, being generally either crammed with more than they can digest, or having their attention wholly directed to the frivolous and ornamental. But you have never told me what a treasure you possess in Georgiana, or how usefully a sound and healthy mind, and superior understanding are exerted in forming her opinions, and directing her conduct. The same person who paid this tribute of just praise to your daughter gave a very satisfactory account of Lord John Campbell's young family, but more particularly of Miss Emma, who seems to inherit all her mother's spirit and integrity. From both parents she has much of what is noble and honourable to inherit.

You have, I take it for granted, read Captain Hall's

account of his residence in Styria, and of the Countess Purgstall, whose character and sufferings create a deeper interest than those of any heroine of romance. All the relations of the hard-fated Countess are clamorous against the Captain for this publication. For this I can see no reason: there is nothing to diminish the Countess's high character, except it be that her grief, like her love, was unlimited. One is tempted to ask,—

“Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think and nobly die?”

I am glad, however, that the Captain remained to witness the conclusion of this tragic scene; and I am not sorry to see this added lesson to those we daily receive,—not to trust in the smiles of fortune, but to lay up our treasures where they are imperishable. I am, dear friend, very affectionately yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXVIII.

TO MRS. SMITH.

9, Manor Place,
New-Year's-Day, 1837.

My much-loved coeval Friend,*

Outliving, as you have done, so many dear ones allied to me by congenial taste and feeling, I need not tell you, who knew and loved them, of a still dearer number of the departed, who added to this congeniality the claim of natural affinity,—plants of my hand,

* Mrs. Grant was in the habit of addressing a letter to her early friend, Mrs. Smith, on the first day of each year.

and children of my care, subjects of love and of grief unutterable. We have travelled through this long series of years, and now having both passed that period of which Dr. Watts says, in his version of the Psalms,—

..... "If to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live."

What remains for us to do? Not to waste our enfeebled spirits in endeavouring to make that glass transparent through which St. Paul says we can see but dimly while here. Let us leave the future, in full confidence in the only ground of Christian hope—the merits and mediation of that blessed Redeemer, who declares that his mission here was not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance; let us turn and look back on "long time elapsed," and see how our heavenly Father has supported us under dangers and temptations.

Each of us was exposed to severe trials. I, to whom singular strength of constitution was given, for a purpose long since apparent to me and others, had to pass through the very hailstorm of adversity, while the pitiless tempest broke down not only the gourd that sheltered me, but the branches of fair promise around me. Very dangerous temptations followed. Late in life others found out for me what I had never discovered myself,—that I possessed some kind of intellectual talent. This discovery brought flattery that would have turned my head and made me useless and ridiculous, had it come at an earlier period. You, again, without buoyant fancy or great mental energy, were meek and gentle, and firm to resist temptation,—

that most dangerous of all temptations, unlooked-for prosperity. Surrounded and sheltered as you were by the Christian graces, you were still beloved by all. To whom *on earth* did we owe these advantages?—

“To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is and still shall last,
Till time itself shall be no more!”

This is the source and origin of all those precious blessings. That this coequal Trinity, whom you have ever diligently served, may bless you here and hereafter, is the prayer of your old and faithful friend,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXIX.

TO MRS. DOUGLAS CRUGER, NEW YORK.

Edinburgh, 9th February, 1837.

My dear Harriet,

Your compliments are most acceptable to a spirit in much need of all the consolation that real and well-tried friendship can give. I have read your letter at last, with some attention, which I could not do when it arrived, my whole mind being occupied with my son's full cup of fear and sorrow about his dear and amiable wife's protracted illness. She has had the influenza, which rages here like a plague, and has already cost many valuable lives, though I hope hers (the subject of many prayers) is now out of danger.

Your cousin, Miss Abercromby, called on me lately

with some message from Lady Abercromby, and, without intending it (for she is a sweet, artless creature), won my heart. She seemed gratified by the acquaintance, and said she would come often to see me, if agreeable. Both in her instance, and in that of a younger one who came here, I was struck with the frugal simplicity of dress which is now become fashionable, even among distinguished young ladies. Two years ago, a young girl of ten or twelve was in dress just a facsimile of her mother; now, the simplest straw-bonnet, in the cottage form, shades the fairest face, and the homely grey tartan the figure is mantled in, gives you the idea of a pretty rustic at best. But all that disguise breaks off when the young lady appears in full dress, as Miss Abercromby did at a late Highland ball, where she was allowed to be the fairest of the fair.

I am glad to find you so captivated with the character of my Aunt Schuyler.* You cannot form to yourself a better model of female excellence. I have, in one sense, outlived her too long; that is, I have outlived those who, at the time the book was written, remembered her, and bore testimony to the fidelity of the picture. An odd circumstance occurred when I was in London in 1808, about the period of the publication of this book. You know how partial I had ever been to the North American Indians, over whose injuries and oppressions I still mourn. My respect for the pure and peaceable doctrines and spotless lives of the Quakers was much heightened by their just and

* Alluding to Mrs. Grant's *Memoirs of Madame Schuyler*, an American Lady, familiarly called Aunt Schuyler, in her own circle.

upright dealings with the Indians. William Penn was a legislator quite to my taste, admiring, as I did, the wisdom and humanity of his ordinances. It had not occurred to me, or rather I had not heard it, but it seems the Governor of Pennsylvania, the last William Penn, had come over to England to seek rest from the storms of the Revolution. He was about fifty years old, with the genuine dress and air of a Quaker; yet, with this gravity, he placed his affections on Lady Juliana Fermor, daughter of the Earl of Pomfret, a young lady who, on account of her beauty and talents, was considered the ornament of the British Court. This ambitious flame was encouraged by the lady's mother, and finally by herself. It was settled, as usual in such cases, that the boys should be Quakers, and the girls of the National Church. One of the daughters, who proved afterwards a distinguished personage, was married to the Hon. William Stuart, Primate of Ireland. She took some pains to cultivate my acquaintance, as did several others of the same very agreeable family. I was rather surprised at all this kindness, until it occurred to me that some of it might be owing to a partiality for the topics in my American book. Speaking of Quakers, I have often thought it something odd, that though we are so ready to acknowledge the merit of these people,—their self-command, and placid manners,—none of us would much approve of having a son a member of that amiable fraternity.

I am very glad, for your own sake as well as theirs, you take so kindly to those youths whom their father left to you as a kind of legacy. The more our

best affections are called forth, the happier we are. These are the treasures of the heart, and may prove invaluable. I remember that on coming first to this country from America, I used to tell people, with a kind of triumph, of the certainty of always finding children in that country about a Dutch house. Whether they were their very own or not, they seemed to be an article quite indispensable; whatever enlarges the circle of our affections must add to our enjoyments.

Every one now seems recovering of the influenza, but my dear Margaret: she comes on very slowly, her habit, before, being delicate. I am grieving that she cannot sit for her picture. I have over-written myself, and merely add every affection for Mr. Cruger and Mrs. Hasell, from yours, very truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXX.

TO MRS. DOUGLAS CRUGER, NEW YORK.

Edinburgh, 8th April, 1837.

My dear Friend,

Mind this is a title sacred to a very select and small number; surely I never addressed you in this manner before: but you have been ill, I know not how long, nor what has been the nature of your disorder. Yet do not be shocked, I like ~~you much the better for having been under the yoke.~~ I see every rational and ~~well-intending~~ person so much improved, softened, and sobered down by adversity, whatever form it takes, that I begin to think whoever has not gone through

this severe but invaluable discipline, is still somewhat of a crude, unripened character ; something like the wild grapes I remember about Albany, which, though beautiful to look at, were always harsh and sour till touched by frost, which had the effect of sweetening and improving them. I recognise you as something nearer my suffering self, whom a threatened calamity in the dangerous illness of my dear child, has kept silent to you and others for sometime past.

I have many sad accounts to give you of your old friends here, and at the English Lakes. It is good for us to know how even the loftiest and purest pride, that of high intellect joined with integrity, and the paltry vanity of mere vulgar wealth, sink in our view, when we feel, as we all should, deeply humbled in the presence of the all-seeing Being before whom the heavens are not pure, and who chargeth his angels with folly. I return to the Lakes, where my heart was always much at home, though I only had a passing glance of these hallowed retreats, sacred to worth and genius. Wordsworth has gone, in broken health, to Italy ; and Southey is sinking under what appears to me a premature old age, though still amiable and estimable. The number of distinguished characters which the past season has swept away, both here and in England, I shall not attempt to enumerate. The last (two days since) was the amiable wife of John Wilson, the poet and professor, who has lately lost so many near and dear relations, that he may be said to walk, as I have often done, in the shadow of the valley of death.

* * * * * I consider myself a much better judge

of character than these *utilitarians* who saw nothing beyond your lightness of heart and happy nonchalance, your ever warm and active benevolence. Then your sincerity and entire artlessness, and actual purity of heart, were all invisible to those who were shut up in selfishness, and neither able nor willing to look beyond the exterior. So we must not rashly blame these short-sighted persons; "what can they argue but from what they see?" and why should we blame them for a deficiency they are not answerable for? Why or how I took upon me to be your Mentor, I cannot exactly say. I fancy I took it in my head that you greatly needed one, and vanity, which is always awake and busy, whispered that I should make a very good one: but I glided into this new office insensibly.

Now, let me hear from you very soon; though you should prove a Whig *alias* Democrat, I will endure you, because you are an artless creature, and always mean well; but if I find you a Tory, I shall so fondle and cherish you! Will you not whisper it to the reeds if I tell you, that I do not admire our new functionaries. You may also tell the old President,* if you happen to see him, that the hostile message that he leaves a legacy, relative to Texas, puts me much in mind of a similar proceeding of Edward the First. That bitter enemy of Scotland ordered that the conquest of our country should be completed; and to encourage the troops, directed that his skeleton should be carried at the head of the army. Your people show little regard to my feelings while they thus continue to persecute my poor, dear Seminole Indians.

* General Jackson.

Now try and say something, as much to the purpose, of all the news I am at such pains to send you. Remember me in all kindness to your brother George, and let not Mrs. Monroe forget me. I think, dear Harriet, you are pretty well convinced by this time, that I am very much yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXXI.

TO A FRIEND IN THE UNITED STATES, AMERICA.

Edinburgh, 15th May, 1837.

My dear Friend,

My last letter, which was written when our hopes were growing very feeble, would sound, perhaps, a note of preparation.—My dear daughter-in-law departed from this life on the 17th of April. Familiar as I have been with sorrow, the struggle betwixt hope and fear, for six weeks before her death, was very wearing out. Our dear Margaret's loss would, under any circumstances, have been acutely felt by one who was the daily witness of her modest worth, her native elegance of mind, and that devoted affection which made her a wife but too necessary to her husband's happiness. Her integrity and innocence, her generosity and calm steadiness of character, all her sweet affections, and kindly feelings, were a lesson to the young how they should live. . . . I will not pain you or myself with the recital of her severe bodily suffering, which bore heavily on her afflicted husband, who for six weeks scarcely ever left her, except in

taking, at her own desire, a short walk for his health. Of his state of sorrow, as yet, I can say nothing but what I should have great pain in relating, and you in hearing. But if he profits by this affliction, so as to set his affection on the true and sole source of consolation, he has now to be grateful for this dear one's relief from extreme suffering, the continuance of which it would have broken his heart to witness. I shall write to you soon again ; meantime I am, with sincere regard, yours very truly,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXXII.

TO MRS. IZETT.

Edinburgh, 30th June, 1837.

My dear Friend,

I am growing anxious to know how you go on, and whether the society of your brother and sister, and the genial influence of this fine weather, have had a favourable effect on your health. I long to hear of one of your usual revivals, as the Americans use the term in a more hallowed sense. My son took me out last week in a carriage, and threw it open for my accommodation. We thought of going to your door to inquire for you, but considered it would be as tantalising as the state of the Highland hunter, who, in the feebleness of age, addressing the rock of his heart in his sorrowful farewell, says, "To me thou wilt not descend ; to thee I cannot ascend." My visit would be something of the same nature ;—to me you could

not come out ; to you I could not go in : so we settled the matter by going to the sea-side.

My son left me last week to join his sisters and brother-in-law in a tour, long proposed, to the North. I certainly miss him very much, yet I am pleased that he should, with variety and change of objects, assist the lenient hand which will, where there is so much soothing recollection, "from pensive sorrow strain the gall." My health has been much improved by this weather ; I find a resource in the convenient, though not sentimental, aid of two very courteous chairmen, who, for a certain stipulated consideration, carry me to a neighbouring flower-garden, where they leave me for an hour, to meditate, like Hervey, and then convey me home.

I hope our young Queen will have common sense enough to put little trust in the enemies of the monarchy and the church ; and yet I see them crowding fast about her. Is it not a strange anomaly to see three very young Queens at once ruling three of the most ancient monarchies in Europe ? It looks almost as ominous as the five moons which, Shakspeare tells us, appeared at once in the disastrous reign of King John. I hope you are, like me, reading Sir Walter Scott's *Life* with lively interest :* it has done me a great deal of good to see that beautiful mind so clearly displayed to me in all its truth, ardour, and kindness, —in all its humble and graceful simplicity. Lockhart

* Effectual precautions were taken in Mrs. Grant's family circle to prevent her from seeing some remarks in Mr. Lockhart's "*Life of Sir Walter Scott*," as to her having declined a pension from Government when first offered to her, which might have detracted from the pleasure she derived from the perusal of that work.

merely draws up the veil to show us more distinctly the fair and noble portraiture : his life is, indeed, contained in his letters. But I must relieve you and myself from a theme so inexhaustible : it is creditable to humanity to see human worth so appreciated and beloved, as it always will be where there is so much faultless excellence. I am, indeed, most truly yours,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXXIII.

TO MRS. SMITH.

Edinburgh, 12th July, 1837.

My dear Friend,

What has occasioned this long interval of silence ? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days of langsyne ? Certainly not, while memory remains : and it is cause for gratitude that it does remain as to everything important or useful, and is still a faithful record of past kindness, mutual affection, mutual sympathy in joy and sorrow, and, I may add, mutual improvement. While more than common health, and more than common powers of recollection are still left us, at this late period, how deeply thankful we should be for such great and prolonged mercies : and though we should, like many others of our age, be allowed to lie ripening for immortality, "withering on the stalk," alike exempt from suffering and incapable of enjoyment, I should still hope that some shadowy recollection would survive of a friendship so pure from every worldly motive, so lasting and so beneficial to both.

For though, from childhood, impressed with a deep and awful sense of those principles which have enabled me hitherto to endeavour to work out my own salvation with fear and trembling, I never had a friend, or even companion (till my dear children grew up), whose humble and genuine piety so nourished the good originally sown in my mind, as yourself. I could not confer equally precious benefits on you ; but my busy, restless imagination, my love of knowledge and good, because entirely unsophisticated, awakened in your mind that love of knowledge and refinement which only wanted encouragement to bloom in modest freshness ; and which certainly fitted you the more to be a companion to that superior friend, whose rectitude and judicious self-cultivation were so much more to him than learning and science are to many others.*

I had a letter from my son lately, in which he describes a long excursion that he and his friends took through the Highlands, passing through the parish of Laggan, which is greatly improved since you have seen it : planting and building have done much for it. This truly glorious summer, “ child of a dark and frowning sire,” has not only gladdened the whole face of nature, including the lawn and grove opposite to my windows, but has afforded a rich and unhopèd-for promise of harvest ; while I, who generally abound in cheerful anticipations, was like the “ sad prophet of

* It may interest the reader to whom the name of Mrs. Grant's venerable friend, Mrs. Smith of Jordanhill, has become familiar in these volumes, to know that she still survives, in the ninetieth year of her age, retaining the cheerful temper, and all the amiable and benevolent feelings of her earlier life.—(May 1845.)

the evil hour," foreseeing famine, merely because we never had so many successive seasons without an interval of scarcity.

I have been much interested and amused lately with an American book of Travels through Egypt, Idumea, and the Holy Land.* The young traveller's quotations are most apt illustrations of his subject, and in a very good spirit, free from levity on the one hand, and from any approach to cant on the other. I think his contempt of the wretched Arabs carries him off from considering their origin and use. They were, by the Divine appointment, placed in a country which none but themselves could defend or inhabit; and the fiat that their hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against them, has the same authority as those other Scriptures to which we bow with implicit veneration. Still, however, our Yankee friend, who is a staunch republican, without insolence, has not only a strain of humour peculiar to himself, and a not unpleasing nationality, but also a candour seldom met with among the children of the forest, so that you put confidence in him, and never think of doubting what he tells you. He is always manly, always clear, free from the intolerable prosing, the wearisome rhodomontade, and the disgusting caricature we meet too often at home. I feel obliged to him for much pleasure and information.

I meant to tell you of my visit to see once more the fading form of my dear Mrs. Izett, who made an

* Travels, by Mr. Stephen, in Egypt and the Holy Land, including a Visit to Idumea and Petraea:—New York, 1837; and since republished in London.

effort to walk out to the carriage ; and of my patience in sitting to Mr. Watson Gordon for a large picture going to America. But I have done my utmost, and will tell you all in my next. I reluctantly conclude with telling you a needless truth—that I think of you always with faithful regard, and shall do so while

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXXIV.

TO MRS. HOOK.

Edinburgh, 8th December, 1837.

My very dear Friend, whom I have always found unaltered and unalterable, I hope you feel by this time what has often in my darkest hours (and they were not few) soothed me into resignation ; I hope you feel deeply, truly touched with a sense of the Divine goodness in sparing so long this suffering saint, this loving and much-loved sister Eliza,* to be a blessing and example to us all ; I include myself, for she was indeed very dear to me. But now that the stroke so long delayed has set free her pure and gentle spirit, we may suppose that while sharing the repose of the blest, with the long vista of eternity open before her, she must regard as momentary the space that intervenes between her leaving behind all she most loved on earth, and meeting them again where “tears

* Daughter of the late Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart., and sister of Mrs. Hook. Miss Farquhar, who is often mentioned in the previous letters to Mrs. Hook, died in December, 1837.

shall be wiped from all faces," and separations shall be no more.

With so many calls to answer from valued correspondents, you will, like myself, find it difficult to be punctual to all; but I have much dependence on your daughter, and hope she will send a few lines to tell me of your own state of health and spirits, and those of that deeply-afflicted parent whose grief for the past, and fears for the future, must be hard indeed on a mind so sensitive and a frame so much enfeebled. I need scarcely tell you that I speak of Lord John Campbell, in whom I feel a deep and tender interest: the very idea of a family so renowned sinking so far below its ancient level, if this precious remaining shoot should be removed, is grievous to a Scottish heart. How melancholy it is to see those families who have attracted and deserved so much notice from the world, melting away so speedily! The only descendants of the admirable Sir Walter Scott, besides his two sons, are a boy and girl, the children of his dear-loved Sophia, the wife of John Lockhart. The present Sir Walter is, I am told, an honest and an honourable man. I think there is something very candid in his permitting his father's severe admonitory letters, addressed to him in the days of his youth, to be published; for without his knowledge and permission they could not have appeared. What admirable and truly useful letters those are, and how full of perfect good nature and warm affection.

What a new source of entertainment and improvement is opened to us in those delightful biographies with which the literature of our late years has been

enriched and adorned. The Egyptians showed their piety to the departed by embalming their remains; but we commemorate the worthy and the wise by making that worth and wisdom available to the survivors. With what pleasure, mingled with awe, we find ourselves in the immediate presence of Johnson, of Gray, and of Cowper. I am now reading with eager attention, Southey's "Life of Cowper," which I am sure you will read with equal interest.

I suppose you may have lately seen something of a fine youth I introduced to you once,—William Cumming, of Logie.* He has had very bad health, and has been going about like the evil spirit of whom we read in Scripture, seeking rest but finding none; and after traversing Madeira, the West Indies, and latterly Egypt and the Holy Land, has returned to shelter from the winter's cold in Jersey. You will soon receive another letter by a very good friend of mine, the Rev. Dr. Mackay of Dunoon, a man beloved in his own parish, and distinguished for learning and piety. I am, dear friend, yours ever truly and kindly,

ANNE GRANT.

* Author of "Notes of a Wanderer in Search of Health;" comprising travels in Egypt, Greece, and Germany; published in 1839.

LETTER CXXV.*

TO MRS. GRANT OF KINCORTH, MELVILLE STREET.

9, Manor Place,
28th January, 1838.

My dear Mrs. Grant,

After the frequent and severe afflictions with which it has pleased our merciful Father to visit you lately, I have no doubt of your bearing those chastisements meekly, and seeking those consolations which can alone support our feeble nature under the calamities for which this perishing world affords no relief. I can tell you nothing that you do not know of the sources of hope and consolation which are ever open to the Christian mourner; but I had such a love for your dear granddaughter, who has been so early called, that I feel a melancholy pleasure, which you will, no doubt, share, in retracing the short period of her transit through this life to one of more enduring felicity. Loving and beloved—gay and happy—always giving and receiving pleasure, she was herself delighted, and the delight of every one around her; while the blossom of early talent gave fair promise for advancing years. But a higher and a happier lot was assigned

* This letter refers to the death of Davina Grant, daughter of the late Frederic Grant, Esq. of Mount Cyrus, who died at Clifton in 1838, in the thirteenth year of her age. A small volume of Hymns and Verses, collected and printed for private friends, are proofs of the talents and early piety of this engaging child. Her mother had been an esteemed friend of the Author's, and is frequently mentioned in previous letters.

to her than this world has to bestow : her pure spirit, which seemed always aspiring after something better than life has to give, was early summoned from all the dangers of a world of sin and sorrow to the joys of a happy eternity. How very sinful, then, it would be in us to repine at her departure ! We are not forbidden to suppose that her angelic mother is now rejoicing over this new inhabitant of Heaven. I most of all lament for her sister ;—the strong faith and the bright visions that may reconcile older people to the Lord's doing what he will with his own, can scarcely be expected at her age.

I think that Mr. Grant's letter to you expresses all that a resigned and pious parent ought to feel. There are few such young creatures as our Davina ! With regard to the past, you have to look back on everything that was beautiful here, and forward to all that is bright in a future meeting with her. That you may take this view of the late visitation, is the sincere wish of yours, with true sympathy,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXXVI.

TO MRS. HOOK, CLARENDON SQUARE, LEAMINGTON.

9, Manor Place, Edinburgh,
1st February, 1838.

My dear Friend,

I think, in the long course of our correspondence, I have scarcely allowed such an interval to pass without writing to you,—a blank which has been a suspension

of one of my chief remaining pleasures. I cannot say that my way of life is fallen into the sear and yellow leaf: of that which should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, and troops of friends, I have more than I could well expect, after outliving so many of those nearest and dearest to me. For a very long time, every night produced a mournful retrospect of the past, and surrounded me with the shades of the departed. But now, while the affection for them lives in full force, I can think over the past with more tranquillity, seeing the many sufferings that have been spared them by their early summons to the land of rest, for their spotless lives and thorough dependence upon the merits of the Redeemer: and as the period shortens when I humbly hope to meet them again, I feel still more tranquillized.

Pray, tell me what you think of the *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, which, no doubt, you have read, as well as all the world beside.* Did you ever meet with a character so entirely loveable,—such a happy combination of all that attracts our highest admiration, and conciliates our warmest affection? I could not have believed, familiar as I am with wounds so deep and so near the heart, that a death could have affected me so deeply; and yet, till his noble vessel became, as sailors say, top-heavy, how bright and serene was his passage through life. He might well say, with Addison,—

“ A thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thoughts employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.”

* See note, page 305, Letter 122.

No person had ever more enjoyment of life, or used the highest prosperity with more moderation and more attention to the comfort and advantage of others. I think it a happy circumstance that so much of his correspondence has been preserved; the picture which he has unconsciously drawn of himself conveys a stronger likeness of the individual than we could derive from the most partial sketch by the warmest friend. Who, indeed, enjoyed so much happiness, or communicated so much to others? Humble as I am, my feelings, like his, are all aristocratic; and, detesting the low-minded envy that leads people to hate their superiors merely for being such, I feel gratified in seeing families of ancient descent holding high the torch of honour and of excellence, and enlightening their elevated sphere with the virtues becoming their high station. Much of this pleasure I enjoyed in contemplating the worth and intellectual qualities of the Buccleuch family, as you trace them in their correspondence with their still more distinguished clansman. Farewell, dear, constant friend, and believe me yours while

ANNE GRANT.

LETTER CXXVII.

TO MRS. DOUGLAS CRUGER, NEW YORK.

Edinburgh, 9th April, 1838.

My dear Harriet,

I am beginning to make a feeble attempt to write, after recovering from a rather dangerous illness. I

was tempted to make this a kind of valedictory letter, but having an impression on my mind that this long-protracted life may yet continue while I can be of any use to my fellow-creatures, I will not address you as for the last time. I was very much gratified to find my shadow* so kindly welcomed by my American friends, partly on my son's account, who was eager about forwarding it, but more particularly on that of Mr. Watson Gordon, who is by no means a mere artist, but a gentleman of refined taste, and quiet, unambitious character. I owe something to the picture for procuring me the pleasure of his acquaintance. He wrought *con amore*, and was no doubt pleased that his powers should be distinguished beyond the mighty waters of the West.

I am going to ask some questions of you, but before I begin, must entreat you to send my benediction to Mr. Preston, who has done honour to himself, and given me great pleasure, by advocating the cause of those noble creatures, the deeply injured Indians. Your country people used to offend me very much by the apathy with which they listened to all I could say of these "Stoics of the woods." Often I said to myself,

"Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

One of my sweetest recollections of my venerated Aunt Schuyler is, that she always spoke with sympathy and kindness of the Indians, thoroughly understood and justly appreciated their character. Now, I

* Referring to a Portrait of Mrs. Grant, painted for Mrs. Cruger, in 1837, by Mr. Watson Gordon of Edinburgh, and sent to America.

am going to make some inquiries to which I request explicit answers.

Tell that charming writer, Mrs. Jameson,* that I (being a little prudish) took great offence at seeing so much beautiful praise lavished on the beauties of Charles the Second's Court, whom I considered no better than they should be. But, afterwards, her strictures on Shakspeare's female characters delighted me. She invested them with all the properties that I had long studied and admired, without a hope of meeting with any one that would understand, far less explain my feelings. Pray thank her for me for melting the frost of age about my heart, and restoring to me the delights of loving and admiring excellence. I can never do her any good, but she has done a great deal to me; thank her for me, I entreat you.

With a confused head and chilled fingers, you must make an allowance for something more than my usual incoherence. I understood well who the daughter-in-law of the late Lord Chancellor Erskine was, to whom you referred. She was a Colden, of an old Scotch family, long resident in New York. Who has not heard of Cadwallader Colden, the clear-sighted oracle of all the successive governors of that province? Lady Erskine called on me often when she was in Edinburgh. She was accounted a person of singular mildness and prudence; she was beautiful, and continued to be so for a longer period than is usually allotted to the fair Americans, who are chiefly a kind of spring

* Mrs. Jameson, author of "The Beauties of the Court of King Charles the Second," and "The Characteristics of Women, Moral, Political, and Historical." Mrs. J. was then on a visit to America.

flowers. I must now give you in charge to tell Mr. Stephen, the traveller in the Holy Land, with how much pleasure my son and I read his travels, or whatever else he calls them. We thought him quite original and unpretending, and liked very much his respectful and proper mode of expressing himself on sacred subjects; not pretending to be "wiser than what is written," as the poor pretenders to philosophy invariably do, but speaking with modest reverence of those things "which the angels desire to look into." We give him credit, too, for a talent not liberally bestowed on his countrymen: I mean humour. His dinner on the banks of the Nile with his English friends diverted us exceedingly. I hope success will not mislead or spoil a person of such good abilities and sound opinions.

I trust this letter will find you beginning to look forward with pleasant anticipations to your summer retreat, where, if a wish would waft me, I should like to meet you. I hope your commercial panics have, in some degree, subsided, and that you begin to discover that an alarm of this kind is as useful to the general good as the thunder-storm that clears and purifies the air. If we look in a right spirit at what is passing round us, we shall daily find the Great Alchymist at work, producing permanent good out of transient passing evils. For instance, the obstructions to public credit in your affairs were met with so much candour and good feeling on our side of the water as, I think, will lay the foundation of more confidence and a better understanding hereafter. Then, with regard to that crazy war in Canada, the fair

